

Titus Lucretius Carus,

Bound His Six Books of *Spencer*
Epicurean Philosophy,

DONE INTO

ENGLISH VERSE,

WITH

NOTES.

By T. CREECH, late Fellow of *All-Souls* Colledge
in *Oxford*.

The Fifth Edition.

—Demetri, Teq, Tigelli
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare Cathedras ;
I, Puer, atque meo citus hæc subscribe libello.

L O N D O N,

Printed for GEORGE SAWBRIDGE, at the
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26. *Staph. antea* E. antea

217 Books of

Epineura Philocephala

ДОКЛАД

ENGLISH VERSE

PLATE IV

THE PUBLICATION

1000000

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T O

His Highly Esteem'd Friend

George Pitt Junior,

of Stratfield-Sea, Esq;

S I R,

THis hath had the good Fortune to wait on you so often, that it must now be grown somewhat familiar and acquainted, which will excuse you from a considerable part of the trouble of
(2 2 *) being

The Epistle Dedicatory.

being told what it is, and why it presumes on your Protection. And certainly, Sir, you had been wholly freed, if it were not pleasant, now I am safe on Shore, to look back, and smile at the impotent Malice of that Sea that tost me, and gratefully acknowledge his Goodness to whom I stand principally indebted for my Safety. Envy, Sir, according to the usual description, bears a very frightful Figure; Thin, Pale, Meager is her Face, and Whips and Snakes her Ornaments; such the Painters draw, such the Tragedians represent her; and who then, Sir, would be acquainted with so gastly a Vice? who in love with Deformity it self? No, we must guess from her general influence on Mankind, that this Picture shews but one side, the other is smooth and gay, smiling and

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and as well drest as Flattery. As it carries the Poyson of a Serpent, so it hath the shining of its Scales, and creeps with as little Noise. I could point out some, were it safe, whom you must acknowledge sate for this very Draught, who threw a Snake or two to envenom every Line, and then cry'd out against it as noxious in it self, and full of it's own Poyson; but that design failing, a thousand little Stories came abroad, and innumerable personal Reflections; each Man clapt together what he thought was worst, and made a more ridiculous Composure than Horace's Painter could have contriv'd from all the various Parts of the Creation: So that when I look'd upon my self as I came from their Hands, Heavens! How much was I chang'd from your old Acquain-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

quaintance ! Some should be mention'd, could I perpetuate their Folly without injury to my self ; but there is so close a Connexion, that I cannot venture them but in such private Entertainments as you are pleas'd now and then to divert your self withal : These were pretty sure Cards, but they wanted Art to Play the Game, and therefore the other Face was turn'd, and all seem'd fair and pleasant to look upon : Fame attended me forsooth, and my flying Daphne was presently chang'd into a Laurel : And this, Sir, had almost intic'd me to a Precipice ; till your Judgment discover'd, and your Kindness shew'd me the Danger ; till I receiv'd Instructions how to avoid the present and prevent future Practices ; till you were pleas'd, to innumerable others, to
add

The Epistle Dedicatory.

add this Obligation of my safety,
and preserve me in condition to be
intirely,

Wadham College,
August the 12th, 1683.

Your Humble Servant.

Thomas Creech.

T H E

The Epistle Dedicatory.
All the Obligations of my Duty,
and preserve me in constant to be
involved.

William Collins,
Author the last 1737.

Your Humble Servant

James Oates

THE

TO Mr. CREECH immediately after
the Second Edition of his *LUCRETIVS*, occa-
sioned by two of the foregoing Copies.

DOing you Right will my own Credit raise,
I get my self, but add not to your Praise;
As some to Wit, have put in their Pretence,
From keeping Company with Men of Sense.
Yet, Sir, believe me, no such mean Designs
Drew from my hasty Pen these worthless Lines.
From Cham the sharers of your Sacred Flame
Had made their generous Presents to your Fame,
Their Verse so Noble, and so brave their Love
All but their boundless Theme they soar'd above.
This made that willing Fool my Muse aspire
(Tho unacquainted with an equal Fire,)
To Pay the Tribute She presum'd was due
In common Gratitude to Them, and You.

Think not, Learn'd Touths, we lov'd or honour'd less,
Because none here their Sentiments express;

Or that possesse of unexhausted Store,
Like Indians made by useles Riches Poor,
We knew not how to prize the Noble Ore.
We lov'd his Judgment, we admir'd his Heart,
And knew the endless Treasures of his Wit.
But they must now to double Value rise,
With new Attractions please our wondring Eyes,
Since to their Charms our Town indebted stands
For the sweet Touches of your Master Hands.
And he may quit those Sums our want did owe,
So Nobly lent from a Vast Fond by You.

St. Johns Oxon.
Feb. 22. 1683.

T. Hoy.

TO MR. CREECH ON his *Lucretius*.

O Thers, dear Friend, more early might appear
Thy Pompous Train of Fancy's Robes to bear;
They first did hear the Trumpet of thy Fame,
And therefore first to these thy Triumphs came;
I was made Thine, not by Report, or Noise;
But by weigh'd Judgment, and deliberate choice;
Much

Much more I heard than I could well believe ;
But more I saw than Fame it self could give
Than e'en a Friends best thought might own ; much
These scanty Verses perfectly express : (less

Thy Work, thy First-born Work, thy earlier piece
As Carus dear, and lovely as Lucrece :

This e'en thy Foes admire, but lewdly feign
That Thou art not so charming as thy strein :

As if but once, by chance thou wert inspir'd,
And thy whole self not much to be desir'd ;

Believe me, Sir, tho little else I boast

My Sense is not in envious Mazes lost :

I cannot scorn : nay, rather must admire

E'en Cottages to which the Gods retire ;

E'en silent Oaks, or rough unpolish'd Wood

On which the Deity of Wit hath stood :

But thou'rt not so (tho so I once had heard)

I'me by thy self, as by thy Verse, endear'd :

My Creech as smooth as Love, or Wit, or Wine,

As sweet as rapturous thoughts, or Joys Divine.

From all that's weak, or mean, or trivial, free ;

As Whigs from Sense, or Faith, or Loyalty :

Great

*Great as the Proud Mans hopes, or Fools pretence :
 And full of Sacred Art, and solid Sense :
 Witness these Ears of mine, which Fate would have
 Deaf to the Foppish, Foolish, and the Grave ;
 When they their usual Bars with ease remov'd,
 And gladly heard the charming Voice they lov'd :
 But if this Book not perfectly commends,
 Nor Envy shews thy worth, nor we thy Friends,
 Then hast my Creech, and all thy Glories show,
 Encrease those Debts the Learn'd already owe ;
 And like bold Scipio daunt the Guilty Bar
 Transmitting to thy Judges all thy fear :
 And say,——My gentle Criticks hold your Peace,
 This Day I've Conquer'd Italy and Greece ;
 And you, my Friends accompany my Call
 Whilst Glorious I ascend the Starry Capitol :*

*Cambridge, July
 20th, 1683.*

*Jo. Barnes Fellow of
 Emanuel Colledge.*

Errata.

PAge 1. Line 1. best read *blest*. p. 1. l. 10. r. *her*. p. 29. l. 28. r. *too*.
 p. 38. l. 31. r. *now*. p. 59. l. 25. insert *easily*. p. 154. l. 27. r.
thise. p. 163. l. 33. r. *she*. p. 168. l. 21. r. *no*. p. 178. l. 1. r. *what*. p.
 211. l. 27. r. *parts*. Notes p. 20. l. 15. r. *half*. p. 45. l. 8. r. *him*. in M.
Behu's Verses l. 14. for *undisturb'd* read *disturb'd*.

To

THE L I F E O F LUCRETIVS.

THE present design doth not require an exact search into the rise of *Philosophy*, nor a nice Enquiry, whether it began amongst the *Brachmans*, and thence (as * *Lucian* ranks the Countrys) visited E-^{* In Fugitivis.} *thiopia, Egypt, Scythia, Thrace and Greece*; or whether *Curiosity* or *Necessity* was the Parent; the advantageousness of the Plains invited the *Caldeans* to *Astronomy*, and the overflowing of *Nile*, forc'd the *Egyptians* to be curious in the *Properties* of *Figures*: But I shall take it for granted, that it came from the East; and This (not to mention † *Laertius* † In Praefat. his weak oppositions) the Travels of *Thales*, and *Pythagoras*, of *Democritus*, *Plato*, and others sufficiently evince: And the *Egyptians* affirm These Mens several Methods of *Philosophy* to be their notions disguised, drest after a *Greek*
(A) fashion,

The LIFE of

fashion, and in that Garb proposed to their Admirers: And thus 'tis probable *Democritus* receiv'd his Notions from the *Phænician* Moscus, or the Priests of *Egypt*, whose Ambition for Antiquity made them embrace some of those absurd Opinions, or if he travelled further he might have learnt the whole System of his Philosophy, the *Fortuitus* beginning of the World, and the *Origine* of Man, from the *Indians*, That being now the Opinion of the Principal Philosophers in * *China*, whether the learning of all *India* long ago retired; This *Hypothesis*, tho commended to men as the strongest Expedient against Cares, and the exactest Method for obtaining Tranquillity, yet found not many Admirers, till *Epicurus* by infinite Volumes endeavoured to illustrate, and commend it, adding *Declination* to an Atom, that being (as *Plutarch* assures) the only improvement he made in the *Hypothesis*: What this Man was in his Morals is hard to imagin; for sometimes he seems to be so Temperate and Modest, that *Seneca* often uses his Sentences as Ornaments in his most serious Epistles: Sometimes his Books declare him a most loose

* *Hist.*
Mart.

† *Athenaus*
l. 12. c. 12.
De fin. l. 2.
Sect. 7.

and dissolute Voluptuary, and † *Tully* makes such a confident appeal to Mankind for the sincerity of his quotations, that we cannot but be amazed at the unsettled humour of the Man.

But

Titus Lucretius Carus.

But He dying, though in his Will he made great provision for the perpetuity of his Sect, His Opinions were but coldly receiv'd, and the School decayed, till C. *Memmius*, a Man of an Ancient Nobility, restored the Garden, and design'd to raise a public *Building for the advancement of *Epicurism*: His fame and authority drew many after him, and we find registered at once as famous, *Velleius*, *Patro*, and *Lucretius*; of this man Antiquity hath left us very few *Memoires*, perhaps for the same reason that † *Ælian* refuseth to make mention of *Diagoras* † *Lib. 2.*
 Θεοῖς γὰρ ἐχθρὸς Διαγόρας, καὶ ὁ μὲν ἡδὼν ὀμπλεῖσεν *Cap. 23.*
 μὲν ἡδὼν αὐτοῦ : But in his own testimony assures us He was a *Roman*, and his Name directs us to the noble and ancient Family of the *Lucretii*, which being divided into a great many branches, gave *Rome Consuls*, *Tribunes*, and *Prætors*, great Supports and Ornaments of the Common wealth: 'Tis uncertain from which branch our *Lucretius* sprang, and the time of his Birth is almost as doubtful, some placing him in one year, some in another, and in this, as in most Things else, making good that inverted taunt of **Seneca*: *Citius inter Horologia quam Authores conveniet* : *Eusebius* brings him forth in the 171 Olympiad. *Domitius Ahenobarbus*, and *Cassius Longinus* then Consuls V. C. 657. *Lydiat* leaves it doubtful, whether these were Con-

* *Cicero* *Epist. Lib. 13.*

* *De Morte Claudii.*

The LIFE of

fuls the first year of the 871, or, the fourth of 170 Olympiad, but *Vossius* makes him born in the second year of the 171, whilst others place him in the 172 : So that difference is not very great, and his Age certain ; we therefore supposing him to be nobly descended, and a Man of a sprightly Wit it is an easy inference, that he receiv'd a suitable Education, that he studied at *Athens*, and heard *Zeno* the Master of the Gardens: And how he spent his Time, how studiously improved it let this *Book* speak. Thus fitted for the best

* *Cor. Nepos vit. Attici.*

Company, He grew intimate with* *Pomponius Atticus*, and *Memmius*, and no doubt with *Tully* and his *Brother*, who made such honourable mention of him : And if we look into his Morals we shall find him a Man suitable to the *Epicurean* Principles, dissolved in Ease and Pleasure, flying publick Employment, as a derogation to Wisdom, and a disturber of Peace and Quietness ; avoiding those distractive cares which he imagined would make *Heaven* it self uneasy : As most of the other Poets, He had his share in sensual Pleasures; nor can the poor Excuse of *Catullus*, make me think better of him when I view his fourth Book : And the account some give of his Death strengthens this Opinion; for as *Eusebius* relates it, he dyed by his own Hands in the Forty Fourth

Titus Lucretius Carus.

Fourth year of his Age, being dementated by a Philtrum given by his Mistress, tho others place his Death in the Twenty Sixth year, and believe his madness, proceeded from the Cares and Melancholy, that oppress him after the Banishment of his beloved *Memmius*: The only remains this great Wit hath left us are his Six Books of the Nature of Things; an exact System of the *Epicurean* Philosophy, read and admired by the Ancients; and if *Ovid* could presage,

Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti

Exitio terras cum dabit una dies:

These were written, as *Eusebius* declares, in his lucid Intervals, when the strength of Nature had thrown off all the disturbing Particles and his mind (as 'tis observ'd of Mad men) was sprightly and vigorous: Then in a Poetical rapture he could fly with his *Epicurus* beyond the flaming limits of this World, frame and dissolve Seas and Heavens in an instant, and by some unusual sallies, be the strongest argument of his own opinion; for it seems impossible that some things which he delivers, should proceed from *Reason* and *Judgment*, or any Cause but Chance, and unthinking Fortune. *Tully* (for *Lambine* brings but very weak reasons against the assertion of *Eusebius*) corrected these writings. *Virgil* eagerly studied them,

The LIFE of, &c.

them, as *Macrobius* and *Gellius* witness; the latter also calling him *Poetam ingenio & facundia præcellentem*: And *Cornelius Nepos* hath placed him *inter Elegantissimos Poetas*. Wherefore if some great Divines have given him the ill Name of *Canis*, it was not for any rudness in his Verse, but due rather to his *Grecian* Master: *The Eternity of Matter*, and the like absurd Assertions, corrupting most of the Philosophies of *Athens*.

Ad

*Ad T. C. amicum suum ex paucis
ingeniique perpoliti.*

DOCTUS es interpres *Chrechi*, castusq; plusq;
Et Caro quicquid carius esse potest?
Ut nocet ingeniis non docti mos Epicuri,
Vita tui vatis morsque inhonesta probant.

E. Bernardus.

Ad
T O
Mr. C R E E C H.

On His accurate Version of *Lucretius*.

? 'Tis true, perswaded that there was rich Ore,
I boldly Launch'd, & would new Worlds explore :
Deep Mines I saw, and hidden Wealth to lie
In Rocky Entrails, and in Sierras high :

I

*I saw a fruitful Soil, by none yet trod,
Reserv'd for Hero's, or some Demy-God ;
And urg'd my Fortune on ;——
'Till rugged Billows, and a dang'rous Coast
My vent'rous Bark, and rash Attempt had Crost ;
When Landing, unknown Paths, and hard Access,
Made me despond of Pre-conceiv'd success ;
I turn'd my Prow, and the Discov'ry made,
But was too Weak, too Poor my self to Trade,
Much less to make a Conquest and Subdue ;
That glorious Enterprize was left for You.
Columbus thus, only discover'd Land,
But it was Won by Great Corteze's hand :
As with rich Spoils of goodly Kingdoms fraught,
The immense Treasure to Iberia brought ;
So You the rich Lucretius (unknown
To th' English world (bravely have made Your Own,
And by just Title, You deserve the Crown.*

J. Evelin.

*White-Hall
Decemb. 15.
82.*

To

To Mr. CREECH upon his

Translation of *Lucretius*

into *English*.

How happy had our English Tongue been made
Were but our Wit industrious as our Trade?
Wou'd we from hence to distant Countries go?
What *Greece* or *Rome* e're yields in *England* sow
And teach th' Unlearned what the Learned know. }

In this the *French* Excel, but we take Care
Not what they write, but only what they wear;
Vain tho they be, in them less Care we find
To dress the Body than adorn the Mind.
There, to know all, you only *French* shall need;
And the World's Learning in one Language read.

Why should our Isle be by her Sons deny'd;
What if obtain'd, wou'd prove her greatest Pride?
Shou'd some Object our Language will not bear,

(B)

Let

To

Let 'em but read thy Book, 'tis *Answer'd* there,
Thou above all seem'st for this Task design'd ;
Charming thy Pen, and Matchless is thy Mind ;
With all youth's Fire, and Ages judgment blest,
Learning it self is seated in thy Breast :
Thou hast *Lucretius* Englisht —————
Nor has it suffer'd by the Change of Tongue,
We read, and find *Lucretius* all along.
Thee sure the God of Poets did inspire,
And warm'd thy Breast with his peculiar Fire ;
Pickt from his several Sons thy happier Hand
To Bless with Foreign Wit thy Native Land.
Thy Pen might make *Theocritus* appear
In English Dress, and Wound the list'ning Ear.
The Heavenly *Virgil* here has suffer'd Wrong,
Taught by unskilful Hands the English Tongue :
He begs thy Aid, for him the Land beside,
Can all these ask, and can they be deni'd ?
Horace we have in Paraphrastick Dress,
(They who enlarge his Poems, make 'em less)
Tho baulkt before wou'd see us once agen,
And Courts th' Assistance of thy juster Pen :

On these, and such as these, if such there are,
Imploy those hours Convenience lets thee spare.
For this in *Wadham's* peaceful *Walls* reside,
Books be thy Pleasure, To do well thy Pride:

Believe me, Youth, for I am read in Cares,
And bend beneath the weight of Fifty Years;
Dear-bought Experience told me what was true,
And Friendship bids me tell those Truths to you.

Quit not for publick Cares thy Colledge Life,
Nor take, that sort of Settlement, a Wife.
Trust not the glittering Court, or noisie Town
Hang not on this Fool's Laugh, nor that Knaves
But as thou art, Lord of thy self appear, (Frown.
Thy hour's thy own, not clogg'd with hopes or fear.
Thus we may every Year expect to see
Things we shall wonder at, and worthy Thee.

London, Jan. .
25. 1682.

To his Ingenious FRIEND
Mr. CREECH: On his Excellent Tran-
slation of Lucretius.

T*Was Bold for Youth Lucretius Heights to storm,
But Youth alone had Vigour to Perform.
The stately Fabrick stood by all admir'd,
But none to Copy the vast Frame aspir'd:
All own'd some sacred Power the Work did guide,
Aids which our Author to the World deny'd.
What to attempt did so much Wonder raise,
Perform'd so well must challenge greater Praise:
With thine thy Country's Fame thou here dost show,
What British Wit and British Speech can do.
Lucretius Englist! 'Tis so rich a Prize,
We gaze upon't and scarce believe our Eyes.
We read, and see the Roman Genius shine,
Without allay in each Bright Page of thine;
Then pause, and doubting still, again repair,
Again we find the Learn'd Lucretius there.*

Thy

Thy pains oblige us on a double score,
True to thy Author, to Religion more.
Whilst Learnedly his Errors thou dost note,
And for his Poyson bring'st an Antidote.
From Epicurus Walks thus weeding Vice,
No more the Garden but a Paradise.

London,
December,
29. 82.

N. Tate.

To Mr. CREECH.
Upon his Translation of Lucretius.

S I R,

W HEN your Book the first time came abroad,
I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;
For, as to some good Nature I pretend,
I fear'd to read lest I should not commend.
Lucretius Englisht! 'twas a Work might shake
The pow'r of English Verse to undertake.
This all Men thought, but you are born, we find,
T' out-do the Expectations of Mankind;
Since you've so well the noble Task perform'd,
Envy's appeas'd and prejudice disarm'd:

For

For when the rich Original we peruse,
And by it try the Metal you produce;
Tho' there indeed the purest Ore we find,
Yet still in you it something seems refin'd:
Thus when the Great *Lucretius* gives a loose,
And lashes to her speed his fiery Muse;
Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
And bear full Stretch upon him all the Race;
But when in rugged way we find him rein
His Verse, and not so smooth a Stroak maintain;
There the Advantage he receives is found,
By you taught Temper, and to choose his ground.
Next his Philosophy you've so exprest
In genuine Terms, so plain, yet neatly drest,
Those Murd'ers that now mangle it all day
In Schools, may learn from you the easie way
To let us know what they would mean and say:
If *Aristotle's* Friends will shew the Grace
To wave for one their Statute in that Case.
Go on then, Sir, and since you could aspire,
And reach this Height, aim yet at Laurels higher:
Secure great injur'd *Maro* from the wrong

He

He unredeem'd his labour'd with so long,
 In *Holbourn Rhyme*, and lest the Book should fail,
 Expos'd with Pictures to promote the Sale;
 So Tapsters set out *Signs*, for muddy Ale.
 Your'e only able to retrieve his Doom,
 And make him here as fam'd as once at *Rome*:
 For sure when *Julius* first this Isle subdu'd,
 Your Ancestors then mixt with *Roman* Blood;
 Some near Ally'd to that whence *Ovid* came,
Virgil and *Horace*, those three Sons of Fame;
 Since to their Memory it is so true,
 And shews their Poetry so much in You.
 Go on in Pity to this wretched Isle,
 Which ignorant Poetasters do defile,
 With lousie Madrigals for Lyrick Verse;
 Instead of Comedy with nasty Farce.
 Would *Plautus*, *Terence* e're have been so lewd
 T' have drest Jackpudding up to catch the Crowd?
 Or *Sophocles* five tedious Acts have made
 To shew a whining Fool in Love betray'd
 By some false Friend or slippery Chambermaid,
 Then e're he hangs himself bemoan his Fall

In

In a dull Speech, and that fine Language call?
No, since we live in such a fulsome Age, (Stage;
When Nonsense Loads the Press, and Choaks the
When Block-heads will claim Wit in Nature's spight,
And every Dunce, that starves, presumes to write,
Exert your self, defend the Muses Cause,
Proclaim their Right, and to maintain their Laws
Make the dead Ancients speak the British Tongue;
That so each chattering Daw who aims at Song,
In his own Mother-Tongue may humbly read
What Engins yet are wanting in his Head
To make him equal to the mighty Dead. }
For of all Natures Works we most should scorn
The thing who thinks himself a Poet born,
Unbred, Untaught he Rhymes, yet hardly spells,
And senselessly, as Squirrels Jangle Bells,
Such things, Sir, here abound, May therefore you
Be ever to your Friends, the Muses, true:
May our Defects be by your Powers supply'd,
'Till as our Envy now, you grow our Pride.
'Till by your Pen restor'd, in Triumph born
The Majesty of Poetry return.

London,
Jan. 10. 82.

Tho. Otway.

To

To the unknown *Daphnis* on his
Excellent Translation of *Lucretius*:

Thou Great Young-man permit among the Croud
Of those that Sing thy mighty Praises Loud;
My humbler Muse to bring her Tribute too;

Inspir'd by thy vast Flights of Verse
Methinks I should some wondrous thing Rehearse
Worthy Divine *Lucretius*, and Diviner Thou!

But I of feeble Seeds design'd,
While the slow moving Atoms strove
With careless Heed to form my Mind,
Compos'd it all of softer Love:

In Gentle Numbers all my Songs are drest;
And when I would Thy Glories Sing,
What in Strong Manly Verse should be express'd
Turns all to Womanish Tenderness within;
Whilst that which Admiration does Inspire
In other Souls, kindles in Mine a Fire.

*Let them Admire thee on——whilst I this newer way
Pay thee yet more than They,
For more I owe, since thou hast taught Me more
Than all the Mighty Bards that went before.
Others long since have pall'd the vast Delight,
In Duller Greek and Latin satisfy'd the Appetite:
But I unlearn'd in Schools disdain that Mine
Should treated be at any Feast but Thine.*

*Till now I curst my Sex and Education,
And more the scanted Customs of the Nation,
Permitting not the Female Sex to tread
The Mighty Paths of Learned Heroes Dead:
The Godlike Virgil and great Homer's Muse
Like Divine Mysteries are conceal'd from us;
We are forbid all grateful Themes,
No ravishing Thoughts approach our Ear;
The Fulsome Gingle of the Times
Is all we are allow'd to Understand, or Hear.*

*But as of old when Men Unthinking lay,
E're Gods were worship't, or e're Laws were fram'd
The wiser Bard that taught 'em first t' obey,
Was next to what he taught Ador'd and Fam'd;*

Gentler

*Gentler they grew, their Words and Manners chang'd:
And Salvage now no more the Woods they rang'd ;
So Thou by this Translation dost advance
Our Knowledge from the State of Ignorance ;
And Equal'st Us to Man ! O how shall We
Enough Adore, or Sacrifice enough to Thee!
The mystick Terms of rough Philosophy
Thou dost so plain and easily Express,
Yet Deck'st 'em in so soft and gay a Dress,
So Intelligent to each Capacity,
That they at once instruct and charm the Sense
With heights of Fancy, heights of Eloquence ;
And Reason over all unfetter'd Plays,
Wanton and undisturb'd as Summers Breeze
That gliding murmurs o're the Trees,
And no hard Notion meets, or stops it's ways ;
It Pierces, Conquers and Compels
As strong as Faith resistless Oracles,
Faith the Religious Souls content,
Faith the secure Retreat of Routed Argument.
Hail Sacred Wadham ! Whom the Muses Grace,
And from the rest of all the Reverend Pile*

*Of Noble Palaces, design'd thy Space
Where they in soft retreat might Dwell.
They Blest thy Fabrick, and they said — do Thou
Our Darling Sons contain ;
We Thee our Sacred Nursery ordain,
They said, and Blest, and it was so.
And if of old the Fanes of Sylvian Gods
Were worship't as Divine Abodes ;
If Courts are held as Sacred Things,
For being the Awful Seats of Kings :
What Veneration should be paid
To thee that hast such wonderous Poets made ?
To Gods for fear Devotion was design'd,
And safely made us bow to Majesty :
Poets by Nature Aw, and Charm the Mind,
Are born, not made or by Religion, or Necessity.
The Learned Thirsis did to thee belong,
Who Athens Plague has so divinely Sung ;
Thirsis to wit, a Sacred Friendship true
Paid mighty Cowley's memory it's due.
Thirsis, who while a greater Plague did reign
Than that which Athens did depopulate*

Scattering

Scattering *Rebellious Fury* o're the *Plain*,
That *Threatned Ruine* to the *Church and State*,
Unmov'd He stood and fear'd no *Threats of Fate*;
That *Loyal Champion* for the *Church and Crown*
Still did his *Sovereign's Cause* espouse,
And was above the *Thanks of the mad Senate-House*.
Strephon the Great, whom last you sent abroad,
Who Writ, and Lov'd, and look'd like any God.
For whom the *Muses* mourn, the *Love-sick Maids*
Are languishing in *Melancholy shades*,
The *Cupids* fling their *VVings*, their *Bows* unty,
And useles Quivers hang neglected by;
And scatter'd *Arrows* all around them ly:
By murmuring *Brooks* the *Careless Deities* are laid,
Weeping their *Rifled Power* now noble *Strephon's Dead*.
Ah *Sacred Wadham*! Couldst thou never own
But this *Delight of all Mankind* and thine,
For *Ages past of Dulness* this alone,
This charming *Hero* would atone,
And make thee glorious to succeeding time.
But thou like *Nature's self* disdain'st to be
Stinted to singularity.

As

*As fast as she, thou dost produce,
And over all the sacred Mystery dost infuse.
No sooner was fam'd Strephon's Glory set,
Strephon the soft, the Lovely, Gay and Great,
But Daphnis rises like the Morning Star,
That guides the wandering Traveller from afar;
Daphnis, whom every Grace and Muse inspires,
Scarce Strephon's ravishing Poetick Fires
So kindly Warm, or so divinely Cheer.
Advance Young Daphnis as thou hast begun,
So let thy mighty Race be run;
Thou in thy large Poetick Chace
Begin'st where others end the Race,
If now thy grateful Numbers are so strong,
If they so Early can such Graces show
Like Beauty, so surprizing, whilst so Young :
What Daphnis, will thy riper Judgment do,
When thy unbounded Verse in their own Streams shall
What wonders will they not produce, (flow?
When thy immortal fancy's loose,
Unfetter'd, Unconfin'd by any other Muse?
Advance Young Daphnis then, and maist thou prove
Still happy in thy Poetry and Love.*

May

*May all the Groves, with Daphnis Songs be Blest,
Whilst every Bark, is with thy Disticks drest :
May timorous Maids, learn how to love from thence,
And the Glad Shepherd Arts of Eloquence :
And when to Solitudes thou wouldst retreat,
May their tun'd Pipes, thy Welcome celebrate ;
Whilst all the Nymphs strow Garlands at thy Feet,
May all the purling Streams, that murmuring pass
The shady Groves, and Banks of Flowers,
The low reposing Beds of Grass,
Contribute to thy softest Hours,
Maist thou thy Muse and Mistress there Caress,
And may one heighten t' others happineß ;
And whilst thou thus Divinely dost converse,
We are content to know, and to admire thee in thy Verse.*

*London, Jan.
25. 1682.*

A. Behn.

T O

To Mr. *CREECH* on his
Translation of *Lucretius*.

A Ccept this Praise, and so much more your Due,
From one that envies and admires you too.
I thought indeed before I heard your Fame,
No Lawrels grew but on the Banks of *Cham*;
Where *Chaucer* was by sacred Fury fir'd,
And everlasting *Cowley* lay inspir'd.
Where *Milton* first his wondrous Vision saw,
And *Marvel* taught the Painter how to Draw:
Besides an Issue which we Blush to own,
Most of the Scriblers that infest the Town,
Lay at our Doors expos'd; tho' after Times
Shall have the Pleasure not to hear their Rhimes.
But now my pious Error I condemn,
A Prophet's Born out of *Jerusalem*.
And yet I wish Learn'd Youth, I wish thee ours,
Your vain Antiquity, your boasted Tow'rs,
Your stately Walls that *Shelden's* Pomp express,
Nay, *Bodley's* sacred Offerings move me less:

Hail

Hail wonderful Poet full of excellence,
That read'st in every Language, Wit, and Sense ;
Thou great *Lucretius* ; how I'm pleas'd to see,
That so corrupt an Age can relish thee ?
And thou his equal, greater Friend to Truth,
Who kindly dost instruct our lazy Youth,
And tak'st this easiest way their Souls to fire,
To make 'em understand, and yet admire,
All Hail, ———

Let me at least thy Piety commend,
And own a kindness that yo've done my Friend,
Reviv'd anew ; so when I've met before
An old Acquaintance on a foreign shore,
With pleasing doubt, his Person I review,
And scarce believe my Senses tell me true !
Are you then he whom I so dearly lov'd ?
But, Lord, how much you're chang'd, how much im-
Your Native Roughness all is left behind, (prov'd ?
But still the same good Man tho more refin'd.

Here then our former friendship we restore,
And talk of wonders that we did before.

Kings Coll. Camb.
Jan. 1. 1682.

F. A.

D

T O

To Mr. *CREECH* on his
Translation of *Lucretius*.

What to begin would have been madness
thought,
Exceeds our Praise when to perfection brought ;
Who could believe *Lucretius* lofty Song
Could have been reach'd by any modern Tongue ?
Of all the Suitors to immortal Fame
That by Translations strove to raise a Name,
This was the Test, this the *Ulysses* Bow,
Too Tough by any to be bent but you.
Carus himself of the hard Task complains
To fetter *Grecian* thoughts in *Roman* Chains,
Much harder thine in an unlearned Tongue
To hold in Bonds, so easie yet so strong,
The *Greek* Philosophy and *Latin* Song. }
If then he boasts that round his sacred head
Fresh Garlands grow, and branching Lawrels spread,
Such as not all the mighty *Nine* before
Ere gave, or any of their Darlings wore,

What

What Lawrels should be thine, what Crowns thy
Due,

What Garlands, Mighty *Poet*, shou'd be grac'd by
you?

Thou deep, thou wondrous deep his Sense does flow,
Thy shining stile does all its Riches show;

So clear the Stream, that thro it we descry

All the bright Gems that at the bottom lie,

Here you the troublers of our Peace remove,

Ignoble Fear, and more Ignoble Love:

Here we are taught how first our race began,

And by what steps our Fathers climb'd to Man;

To Man as now he is---with Knowledge fill'd

In Arts of Peace and War, in Manners skill'd,

Equal before to his fellow Grazers of the field.

Natures first state, which well transpos'd; and own'd,

(For Owners in all Ages have been found)

Has made a Modern Wit so much renown'd,

When Thee we read, we find to be no more

Than what was Sung a Thousand Years before.

Thou only for this Noble Task wert fit,

To shame thy Age to a just Sense of Wit,

By shewing how the Learned *Romans* writ.

(D 2)

To

To teach fat heavy Clowns to know their Trade,
And not turn Wits, who were for Porters made,
But quit false Claims to the Boetick Rage,
For Squibs and Crackers, and a *Smithfield* Stage,
Had Providence e're meant that in delpight
Of Art and Nature, such dull Clods thou'd write,
Bavius and *Mævius* had been sav'd by fate
For *Settle* and for *Shadwel* to Translate,
As it so many Ages has for Thee
Preserv'd the mighty Work that now we see.

Cambridge,
Decemb.
18.1682.

R. Duke.

Trade,
ade,

Stage,

write,

e.

Duke.

T O

To Mr. C R E E C H on his
Translation of Lucretius.

WHat all Men wisht, tho few cou'd hope to see,
We are now Blest with, and oblig'd by Thee.
Thou from the Ancient Learned Latin Store,
Giv'st us one Author, and we hope for more.
May they enjoy thy Thoughts---let not the Stage
The Idl'st Moment of thy hours engage.
Each Tear that Place some wond'rous Monster breeds,
And the Wits Garden is o'errun with Weeds.
There Farce is Comedy, Bombast call'd Stroug,
Soft words, with nothing in 'em, make a Song.
'Tis hard to say they steal 'em now adazes,
For sure the Ancients never wrote such Plays.
These scribling Insects have what they deserve,
Not Plenty, nor the Glory for to starve.
That Spencer knew, that Tasso felt before,
And Death found surly Ben. exceeding poor.
Heaven turn the Omen from their Image here,
May he with Joy the well plac'd Lawrel wear:
Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,
And be our Cæsar, like Augustus, kind.

But

But let not this disturb Thy tuneful head,
Thou writ'st for thy Delight, and not for Bread.
Thou art not curst to write thy Verse with care,
But art above what other Poets fear.
What may we not expect from such a Hand,
That has, with Books, Himself at free Command?
Thou know'st in Youth, what Age has sought in Vain,
And bring'st forth Sons without a Mothers Pain:
So easie is thy Sense, thy Verse so sweet,
Thy words so proper, and Thy Phrase so fit;
We read, and read again, and still admire
Whence came this Youth, and whence this wonderous fire.

Pardon this Rapture, Sir, But who can be
Cold and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on Thee?
Thy goodness may My several faults forgive,
And by your help these wretched Lines may live:
But if when view'd by your severer sight,
They seem unworthy to behold the Light;
Let 'em with speed in deserv'd flames be thrown,
They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan,
But dying silently Tour Justice own.

London, Feb. 6.

E. W.

Ad

Ad Thomam Creech, De versione Lucretii.

UT nos dum legimus Lucreti nobile Carmen
Anglico sermone, stupemus!
Ut dum Roma suum jactat scelerata Poetam
Sancta suum magis Anglia jactat!
Felix! Bis Felix Adolescens divite venâ
Ac studio cultissime Vatum!
Haud Te Vulgus iners Scriptorum robore juncto
Pro meritis laudare valemus,
Cui Terræ-motus, cui Voce Tonitrua sævâ,
Cui Fulmen, nec Inane profundum
Pegaseum remorentur iter, magnoque Britannam
Avertant molimine Musam,
Infinitum intras spatium, & Cunabula rerum
Scrutari, Vacuumq; Atomosq;
Mente piâ citus inspectas, & millia diffi-
cultatum quam plurima pennis
Scandens æthereis, jam tandem erroris apertâ
Dispellis ratione tenebras:
Metrum, Lector, habes Adamante perennius ipso,
Dulce Metrum, & sublimius Astris.

De Calle Equino

Aug 30. 1683.

E. L.

T O

To Mr. CREECH on his Translation of
Lucretius into English Verse.

THere's scarce a Paultry Dawber in the Town,
(So much like Apes we doat on what's our own)
But will pretend t' express the Air, and Grace
Of each great Monarch and Admired Face.
See how the dull neglected Trifles lie,
And scarce can gain a glance from passers by:
Unless we reckon the unthinking Fry
Who glare in Shoals at gawdy drapery;
But when with charming Stroaks and Powerful Lines
Some curious Titian the great work designs;
The lively Figures all our Passions move,
And as if Real, we obey, and love:
The Envious, pleas'd on force, here gazing stands
Whilst all true Artists wondering clap their Hands:
Each Novice may the likeness grossly hit,
He only Paints with Genius and with Wit,
That findt, or mak's all Beautiful that sit,
No Scar, or Faults of Nature do appear,
Yet something that resembles them is there,
Strangely by wondrous Art made tempting fair.
Such is the Genius, Creech, such is thy Art,
We have Lucretius like in every Part,
Yet no decays of Age, no roughness shewn,
'Tis Mysterly, and Great, the Beauty's all thy Own.

London,
Feb. 10.
82.

L. U.

LUCRETIVS.

THE FIRST BOOK.

KIND *Venus*, Glory of the best Abodes,
Parent of *Rome*, and joy of Men and Gods;
Delight of all, comfort of Sea and Earth;
To whose kind Powers all Creatures owe their Birth.

At thy approach, Great Goddess, straight remove
What e're are rough, and Enemies to Love;
The Clouds disperse, the Winds do swiftly waft,
And reverently in Murmurs breath their last:
The Earth with various Art (for thy warm Powers
That dull Mafs feels) puts forth their gawdy Flowers:
For Thee doth subtle Luxury prepare

The choicest stores of Earth, of Sea and Air;

To welcome Thee she comes profusely Drest

With all the Spices of the wanton East;

To pleasure Thee e'en lazy Luxury toils;

The roughest Sea puts on smooth Looks, and Smiles:

The well-pleas'd Heaven assumes a brighter Ray

At thy approach, and makes a double Day.

When first the gentle Spring begins t'inspire

Melting Thoughts, soft Wishes, gay Desire;

And warm *Favonius* fans the Amorous fire;

First thro' the Birds the Active Flame doth move;

Who with their Mates sit down, and Sing, and Love;

A

They

They *gratefully* their tuneful Voice imploy
 At thy approach, the Author of their Joy.
 Each Beast forgets his Rage, and entertains
 A softer *Fury*, thro the flowery Plains,
 Thro rapid Streams, thro Woods and silent Groves
 With wanton Play they run to meet their Loves.
 Whole Nature yields unto your Charms : The ways
 You lead, she follows, and *eagerly* obeys.
 Acted by those kind Principles You infuse
 Each Bird and Beast endeavours to produce
 His kind, and the decaying World renews.

Thee, *Nature's* powerful Ruler, without whom
 Nothing that's lovely, nothing gay can come
 From darksome *Chaos* deep and ugly Womb ;
 Thee, now I sing of *Nature*, I must choose
 A Patron to my Verse, be thou my *Muse* ;
 And make my Lines, whilst I to *Memmius* write,
 Thy choice, thy most deserving Favorite :
 Inspire my Breast with an unusual Flame,
 Sprightly as *his* Wit, immortal as *his* Fame.
 Let Wars tumultuous noise and labours cease,
 Let Earth and Sea enjoy a solid Peace :
 Peace is thy Gift alone : For furious *Mars*,
 The only Governour and God of Wars,
 Tired with heat and toil doth oft resort
 To taste the pleasures of the *Paphian* Court ;
 Where on thy Bosom he supinely lies,
 And greedily drinks Love at both his Eyes ;
 Till quite o'recome he snatches an *eager* kiss,
 And hastily goes on to greater Bliss.
 Then 'midst his strict embraces clasp thine Arms
 About his Neck, and call forth all thy Charms ;
 Careless with all thy subtile Arts, become
 A Flatterer, and beg a Peace for *Rome*.

For'midst rough Wars how can Verse smoothly flow,
 Or'midst such Storms the learned Laurel grow?
 How can my *Memmius* have time to read,
 Who by his Ancestors fam'd Glory led
 To noble Actions must espouse the Cause
 Of his dear Country's Liberties and Laws?
 And you my *Memmius*, free from other cares,
 Receive right Reason's Voice with well purg'd Ears,
 Lest what I write and send you for your Good,
 Be scorn'd and damn'd, before well understood.

I treat of things abstruse, the *Deity*,
 The vast and steddly Motions of the Sky;
 The rise of Things, how curious *Nature* joyns
 The Various Seed, and in one Mass combines
 The jarring *Principles*: What new supplies,
 Bring Nourishment and Strength: How she unties
 The *Gordian* knot, and the *Poor* Compound dies:
 Of what she makes, to what she breaks the frame,
 Call'd *Seeds* or *Principles*; tho' either Name
 We use promiscuously, the Thing's the same.

The Subject
 of the Po-
 em.

For whatsoever's *Divine* must live in Peace,
 In undisturb'd and everlasting Ease:
 Not care for Us, from fears and dangers free,
 Sufficient to it's own Felicity:
 Nought here below, Nought in our Power it needs;
 Ne're smiles at good, ne're frowns at wicked Deeds.

Long time Men lay oppress'd with slavish Fear,
 Religion's Tyranny did domineer,
 Which being plac'd in Heaven look'd proudly down,
 And frighted abject Spirits with her Frown.
 At length a mighty one of *Greece* began
 T'assert the natural Liberty of Man,
 By senseless Terrors and vain Fancies led
 To slavery; streights the conquer'd *Fantoms* fled.

Not the fam'd stories of the Deity,
 Not all the Thunder of the threatening Sky
 Could stop his rising Soul; thro' all he past
 The strongest Bounds that powerful Nature cast:
 His vigorous and active Mind was hurl'd
 Beyond the flaming limits of *this* World
 Into the mighty Space, and there did see
 How things begin, what can, what cannot be;
 How all must die, all yield to fatal force,
 What steady limits bound their natural course;
 He saw all this and brought it back to us.
 Wherefore by *his* success *our* Right *we* gain,
 Religion is *our* Subject and *we* Reign.

If you shall start at these bold Truths, and fly
 These Lines as Maxims of Impiety,
 Consider, that Religion did, and will
 Contrive, promote and Act the greatest Ill.
 By that, *Diana's* cruel Altar flow'd
 With innocent and Royal Virgins Blood.
 Unhappy Maid! With Sacred Ribbands bound,
 (Religion's Pride,) and holy Garlands crown'd,
 To meet an undeserv'd untimely Fate,
 Led by the *Grecian* Chiefs in Pomp and State;
 She saw her Father by, whose Tears did flow
 In streams, the only pity he could show:
 She saw the crafty Priest conceal the Knife
 From him, bless'd and prepar'd against her Life;
 She saw her Citizens with weeping Eyes
 Unwillingly attend the Sacrifice:
 Then dumb with Grief her Tears did pity crave,
 But 'twas beyond her Father's power to save;
 In vain did Innocence, Youth and Beauty plead,
 In vain the first Pledge of his Nuptial Bed;
 She fell, e'en now grown ripe for Nuptial joy,

To bribe the Gods, and buy a Wind for *Troy*;
So dy'd the innocent, the harmless Maid,
Such Devilish Acts Religion could persuade!

But still some frightful Tales some furious Threats
By Poets form'd, those grave and holy Cheats,
May bias thee; E'en I could easily find
A thousand Stories to distract thy Mind;
Invent new Fears, whose horrid looks should Fright,
And damp thy Thoughts, when eager on Delight.

And reason good. But if it once appear
That after Death, there's neither Hope nor Fear,
Then Men might freely Triumph, then Disdain
The Poets Tales, and scorn their fancied Pain:
But now we must submit, since Pains we fear
Eternal after Death, we know not where.
We know not yet, how our Soul is produc'd,
Whether by Body Born, or else Infus'd;
Whether in Death breath'd out into the Air,
She doth confus'dly mix and perish there;
Or thro' vast Shades, and horrid Silence go
To visit Brimstone-caves, and Pools below,
Or into Beasts retires——

As our fam'd *Ennius* Sings, upon whose Brow
The first and freshest Crowns of Laurel grow,
That ever Learned *Italy* could show;
Tho' he in lasting numbers doth express
The stately *Acherusian* Palaces,
Which neither Soul nor Body e're invades,
But certain pale and melancholy Shades,
From whence he saw old *Homer's* Ghost arise,
An *August* Shade, down from whose reverend Eyes,
Whilst his learn'd Tongue Nature's great secrets
told,

Whole streams of Tears in mighty numbers roll'd.

There-

Therefore I'll sing, to cure these wanton Fears,
 Why Sun and Moon meet out the circling Years,
 How *Bodies* first begin; but chiefly this,
 Whence comes the Soul, and what her Nature is:
 What frights her waking Thoughts, what cheats her
 Eyes,

When sleeping or diseas'd she thinks she spies
 Thin Ghosts in various shapes about her Bed,
 And seems to hear the Voices of the Dead.

*The difficult-
 17.*

I'm sensible the *Latin* is too poor
 To equal the vast rich *Grecian* store:
 New matter various *Nature* still affords,
 And new Conceptions do require new Words:
 Yet for respect of You with great delight
 I meet these dangers, and I wake all Night,
 Labouring fit Numbers and fit Words to find,
 To make Things plain, and to instruct your Mind,
 And teach her to direct here curious Eye
 Into *coy Nature's* greatest privacy. (Soul)

These Fears, that Darkness that o'respreads our
 Day can't disperse, but those *Eternal* Rules
 Which from firm Premises true *Reason* draws,
 And a deep insight into *Nature's* Laws.

Well then, let this as the first *Rule* be laid,
Nothing was by the Gods of *Nothing* made.
 For hence proceeds all our distrust and fear,
 That many things in Earth and Heaven appear,
 Whose Causes far remote and hidden lie
 Beyond the ken of vulgar Reason's eye,
 Therefore ascrib'd unto the Deity.
 But this once prov'd, it gives an open way
 To *Nature's* Secrets and we walk in Day:
 How things are made, and how preserv'd we'll prove
 Without the trouble of the Powers above:

*Nothing
made out
Nothing.*

If *Nothing* can be fertile, what Law binds
All *Beings* still to generate their own *kinds*?
Why do not all things variously proceed
From every Thing? What use of similar Seed?
Why do not *Birds* and *Fishes* rise from *Earth*?
And *Man* and *Trees* from *Water* take their Birth?
Why do not *Herd*s and *Flock*s drop down from *Air*?
Wild Creatures and untam'd spring every where?
The *same* Tree would not Rise from the *same* Root,
The Cherry would not blush in the *same* Fruit;
Nought fixt and constant be, but every Year
Whole Nature change, and All things All things bear.
For did not proper Seeds on all things wait,
How then could *this* thing still arise from *that*?
But now since constant Nature all things Breeds
From Matter fixt joyn'd with proper Seeds,
Their various Shapes, their different Properties,
Is the plain cause why All from all can't rise.

Besides, why is ripe Corn in Summer found?
Why not *bald* Winter with fresh *Roses* Crown'd?
Why not his Cups o'rflo'w with new-press'd Wine,
But weary *Autumn* only treads the Vine?
But because Seeds to vital Union cast
Spring and appear but whilst the Seasons last;
Whilst Mother Earth hath warmth and strength to bear,
And can safely trust her Infant-fruits to the mild Air.

Things made of *Nothing* would at once appear,
At any time and Quarter of the Year;
Since there's no Seed whose Nature might remit,
And check their growth until the Season's fit.

Beside, no need of time for things to grow,
For that would be a measure e'en too slow;
But in one instant, if from Nought began,
A *Shrub* might be a *Tree*, a *Boy* a *Man*.

But

But this is false ; each mean Observer sees
 Things grow from certain Seeds by just degrees,
 And growing keep their *kind*; and hence we know
 That Things from *proper* Matter rise, and grow
 By *proper* Matter Fed, and Nourish'd too.

Again ; the Earth puts forth no gawdy Flowers,
 Unless impregnated with timely showers;
 And living Creatures too, that scarce receive
 Supplies of Food, nor can Beget, nor Live.
 Wherefore 'tis better to conclude there are
 Many *first common Bodies* every where,
 Which joyn'd, as Letters *Words*, do *Things* Compose;
 Than that from Nothing any Thing arose.

Besides, why doth weak Nature make such small,
 Such Puny Things for Men ? Why not so Tall,
 That while they wade through Seas and swelling Tides,
 Th' *aspiring* Waves should hardly reach their Sides ?
 Why not so strong, that they with ease might tear
 The hardest Rocks, and throw them thro' the Air ?
 Why cannot she preserve them in their Prime,
 Above the power of devouring Time ?
 Why wanton Childhood ends in Youthful rage,
 And Youth falls swiftly into doting Age ?
 But because Things on certain Seeds depend
 For their Beginning, Continuance, and End.
 Therefore unfruitful *Nothing*, nothing breeds,
 Since all things owe their Life to proper Seeds.

Besides, Experience tells us, that wild Roots,
 Better'd by Art and Soil, bear noble Fruits :
 Whence we conclude, that Seeds of Bodies lie
 In Earth's cold Womb, which set at liberty
 By breaking of the Clods in which they lurk,
 Spring briskly up and do their proper Work.
 For were there none, tho we no help afford,

Things

Things would be better'd of their own accord.

Besides, as *Nothing* Nature's power creates,
So *Death* Dissolves, but not Annihilates :

No Annihila-
tion.

For could the *Substances* of Bodies die,
They presently would vanish from our Eye;
And without force dissolving perish all,
And silently into their *Nothing* fall :
But now since Things from Seeds eternal rise,
Their parts well joyn'd and fitted, *Nothing* dies
Unless some force break off the natural ties.

pose;

all,

Tides,

?

r

ir?

Besides, if o'er whatever Years prevail,
Should wholly perish, and it's Matter fail,
How could the Powers of *all-kind Venus* breed
A constant Race of Animals to succeed?
Or how the Earth eternally supply
With proper Food each their necessity?
How could the Springs and Rivers run so far,
And fill a Sea? How the Air feed each Star?
For whatsoe're could into *Nothing* waft,
That infinite space of Time already past
Had quite consum'd ———

But if those Bodies which compose this *All*
Could for so many Ages past endure,
They are Immortal, and from Death secure,
And therefore cannot into *Nothing* fall.

Again, the *same* force every thing would break,
Were not the *Union* made more strong or weak
By the *Immortal* Seeds; nay, more than that,
One single touch would be the stroke of Fate :
For things, where no *Eternal* Seeds are found,
Would streight dissolve, and die with any Wound :
But since the Seed's *Eternal*, and the frame,
Of Bodies and their Union not the same,
Things may secure and free from *Danger* stand,

Things

B

Until

Until some force, driven by an envious hand,
Proportion'd to the *Texture*, breaks the band :
Thus Death dissolves alone, she breaks the Chain,
And scatters Things to their first Seeds again.

Lastly, when Father *Æther* kindly pours
On fertile Mother *Earth* his seminal showers,
They seem to *Perish* there ; but streight new juice
Ferment, and various Herbs and Trees produce,
Whose Trunks grow strong, and spreading Branches
shoot,

Look fresh and green, and bend beneath their Fruit :
These nourishment to Man and Beast do prove,
Hence our Towns fill with Youth, with Birds each
Grove,

Who sit and sing, and in a numerous throng
With new fledg'd Wings clap and applaud their Song :
These fat our *Cattle*, which distended lie
On fertile Banks, their sprightly Young ones by
Revelling on Milk, which their swoll'n Udders yield,
Grow gay and brisk, and wanton o're the field :
And therefore Bodies cannot fall to Nought,
Since *one* thing still is from *another* brought
By provident *Nature* ; who lets *Nothing* rise,
And *Be*, unless from something else that dies.

Now since we have by various Reasons taught,
That nothing rises from, or falls to Nought,
Lest you dissent, because these *Seeds* must lie
Beyond the ken e'en of the sharpest Eye ;
Know, there are Bodies which no Eye can see,
But yet from their effects must grant to *Be*.
For first the Winds disturb the Seas and tear
The stoutest Ships, and chase Clouds thro the Air :
Sometimes thro humble Plains their violent course
They take and bear down Trees with mighty force :

*There are
Seeds, tho
undiscern'd.*

Some

Sometimes they rise so high, their strength so great,
 With furious Storms they lofty Mountains bear,
 And tear their Woods ———
 These must be Bodies, tho' unseen they be,
 Which thus disturb Heaven, Earth, Air and Sea;
 Which hardest Oaks and Rocks, and all things tear,
 And snatch them up in whirlings thro' the Air:
 They all rush on as headlong Rivers flow,
 Swoln big with falling showers, or melting Snow;
 Those Rocks and Trees o'return, and weighty Beams,
 And whirl their conquer'd Prey in rapid streams:
 No Bridge can check, no force the stream controule,
 It grows more wild and fierce, and beats the Mole:
 Ruine and Noise attend where e're it flows,
 It rolls great Stones, and breaks what dare oppose:
 So rush the Blasts of *Wind*, which like a Flood,
 Which way so e're they tend, drive Rocks and Wood,
 And All before them; sometimes upwards bear
 In rapid turns, and whirl them in the Air:
 'Tis certain then, these *Winds* that rudely fight,
 Are *Bodies*, tho' too subtle for our sight;
 Since they do work as strong, as furious grow
 As violent *Streams*, which all grant *Bodies*, do.

Those numerous Odours too, whose Smells delight
 And please the Nose, are all too thin for sight.
 We view not Heat, nor sharpest Colds, which wound
 The tender Nerves, nor can we see a Sound.
 Yet these are *Bodies*, for they move the Sense,
 And freight sweet pleasures, or quick pains commence;
 They shake the Nerves: Now whatsoe're doth touch,
 Or can be touch'd, that must be granted such.

Besides, fresh Cloths expanded near the Main
 Grow wet, the same by th' Sun are dry'd again:

Yet what Eye saw when first the Moisture fate,
Or when it rose, and fled before the Heat?
'Therefore we must conclude the Drops t' have been
Dissolv'd to parts, too subtile to be seen.

Besides, 'tis certain, every circling Year,
The Rings which grace the Hands diminish there:
Drops hollow Stones; and whilst we plough, the Share
Grows less; the *Streets* by often treading wear.
The brazen Statues that our Gates adorn
Shew their right hands diminished and worn
By th' touch of those that visit or pass by.
'Tis certain from all these some parts must fly,
But when those Bodies part, or what they be,
Envious *Nature* denies the power to see.

Lastly, none, not the sharpest Eye e're sees
What parts to make things grow by just degrees
Nature doth add, nor what she takes away,
When Age steals softly on, and Things decay;
Nor what the Salt, to set the Waters free,
Frets from the Rocks and beats into the Sea:
'Tis certain then that much which Nature does,
She works by Bodies undiscern'd by us.

*There is a
Void.*

Yet *Bodies* do not fill up every place:
For besides those there is an empty Space,
A *Void*; this known, this Notion fram'd aright
Will bring to my Discourse new strength and light,
And teach you plainest Methods to descry
The greatest secrets of Philosophy.

A *Void* is *space intangible*: Thus prov'd.
For were there none, no Body could be mov'd;
Because where e're the pressing Motion goes,
It still must meet with Stops, still meet with Foes,
'Tis natural to Bodies to oppose.
So that to move would be in vain to try,

But

But all would fixt, stubborn and moveless lie ;
 Because no yielding Body could be found
 Which first should move, and give the other ground.
 But every one now sees that things do move
 With various turns in Earth and Heaven above ;
 Which, were no *Void*, not only we'd not seen,
 But th' Bodies too themselves had never been :
 Ne're generated, for Matter all sides prest
 With other Matter would for ever rest.

Tho' free from Pores, and Solid Things appear,
 Yet many Reasons prove them to be Rare :
 For Drops distil, and subtle Moisture creeps
 Thro hardest Rocks, and every Marble weeps :
 Juice drawn from Food unto the Head doth climb,
 Then falls to th' Feet, and visits every Limb :
 Trees grow and at due Seasons yield their Fruit,
 Because the Juice drawn by the labouring Root
 Doth rise i'th' Trunk, and thro the Branches shoot :
 Sounds pass thro well clos'd Rooms and hardest Stones,
 And rigorous Winter's Frosts affect our Bones.
 This could not be, were there no *empty Space*,
 Thro which these Moveables might freely pass.

Besides, why have not *Bodies* equal weight
 With those whose *Figure* is but just as great ?
 For did as many equal *Bodies* frame
 Both *Wool* and *Lead*, their weight would be the same ;
 For every part of *Matter* downward tends,
 By Nature heavy, but no *Void* descends :
 Wherefore those lighter *Things* of equal size
 Do less of *Matter*, more of *Void* comprize :
 But by the heavier more of *Seeds* enjoy'd :
 And these convincing Reasons prove a *Void*.

But some object, The Floods give Fishes way,
 Who cut their passage thro the yielding Sea,

Objection.

Because

But

Because they leave a space where e're they go,
 To which the yielding Waters circling flow;
 And hence by an Analogy they prove,
 That tho the World was full, yet things may move:
 But this is weak.—

Answer.

For how could Fishes ply their Natural Oars?
 How cut the Sea, and visit distant shores,
 Unless the Waves gave way? How those divide,
 Except the Fish first part the yielding Tide?
 Well then, fight Sense, deny what that will prove,
 Discard all motion, and the power to shove;
 Or grant a *Void*, whence things begin to move.

Let two broad bodies meet and part again,
 The Air must fill the space that's left between;
 Yet tho suppos'd it flies as swift as thought,
 E'en common sense denies it can be brought
 O're all at once; the nearest first posselt,
 And thence 'tis hurried on, and fills the rest.

But now should some suppose these *Marbles* part,
 Made firm by *Nature*, and polite by *Art*,
 Because the *Air's* condens'd; they err: 'Tis plain
 That a wide *Void* is made, and fill'd again:
 Nor can the Air condens'd be thus imploy'd,
 Or if it could, yet not without a *Void*
 Could all the parts contract to shorter space,
 And be combin'd with a more close imbrace:
 Thus tho you Cavil, yet at last o'recome,
 You must ignobly grant a *Vacuum*.

Nor are these all, ten thousand Reasons more
 Clear, firm, convincing, yet ne're heard before,
 Might be produc'd: But these (my Curious Youth)
 Will guide thy searching Mind to farther Truth:
 For as *Hounds* once in trace do beat about,
 Pursue the Scent, and find the Coverts out;

So you, my *Memmius*, may from one thing known
 To hidden Truths successfully go on ;
 Pursue coy *Truth* with an unerring sense
 Into her close recess, and force her thence :
 Go bravely on, and in such things as these
 Ne're doubt, I'll promise Thee deserv'd success :
 And my full Soul is eager to declare
 So many secrets, that I justly fear,
 E're I shall prove but one particular,
 The Reasons flow in such a numerous throng,
 That Age, or hasty Death, will break the Song.

But to go on —

This *All* consists of *Body* and of *Space*,
 This *moves*, and that affords the *Motion place* :
 That *Bodies* are, we all from Sense receive,
 Whose notice if in this we disbelieve,
 On what can Reason fix, on what rely?
 What *Rule* the truth of her deductions try
 In greater secrets of Philosophy?

Suppose no *Void*, as former Reasons prove,
 No *Body* could enjoy a *Place*, or *move*.
 Besides these *two* there is no third degree
 Distinct from both ; nought that hath power to *Be*.
 For if 'tis *Tangible*, and hath a *Place*,
 'Tis *Body* ; if *Intangible*, 'tis *Space* :

Besides, whatever *is*, a Power must own,
 Or fit to *Act*, or to be acted on,
 Or be a *Place* in which such things are done.
 Now *Bodies* only suffer and act, and *Place*
 Is the peculiar gift of empty *Space* :

Well then, a different *Third* in vain is sought,
 And not to be discover'd by sense or thought.

For whatsoe're may seem of more degrees,
 Are the *Events* or *Properties* of these :

Nothing be-
 sides Body
 and Void.

Of Events
 and Proper-
 ties.
 Which

Which to explain ; We call those *Properties*,
 Which never part except the Subject dies :
 So *weights* to *Stones*, so *Moisture* to the *Sea*,
 So *Touch* to *Body* is, and to be free
 From *Touching* is to *Void*. But *Peace*, and *Wealth*,
War, *Concord*, *Slavery*, *Liberty* and *Health*,
 Whose presence or whose absence nor prevents,
 Nor brings the *Subjects* ruine, are *Events*.

Time.

Time of it self is Nothing, but from Thought
 Receives it's rise, by labouring Fancy wrought
 From things consider'd, whilst we think on some
 As *present*, some as *past*, or yet to *come*.
 No Thought can think on *Time*, that's still confest,
 But thinks on *Things* in motion, or at rest.
 Yet whilst the Sons of *Fame* their Songs employ
 On *Helen's Rape*, or mourn the fall of *Troy*,
 Take heed, nor fancy from such *Tales* as these
 That *Actions* are, that they *subsist* confests :
 Since all those whose *Events* they were, *War's* rage
 Long since destroy'd, or more devouring *Age* :
 For *Action*, or what e're from *Action* springs,
 Is call'd th' *Event* of *Countries* or of *Things*.
 Lastly, suppose no *Frame*, no *Seeds* had been
 To act these *Things*, nor *Space* to act them in ;
 No gentle *Fire* had warm'd kind *Paris* breast,
 No flames from *Beauteous Helen's Eyes* increast,
 And kindled dreadful *War* ; no teeming *Horse*
 Brought forth in one short night so great a force
 As ruin'd stately *Troy* : Which plainly shew
 That *Actions* not subsist, as *Bodies* do,
 Neither as *Void*, but as *Events* alone
 Of *Places* where, and *Things* by which they're done.
 But farther, *Bodies* are of different kind,
 Or *Principles*, or made of those combin'd :

The

The *Principles* of things no force can break,
 They are too *Solid*, and all strokes too weak;
 Tho' such can hardly be believ'd; for Voice,
 Or Thunder's Sound, or every louder noise,
 Breaks thro' our Walls, which yet remain entire.
 So Iron glows, and Rocks dissolve in Fire:
 Strong Flames divide the stubborn Gold and Brass,
 And to a Liquid Substance break the Mass:
 Thro' Silver *Heat* and *Cold*; and each disdains
 And scorns a Prison, tho' in *precious* Chains.
 This *Sense* perceives, for hold a Silver Cup,
 And pour some Water gently in at top; (bands
 Th' imprison'd *Heat* or *Cold* streight break their;
 Grow fierce, fly thro', and *warm*, or *chill* the hands,
 These instances are strong; these seem t' explain,
 That *Beings* in their vast extent contain
 No perfect Solids: *Creatures of the Brain*.

But yet attend my *Muse*; she briefly sings,
 (Because right *Reason*, and the Frame of Things
 Such Seeds require) attend, she sweetly shows,
 And proves, that Things from perfect *Solids* rose.

Two sorts of *Beings* Reason's Eye descry'd,
 And prov'd before, their difference vastly wide;
Body and *Void*, which never could agree
 In any one Essential Property;

Perfect Solids.

For *Body*, as 'tis *Matter*, is from *Place*
Distinct, and *Void* from *Body*, as 'tis *Space*;
 Both these distinct subsist: And thus 'tis prov'd
 That *Seeds* are *Solid*, and from *Space* remov'd.

But farther on; since *Things* of *Seed* compos'd
 Hold *Void*, that *Thing* by which that *Void's* enclos'd
 Is perfect *Solid*, for what else employ'd
 Can hold a *Space*, or what contain a *Void*?

Now what can *Sense*, what searching *Reason* find,

To hold this *Void*, but solid Seeds combin'd ?
 This solid Matter must for ever last,
 Eternally endure, whilst *Compounds* waste.

So grant no *Void*, no *Spaces* unpossess,
 Then all would *solid* be, and all at rest.
 And grant no *Solids* which fill up that Place,
 They do possess, all would be Empty Space.
 Well then, *Seeds* mixt with *Void* compose the Whole,
 Not *All is empty Space*, not *All is Full* :
 And *solid Seeds* exist, which fill their Place,
 And make a difference between *Full* and *Space*.

*Seeds Eter-
 nal.*

These, as I prov'd before, no active Flame.
 No subtle Cold, can pierce and break their Frame,
 Tho every Compound yields; no powerful blow,
 No subtle Wedge divide, or break in two.
 For nothing can be struck, no part destroy'd
 By powerful blows, or cleft without a *Void*.
 And those that hold most *Void*, when strokes do press,
 Or subtle wedges enter, yield with ease.
 Now if these *Seeds* are *Solid*, they must endure
 Eternally, from force, from stroke Secure.

Besides, were *Seeds* not *Eternal*,——
 All then would rise from *Nought*, and All return
 To *Nought*, *Nothing* would be both *Womb*, and *Urn*.
 But since my former Reasons clearly taught,
 That *Nothing* rises from, or sinks to *Nought* ;
 Those various Things *eternal Seeds* compose,
 And Death again dissolves them into those :
 And thence new things were fram'd, new Creatures
 rose ;

Then *Seeds* are *Solid*, else how could they last ?
 How things repair, so many Ages past ?

When *Nature* things divides, did she go on
 Dividing still, and never would have done ;

The

The Seeds had been so small, so much refin'd,
That nothing could have grown mature, no Mass
combin'd,

For things are easier far dissolv'd than joyn'd ;
Then Nature which thro all those Ages past
Hath broke those Seeds, and still goes on to waste,
Could scarce contrive, tho numerous years remain,
To fit, unite, and joyn them close again.
But now 'tis plain, by strictest reason try'd,
That Nature doth not infinitely divide,
Since Things are made, and certain years endure,
In which they spring, grow and become Mature.

But more : Tho Seeds are *hard* thro all their frame, *Whence*
A Compound may be *soft* ; as Water, Flame, *Softness.*
What e're it is, or whence soe're it Springs,
Because we grant a *Void* commixt with Things :
But were they *soft*, no reason could be shown,
How hardned Iron's fram'd, or harder Stone,
For Nature then would want fit Seeds to work
upon :

Then solid Seeds exist, whose numerous throng
Closely combin'd, makes Compounds firm and strong.

But more : Since Things have time for life and
Prefix, and certain terms are set for both : (growth
Since bounds are set, o're which they cannot go,
And *Laws* speak what they *can*, and cannot do :
Nor things are chang'd, for all the *Kinds* that flie,
Are cloath'd with plumes of the same curious Dye ;
The *Matter* must be firm, the *Seeds* must be
Unchangeable, from alteration free.

For grant the Seeds may change, we could not know
What things would be produc'd, or when, or how :
How great their Power would rise, how far extend,
How long they'd live, or when their actions end :

Nor should we find the same Delights pursu'd,
Nor Parents Natures in the Young renew'd.

Besides, those *Parts* of Things that utmost lie,
Are something, tho too subtle for the Eye ;
And these are *Leasts* ; They never break the Chain,
And by themselves subsist, nor ever can:
For they are *Parts*, whose both Extreame the same,
And such like Plac'd in Order Bodies frame.
Since these subsist not in a separate State,
Their Union must be strong, too firm for Fate ;
And Stroke and Wedge may try their Strength in vain,
No force can loose the Tye, or break the Chain.
Then *Seeds* are simple *Solids*, their *Parts* Combin'd
By strongest Bands ; but not of others joyn'd.
These Nature keeps entire, these *Seeds* supply
For future things, repairing those that die.

Atoms.

Besides, suppose no *Least*, then *Seeds* refin'd,
Too small for Sense, nay scarce perceiv'd by Mind,
Would still be full, still numerous *Parts* contain,
No End, no Bound, but Infinite the Train :
And thus the *Greatest* and the *Smallest* Frame
Would both be equal, and their Bounds the same ;
For tho the *All* be infinite, each single Grain
And smallest *Seeds* as numerous *Parts* contain.
But that's absurd by Reason's Laws confest,
And therefore Nature must admit a *Least*,
Not fram'd of others, which no *Parts* can show,
And that is *Solid*, and *Eternal* too,

Beside, did Nature not resolve to *Least*,
Her Power quite Spent, her Works long since had ceas'd
Her Force all gone, no *Beings* rais'd anew,
Nor Things repair'd ; for no *Composures* shew
What *Seeds* must have, those Cath'lick *Qualities*,
Nature's great Instruments, *Weight*, *Motion*, *Size*.

Lastly,

Lastly, grant Nature infinitely divides,
And never ceases; You must grant besides,
That still some Seeds exist, which never broke,
Remain secure, free from the Power of stroke.
But 'tis absurd frail Seeds should bear the rage
Of strokes unhurt, nor yield to powerful Age.

Those grossly err, who teach *All* rise from Fire,
As *Heraclitus* whom vain *Greeks* admire

Against
Heraclitus.

For dark expression; But the *Sober Few*,
Who seek for, and delight in what is true,
Scorn and contempt; for only Fools regard
What seems obscure, and intricate, and hard.
Take that for *Truth*, whose *Phrases* smooth appear,
And dancing Periods charm the wanton Ear.
For how could *Bodies* of so different frame,
So various rise from *pure* and *real* Flame?
Nor can you clear the doubt by fond pretence,
That *Fire* is made more *rare*, or else more *dense*:
This *Changes* not the *Fire*, 'tis still the same,
If *Dense*, a *strong*; If *Rare*, a *weaker* Flame.
Yet this is all that can be said —

Who can believe that Nature's various Pride
Can spring from *Flame* condens'd, or rarified?
'Tis true, did *These* admit an Empty Space,
Then *Flame* made *rare* might fill a larger Place,
Or *Dense*, combine with a more strict Embrace:
But since they think that *hard*, and *Void* oppose,
Fearing the *difficult*, the *right* they lose;
Nor yet perceive, that banish *Void* alone,
All *Bodies* would be *Dense*, and *All* be *one*;
From which no Seeds could flie, no Parts retire,
As *Smoak*, and *Heat*, and vigorous *Light* from *Fire*.
This proves a *Void* commixt. —

But if by any means, however strange,

The

The *Flame* could perish, and it's Parts could change,
 If this could once be done, then all it's Heat
 And it's whole Nature would to *Nought* retreat ;
 And therefore Bodies would from *Nothing* rise ;
For what is chang'd from what it was, That dies.
 But after Change some Seeds must still remain,
 Lest All should sink to *Nought*, and thence return again.

Now since our former Reasons clearly show
 Some *Seeds*, and those of *constant* Nature too ;
 Whose presence, absence, or whose different Range
 Of Order makes the *Things* themselves to change ;
 We certainly conclude, they are not *Flame*,
 For then 'twould *Nought* import, what newly came,
 What chang'd it's Order, or what did Retire,
 Since all would be of the *same Nature, Fire.*

But this is my Opinion : —

Some *Seeds* exist, from whose Site, Figure, Size,
 Concussion, Order, Motion, *Flames* arise ;
 And when the Order's chang'd, the Parts of *Fire*
 Their Nature lose, and silently Expire ;
 The disunited Bodies flie from thence,
 Not *Flame*, nor any Object of the Sense.

But now to think, as *Heracitus* tells,
 That *All* that is, is *Fire*, and nothing else,
 'Tis fond, and certainty of Sense o'rethrows.
 From which alone that *Flame* exists he knows :
 In this he Credit gives, but fears t'afford
 The like in things as plain ; and that's absurd :
 For what can judge, and what our search Secure,
 Like Sense, *Truth's* great *Criterion*? What so sure?

Besides, why should We rather *All* disclaim,
 Reject *All* else, and fancy only *Flame*,
 Than *Fire* deny, and *all things* else receive,
 Both which 'tis equal madness to believe ?

Well

Well then, all those, that teach Things took their
 From simple Fire, or Water, Air, or Earth, (birth
 Lie under palpable Mistakes; and Those
 That teach from doubled Elements they rose,
 As Air and Fire, as Earth and Water joyn'd;
 Or all four, Earth, Air, Water, Fire, combin'd.

*Things are
 not made of
 four Ele-
 ments.
 Empedo-
 cles.*

Thus Sung *Empedocles*——

In fruitful *Sicily*, whose crooked sides
 The *Ionian* washes with impetuous Tides,
 And a small *Frisb* from *Italy* divides;
 Here *Scylla* raves, and fierce *Charybdis* roars,
 Beating with boisterous Waves, the trembling Shores;
 Here prest *Enceladus* with mighty loads,
 Vomits revenge in Flames against the Gods;
 Thro *Aetna's* jaws he impudently threatens,
 And thundring Heaven with equal thunder beats:
 This *Iste*, who with such wondrous sights as these
 Doth call forth Trav'lers, and the Curious please;
 Is rich with Men and Fruit, hath rarely shown
 A thing more Glorious than this single One.
 His Verse compos'd of Nature's Works declare
 His Wit was strong, and his Invention rare;
 His Judgment deep and sound, whence some began,
 And justly too, to think him more than Man.
 Yet *He*, with all the meaner Other's Nam'd,
 Tho for some rare Inventions justly fam'd,
 (Which they have left as Oracles, more sure
 Than from the *Tripod* spoke, and less obscure
 Than those the Ancients from the *Pythia* heard)
 Ith' Principles of Things have greatly Err'd.

That things may move, or may be soft, or rare
 Without a *Void*, as Water, Flame, or Air,
 They all affirm; that *Nature* never rests
 In breaking *Bodies*, and admits no *Leasts*;

When

When yet we see that Part that topmost lies
Is th' Least that is presented to our Eyes;
From whence that That's a Least we may conclude
Which Utmost is, too little to be view'd.

Besides, their *Seeds* are *soft*, which can be born,
And die; then *All* would rise, and *All* return
To Nought; *Nothing* would be both *Womb* and
Urn.

Beside, since they are *Contraries*, and at *Fars*
Amongst themselves, engag'd in Civil Wars,
They perish when they meet, or scatter'd waste
As wind, and showers, cross'd by an adverse blast.

Lastly, if from *four Elements* all this rose,
And *All* again by Death dissolv'd to *those*;
What reason we should rather fondly deem
Those Principles of *Things*, than *Things* of them?
For they alternately are chang'd, and show
Each other's figure, and their Nature too.

But if you think that *Earth* is joyn'd with *Fire*,
With *Water*, *Air*, their Nature still entire,
Nothing could first be *made*, or made *Increase*;
Nor Tree, nor Man, nor tender Fruit, nor Beast:
For each Component in the various Mass
Would keep it's Nature, and be what it *was*:
And we should view confus'dly joyn'd and fixt
Thin *Air* with *Earth*, and *Fire* with *Water* mixt.
But Principles of *Things* must be unknown,
Of Nature undiscern'd; lest any One
Rising above the Other shou'd appear,
And shew that *Things* not truly Compounds are.

Besides, they all these Four from Heaven derive,
And first, that *Flame* is turn'd to *Air*, believe;
Thence *Water*, and thence *Earth*, and so retire
From *Earth* to *Water*, thence to *Air* and *Fire*;

Their

Their change ne're ceaseth, but about they're driven;
 From *Heaven* to *Earth*, from *Earth* again to *Heaven*:
 But *Seeds* can never change their natural state,
 They must endure free from the Power of Fate,
 Lest all should sink to Nought, and thence arise;
For what is chang'd from what it was, That dies.
 Now since these *four* can die, since these can fail,
 Of other *Seeds*, o're which no strokes prevail,
 They must be fram'd, lest all should rise, and all
 return

To Nought, and *Nothing* be both Womb and Urn.
 Then rather grant *Seeds* such, that did they frame
 A single *Body*, as, for instance *Flame*;
 Yet take away or add some new to those,
 Their Site or Motion chang'd would *Ain* compose:
 And so of other things,——

Objection.

But you'll object and say; 'tis manifest
 From *Earth* rise *Trees*, are nourish'd, and increast:
 And if the *Seasons* prove not kind and good,
 Moisture and soaking *Showers* corrupt the *Wood*:
 And did not *Phœbus* shed enlivening heat,
 No *Fruit* or *Beasts* could grow, look fair and great:
 And *We*, unless upheld by *Meats*, should die,
 Swallow'd by treacherous *Mortality*:
 Life loos'd from *Nerves* and *Bones* long since had fled,
 And left the wasted *Carcass* pale and dead:
 For *We*, from *certain things* our strength receive,
 And *other things* from *certain others* live:
 For various common *Principles* are fixt
 In every thing, and all confus'd and mixt;
 And therefore *Nature* knows no *general* good,
 But *different things* must have their *different* food:
 And thus it matters to the grand *Design*,
 How, or with what, the various *Seeds* combine,

D

What

Their

What Site, and what Position they maintain,
 What Motion give, and what receive again.
 For the *same* Seeds compose both Earth and Seas,
 The Sun and Moon, and Animals, and Trees,
 But their *contexture*, or their *motion* disagrees.
 So in my Verse are Letters common found
 To many *words* unlike in sense and sound;
 Such great variety bare Change affords
 Of order i'th' few Elements of Words.
 Now since Things *Seeds* are more, from those may rise
 More different shapes, and more varieties.

Against A-
 naxagoras.

Now let's examin with a curious Eye
Anaxagoras his Philosophy,
 By copious *Greece* term'd *Homeomery*:
 For which our *Latin* Language, poor in words,
 Not one expressive single voice affords:
 Yet by an easie short *Periphrasis*
 We plainly can discover what it is.
 For this it means: That Bones of minute Bones,
 That Flesh of Flesh, and Stones of little Stones,
 That Nerves take other little Nerves for food,
 That Blood is made of little drops of Blood;
 That Gold from parts of the same nature rose,
 That Earths do Earth, Fires Fire, Airs Air compose,
 And so in all things else alike to those.
 But *He* admits no *Void*, He grants no *Least*,
 And therefore errs in *that* with *all the Rest*.

Besides, too weak, too feeble *Seeds* he chose,
 If they are like the Bodies they compose,
 And liable to death as well as those:
 For which of all these Beings could endure
 The violent jaws of Death, from Death secure?
 Could Fire, could Air, could Water, Blood, or Bone?
 Which of all These? In my opinion none:

Since

Since *All* would be as liable to die,
 Subject to powerful Mortality,
 As those which Force destroys before our eye.
 But former Arguments have clearly taught,
 That Things nor perish to, nor rise from Nought.

Besides, since by our *meat* our Bodies grow,
 Are nourish'd and encreas'd, we plainly know
 That Bones, and Blood, and Veins, and Nerves are made
 Of parts *dissimilar*, in Order laid:

But if the *Meat* in perfect form contains
 Small parts of *Nerves*, of *Blood*, of *Bones*, and *Veins*,
 Then Meat and Drink would in themselves preserve
Dissimilar parts, as Blood, Bone, Vein, and Nerve.
 Besides, if all those Things that spring from Earth,
 Before they rose, before they shew'd their Birth,
 Lay hid within; the Clods must needs comprize
 As proper *Parts* those various *Things* that rise.

Now change the Subject, keep the terms the same:
 In Wood, if Smoke lies hid, if Sparks, and Flame,
 It must consist of parts of different frame.

But there's a little shift, a slight excuse,
 Which *Anaxagoras* his Scholars use.

Tho such lie mixt in *All*, that part alone
 Appears, that only to the sense is shown,
 Which in the composition doth comprize
 The greatest part, and on the surface lies.
 But this is false; or thro the weighty Mill,
 From broken Corn would bloody drops distil,
 Or some such parts as in our *bodies* grow;
 From herbs and flowers a milky juice would flow;
 In broken clods each searching Eye might see
 Some lurking scatter'd herb, or leat, or tree?
 And in cleft wood, and broken sticks admire
 Smoak, ashes, flame, and little sparks of fire:

Anaxago-
 ras his An-
 swer.

But since on strictest search no *Parts* appear,
 We must not fondly fancy they are there;
 That *Bodies* are compos'd of such combin'd,
 But *Common Seeds* in various order joyn'd.

Objection.

But you will answer thus: 'Tis often known
 That stately Trees on lofty Mountains grown,
 When beaten by a furious Southern blast,
 Grow *warm*, and *hot*, and so take *Fire* at last.

All this we grant —

Yet there's no *actual fire*, but *Seeds* of Heat,
 Which dash't together all this *flame* beget;
 For if i'th' wood such *actual flame* was held,
 How could it for one moment be conceal'd?
 It streight would shew its mighty force, and burn,
 And Shrubs, and Trees, and all to ashes turn.

And hence, as we discours'd before, we find
 It matters much with what first *Seeds* are joyn'd;
 Or how, or what *Position* they maintain,
 What *Motion* give, and what receive again:
 And that the *Seeds* remaining still the same,
 Their order chang'd, of Wood are turn'd to Flame.
 Just as the *Letters* little change affords
Ignis and *Lignum*, two quite different words.

Besides, if you suppose no *frame* would spring,
 Unless the *Principles* were like the *Thing*,
 The same in *Nature*, *Seeds* are lost; for then
 Some *Seeds* would laugh, and weep, and laugh agen.
 With violent Grin distort their little face,
 And presently drop briny tears apace.

Now what remains observe, distinctly mark,
 I know 'tis hard, 'tis intricate, and dark,
 Yet *powerful* hope of Praise still spurs me on,
 (I'm eager, and tis time that I were gone,)
 I feel, I rising feel *Poetsick* heats,

And

And now inspir'd trace o're the Muses seats
Untrodden yet; 'tis sweet to visit first
Untouch'd and *Virgin* streams, and quench my
thirst:

'Tis sweet to crop fresh flowers, and get a Crown
For new and rare Inventions of my own;
So Noble, Great, and Generous the Design,
That none of all the Mighty Tuneful *Nine*

}

Shall grace a Head with Laurels like to Mine.
For first I teach Great *Things* in Lofty Strains,
And loose men from *Religion's* grievous Chains.
Next, tho my Subject's *dark*, my Verse is *clear*,
And *sweet*, with fancy flowing every where:
And this design'd. For as Physicians use
In giving Children Draughts of Bitter Juice,
To make them take it, tinge the Cup with sweet,
To cheat the Lip: this first they *eager* meet,
And then drink on, and take the bitter Draught,
And so are harmlessly *deceiv'd*, not *caught*:

For by this cheat they get their health, their ease,
Their vigour, strength, and baffle the Disease.

So since our Methods of *Philosophy*
Seem harsh to some, since most our Maxims *lie*,
I thought it was the fittest way to dress

These rigid Principles in pleasing Verse,
With fancy sweetning them; to bribe thy mind
To read my Books, and lead it on to find

The Nature of the World, the Rise of Things,
And what vast profit to that knowledge brings.

Now since my former various Reasons show
That Seeds are *solid*, and *eternal* too,

Let's next enquire, if *infinite* or no:

Likewise if *Void* and *Space* do somewhere end,
Or without bounds to *immensity* extend.

}

The *All* is every way immensely wide,
 Or else it would have Bounds on every side.
 Now what can be a *Bound*, but that which lies
 Beyond the *Body*, whose *Extream* it is?
 That Nought's beyond the *All*, e'en common sense
 Declares, therefore the *All* must be *immense*:
 Thus stand on any quarter of the Space,
 That's nothing, 'tis immense from every place:

But grant it *infinite* ———

Suppose a man on the extreamest part,
 Suppose him stand, and strive to throw a Dart:
 The *Dart* would forward fly, or hindred stay,
 Choose which you will, the Reason's good each way,
 And firm: For if some farther *Space* admit,
 Or some *resistance* stops it's hasty flight,
 That's not the *End*; so place the utmost part
 Where e're you will, I'll follow with the Dart:
 And by this single Argument deface
 (For still the *Void* will give a further place)
 Those feign'd *Extreams* and Bounds you fix to Space.

Again, ———

Suppose the *All* had Bounds, suppose an *End*,
 Then *Bodies* which by nature must descend,
 And from *Eternity* pursu'd the race,
 Had long ere this time reacht the *lowest place*:
 Whence nothing could in decent order rise,
 There could not be a glittering Sun or Skies;
 For all the *Seeds* must lie confus'dly mixt
 In a vast *Chaos*, immoveable, and fixt.
 But now the *Seeds* still move, because the Space
 Is boundless, and admits no *lowest place*;
 No *End*, which heavy *Seeds* by Nature prest
 Might seek below, and settle there and rest:
 Now all from parts of Matter mov'd arise,

Which

Which the vast *Mass* eternally supplies.

But lastly, *Things* to *Things* still *Bounds* appear;
So *Air* to lofty *Hills*, and *Hills* to *Air*,
So *Earth* the *Seas*, and *Seas* the *Earth* controle,
But there is *Nothing* that can bound the *Whole*.
Wherefore 'tis such, that did swift *Lightning* flie
Thro the vast *Space* to all *Eternity*,
No utmost part, no *End* would e're be found,
So vastly wide it is, and without bound.

Again, Nature's eternal *Laws* provide,
That the Vast *All* should be immensely wide,
Boundless, and infinite, because they place
Body as bound to *Void*, to *Body Space*,
By mutual bounding making both *immense*.
For did they not each other bound, but *One*
Were *infinite*: for instance, *Space* alone,
Nor *Man*, nor *Earth*, nor *Heaven*, nor could the *Sea*,
Nor bodies of the *Gods* *one moment* be;
For *Seeds* of *Things*, their *Union* all destroy'd,
Would fly dissolv'd and scatter'd thro the *Void*,
Or rather into *Things* had scarce combin'd,
Because once parted they had never joyn'd;
For sure *unthinking Seeds* did ne're dispose
Themselves by counsel, nor their order chose,
Nor any compacts made how each should move,
But from *Eternal* thro the *Vacuum* strove,
Varioussly mov'd and turn'd; until at last
Most sorts of *Motion* and of *Union* past,
By chance to that convenient order hurl'd,
Which frames the *Beings* that compose the *World*:
And these *same Seeds* now orderly maintain'd
In those convenient motions they have gain'd,
Is a sufficient cause why fertile *Earth*
By *Sun-beams* quickned gives new fruits their birth:

Why

Why Rivers still the *greedy* Deep supply,
 Why Beasts increase, why Sun and Moon ne're die:
 Which could not be, unless supplies still came
 From the *vast Mass*, and propt the sinking frame.
 As Beasts depriv'd of Food, so Things must die,
 As soon as *Matter* fails of just supply.
 Nor can eternal *strokes* preserve the Whole,
 Sometimes they may the hasty flight controule
 Of some small part, till others come and joyn,
 And taking hold, into one *Mass* combine;
 But oftentimes they must rebound, and then
 The Principles of Things may break the Chain,
 And get their former liberty again.
 Nay that *these strokes* might be, this lasting fight,
 The *Mass* of *Matter* must be *infinite*:
 'Tis certain then that there must come supply
 From the *vast Mass*, repairing Things that die.

*Bodies do
 not strive
 to the Mid-
 dle.*

But scorn their dreams who fondly can believe,
 And teach, that all things to the middle strive,
 And by that natural pressure this whole frame
 Might be maintain'd, it's order still the same,
 Without external *impulse*; high and low
 Would always be as firmly joyn'd as now.
 And their own site, their different place possess,
 Since *All* unto one common *Center* press.

Antipodes.

They farther teach, that ponderous weights *below*
 Unto their resting places *upwards* go;
 And as our shadows in smooth streams appear,
 So feet to feet some *Animals* walk there;
 Yet can no sooner fall into *those Skies*
 That lie *beneath*, than *We* to *Heaven* can rise:
 When *Phæbus* climbs *their East*, the feeble light
 Of Stars peeps forth, and beautifies *our Night*.
 But this ridiculous Dream, this fancy springs

From

From dark Ignorance ith' Principles of Things.

For since the *Void* is infinite, the Space
Immenſe; how can there be a middle place?

Or grant there were,——

Yet why not *Bodies* end their tedious race,

And ſtop, as well in any other place

As there? For every part of Empty-Space

Of *Midſt*, or *not*, muſt equally allow

To ponderous *Movents* eaſie paſſage thro:

For there's no place, to which by Nature preſt

Seeds loſe their force of weight, and freely reſt:

Nor *empty Space* can prop the Seeds, nor ſtay

Their Motion, 'tis its nature to give way:

Leſt *Heaven* diſſolv'd like ſwifteſt flames ſhould fly

Thro the vaſt Space, the Fabrick of the Sky

Confus'dly falling lower Buildings meet,

The faithleſs *Earth* forſake our trembling feet,

And all the Things in Heaven and Earth deſtroy'd,

Confus'dly ſcatter thro the boundleſs *Void*,

And in one moment every thing deſace

But *unſeen Atoms*, and vaſt *empty Space*:

For whereſoe'er the Fabrick doth begin

To fail; there greedy Death will enter in,

And thro the ruinous breach the violent courſe

Of rapid Matter ruſh with mighty force.

Befides, they grant not all, but only Thoſe

Which heavy *Water*, and dull *Earth* compoſe,

Strive to the Center, but that *Two* retire

Endeavouring from it, as light *Air* and *Fire*:

Whence *Stars*, thoſe feeble Ornaments of *Night*,

Are nourish'd, and gay *Phœbus* fiercer *Light*:

Be cauſe the Flame which from the *Midſt* retires,

When got on high, combines its ſcatter'd fires.

How Beaſts get graſs, how leaves on branches bud,

E

If

} No Centers

If Earthy parts rose not, and gave them food ?
In Bodies then there lies no fond desire
To seek the *Midst*, which keeps this Frame entire.

This known, 'tis no uneasy task to *know*;
I'll lead Thee farther on, and clearly show
The Pride of Nature and Philosophy,
Her greatest Works, and please thy Curious eye:
The walk is pleasant, 'tis an easie way,
All bright and clear, for Things do Things betray
By mutual light; and We from one Thing known
To hidden Truths successfully go on.

The End of the First Book.

LUCRE-

LUCRETIVS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

TIS pleasant, when the Seas are rough, to stand
 And view another's danger, safe at Land:
 Not 'cause he's troubled, but 'tis sweet to see
 Those Cares and Fears, from which our selves are free:
 'Tis also pleasant to behold from far,
 How Troops engage, secure our selves from War.
 But above all, 'tis pleasantest to get
 The top of high *Philosophy*, and sit
 On the calm, peaceful, flourishing head of it;
 Whence we may view, deep, wondrous deep below,
 How poor mistaken *Mortals* wandring go,
 Seeking the path to *Happiness*: Some aim
 At Learning, Wit, Nobility, or Fame;
 Others with Cares and Dangers vex each hour,
 To reach the top of Wealth, and Sovereign Power.
 Blind, wretched Man! In what dark paths of strife
 We walk this little journey of our Life!
 Whilst frugal *Nature* seeks for only ease,
 A *Body* free from pains, free from disease,
 A *Mind* from cares and jealousies at peace.
 Now little is required to maintain
 The Body sound in health, and free from pain;

Not Delicates, but such as may supply
 Contented *Nature's* thrifty *Luxury* ;
 She asks no more. What tho no *Boys* of Gold
 Adorn the Walls, and sprightly *Tapers* hold ;
 Whose beauteous rays scattering the gawdy *Light*,
 Might grace the feasts and revels of the *Night* ?
 What tho no Gold adorns, no *Musick's* sound
 With doubled sweetness from the roofs rebound ?
 Yet underneath a *loving Myrtle's* shade,
 Just by a purling *Stream* supinely laid,
 When *Spring* with fragrant flowers the *Earth* hath spread,
 And sweetest *Roses* grow around our *Head*,
 Envied by wealth and power, with small expence
 We may enjoy the sweet delight of *Sense*.
 Who ever heard a *Fever* tamer grown
 In *Cloth's Embroider'd* o're, and beds of *Down*,
 Than in coarse *Rags* ? Since then such toys as these
 Contribute nothing to the *Body's* ease,
 As honour, wealth, and nobleness of blood ;
 'Tis plain, they likewise do our *Mind* no good.
 If when thy fierce imbattell'd *Troops* at *Land*
 Mock-fights maintain, or when the *Navies* stand
 In graceful ranks, or sweep the yielding *Seas* ;
 If then before such *Martial* shows as these,
 Disperse not all black *Jealousies* and *Cares*,
 Vain dread of *Death*, and superstitious fears,
 Nor leave thy *Mind* : but if all this be vain,
 If the same cares and dread, and fears remain,
 If *Traytor-like* they seize on e'en the *Throne*,
 And dance within the *Circle* of a *Crown* ;
 If noise of *Arms*, nor *Darts* can make them flie,
 Nor the gay sparklings of the *Purple Die* ;
 If they on *Emperours* will rudely seize ;
 What makes us value all such *Things* as these,

But

But *Folly* and dark *Ignorance* of *Happiness*?
 For *we*, as *Boys* at *Night*, at *Day* do fear
Shadows, as vain too and senseless as those are.
 Wherefore that darkness that o'rspreads our Souls
 Day can't disperse, but those *Eternal Rules*,
 Which from *Premises* true Reason draws,
 And a deep insight into *Nature's Laws*.

But now I'll sing, do you attend, how *Seed*
 Doth move to make, and to dissolve things made.
 What drives them forward to their tedious race,
 What makes them run thro all the *mightry Space*.
 'Tis certain now no *Seed* to *Seed* adheres,
 Unmov'd, and fixt; for every thing appears
 Worn out and wasted by devouring Years;
 Still wasting, till it vanishes away,
 And yet the *Mass* of things feels no decay.
 For when those *Bodies* part, those *Things* grow less,
 And old, and those do flourish and increase
 To which they joyn, thence too they fly away;
 So *Things* by turns *increase*, by turns *decay*;
 Like *Racers*, bear the Lamp of Life and live,
 And their Race done, their Lamp to others give:
 And so the *Mass* renews, few Years deface
 One kind, and strait *another* takes the place.
 But if you think the *Seeds* can rest, and make
 A Change by *Rest*, how great is the mistake?
 For since they thro the boundless *Vacuum* rove,
 By their own weight, or others stroke they move.
 For when they meet and strike, that furious play
 Makes each of them reflect a different way;
 'Cause both are perfect Solids, and nought lies
 Behind, to stop their *Motion* as they rise.

But that you may conceive how thus they move,
 Consider that my former reasons prove,

The Motion
 of the
 Seeds.

That

That *Seeds* seek not the *Midst*, and that the Space
 Is *infinite*, and knows no lowest place,
 And therefore *Seeds* can never end their race;
 But always mov'd, and in a various round,
 Some when they meet, and rudely strike, rebound
 To a great distance; others when they jar,
 Those part too, and rebound, but not so far.
 Now those small *Seeds*, that are more closely joyn'd
 And tremble in a *little* Space confin'd,
 Stopt by their mutual twinings, *Stones* compose,
 Iron or Steel, or others like to those.
 But those that swim in a wide *Void* alone,
 Or make their quick and large rebounds, or run
 Thro a large space, compose the Air, and Sun.

Beside these two there is another kind,
 Bodies free from all *Union*, unconfin'd.
 With others ne're in *friendly* motions joyn'd.

Of these there's a familiar instance. —
 For look where e're the glittering Sun-beams come,
 Thro narrow chinks into a darkned room,
 A thousand little *Bodies* strait appear
 In the small beams of *Light*, and wander there;
 For ever fight, reject all shews of peace,
 Now meet, now part again, and never cease.
 Whence we may estimate how *Atoms* strove
 Thro the vast *empty* Space, and how they move:
 Such knowledge from *mean* Images we get,
 And easily from *small* things rise to great.

But mark this Instance well, and learn from thence,
 What motions vex the *Seeds*, tho hid from Sense,
 For here you may behold, by secret blows
 How *Bodies* turn'd, their line of motion lose;
 How beaten backward, and with wanton play
 Now this, now that, and every way.

All have these motions from their Seeds, for those
 Move of themselves, and then with secret blows
 Strike on the small *Moleculara*, they receive
 The swift impression, and to greater give;
 So they begin from the first Seeds, and thence
 Go on by just degrees, and move our sense.
 For look, within the little beam of Light
 You see them strike, but what blow makes them fight
 That's undiscern'd, and hidden from our sight.

}

*Their
 Swiftness*

And yet how swift the *Atom's* motions are,
 This following Instance will in short declare,
 For when the *Morning* climbs the Eastern Skies,
 And tuneful *Birds* salute her early rise,
 In every Grove and Wood with joy appear,
 And fill with ravishing sounds the yielding Air;
 We see how swift the beams of th' Rising Sun
 Shoot forth; *their race is finish'd when begun*;
 From Heaven to Earth they take their hasty flight,
 And gild the distant Globe with gawdy Light:
 But this thin vapor, and this glittering ray
 Thro a meer Void make not their easy way,
 But with much trouble force a passage thro
 Resisting Air, and therefore move more slow.
 Nor are they Seeds, but little Bodies joyn'd,
 And adverse Motions in small Space confin'd:
 And therefore from without resisting force,
 And inbred jars, must stop their eager course.
 But solid Seeds, that move thro empty Space,
 And all whose parts do seek one common place,
 Whom nothing from without resists, then Light
 And beams more swift, must make their hasty flight,
 And in that time a larger distance flie,
 Whilst the Sun's lazy rays creep thro our skie:
 For they by counsel cannot move more slow,

Or

Or stop to make enquiry, and to know
How they must work, on what design they go.

But some *dull Souls* think *Matter* cannot move
Into fit shapes without the *Powers* above,
Nor make the various Seasons of the Year
So fit for Man, nor Fruit nor Bushes bear,
Nor other things which *Pleasure*, prompts could do;
Pleasure that Guide of Life, and Mistress too;
That we should seek *Love's Generous* embrace,
And thence renew frail Man's decaying race;
And therefore fancy, that the *Gods* did make,
And rule this *All*. How great is that mistake!
For were I ignorant whence Things arise,
Yet many Reasons from the Earth, the Skies,
From every thing deduc'd, will plainly prove
That this *imperfect World*——
Was never made by the *Wise Powers* above.
This I'll explain hereafter, now go on
To finish what I have begun.

*All Things
naturally
descend.*

And here I think 'tis a fit place to prove,
That nothing of it self can *upward* move:
Lest when you see th' ambitious Flames aspire,
You think 'tis natural force bears up the Fire:
For every Tree doth rear it's lofty head,
Each tender Ear and Shrub doth *upward* spread,
And all to draw their nourishment from below,
And yet all *Weights* by Nature *downward* go.
So when the subtle flame, and shining streams
Of fire arise, and waft the upper beams;
'Tis some force drives them up. So from a wound
Our Blood shoots forth, and sprinkles all around.
Again, who sees not that a quiet flood
Throws back with mighty force immersed wood?
For when we strive in deeper streams to drown,

And

And scarce with all our force can press it down,
 The Waves with double vigour throw it up,
 And make it strongly leap above the top;
 And yet who doubts all these would downwards tend,
 If plac'd in *Void*, and nat'rally descend?
 So rising Flames by th' Air are upward born,
 Although their natural weights press a return:
 Besides, we all behold how every Night,
 The falling Meteors draw long trains of Light,
 Where ever *Nature* gives a passage thro;
 We see *Stars* fall, and seek them here below.
 The *Sun* too from above, his vigour yields
 To us below, and cherisheth our Fields.
 Therefore it's Fire descends; swift Lightning flies,
 Now here, now there, betwixt the parted Skies;
 And fighting thro the Clouds their place of birth,
 The broken *sulphurous* flames descend to Earth.

Now *Seeds* in downward motion must decline,
 Tho very little from th' exactest line;
 For did they still move *strait*, they needs must fall
 Like drops of Rain, dissolv'd and scatter'd all,
 For ever tumbling thro the Mighty Space,
 And never joyn to make one single Mass,

*Seeds de-
cline.*

If any one believe the heavier Seed,
 In downright motions, and from hindrance freed
 May fall o'th' lighter, and fit motions make
 Whence things may rise, how great is the mistake?
 'Tis true, when *Weights* descend thro yielding *Air*,
 Or Streams, the *Swiftness* of the fall must bear
 Proportion to the *Weights*, and reason good,
 Because the fleeting *Air*, and yielding *Flood*
 With equal strength resist not every course,
 But sooner yield unto the greater force:
 But now no *Void* can stop, no Space can stay

And

F

The

The Seeds, for 'tis it's Nature to give way :
 Therefore thro Void *unequal Weights* must be
 As *swift in Motion*, all of like degree.
 Nor can the heavier Bodies overtake
 The lighter falling Seeds, and striking make
 The Motions various, fit for Nature's use,
 By which *all-powerful She* may things produce:
 'Tis certain then and plain, that Seeds decline,
 Tho *very little* from th' exactest line :
 But not *obliquely* move, that fond pretence
 Would fight all Reason, nay, e'en Common Sense ;
 For every body sees a *falling* weight
 Makes it's descent by lines *direct*, and strait.

Besides, did all things move in a *direct* line,
 Did still one Motion to another joyn
 In certain order, and no *Seeds* decline,
 And make a Motion fit to dissipate
 The well-wrought chain of Causes, and *strong Fate* ;
 Whence comes that perfect Freedom of the *Mind* ?

*Liberty of
the Will.*

Whence comes the *Will* so free, so unconfin'd,
 Above the power of *Fate*, by which we go
 When e're we please, and what we will we do ?
 In Animals the *Will* first moves, and thence
 The Motions spread to the Circumference,
 And vigorous action thro the *Limbs* dispense.
 For look, and see, when first the *Barrier's* down,
 The *Horse*, tho eager, cannot start so soon
 As his own *Mind* requires, because the force,
 And subtle Matter that maintains the Course,
 Must be stirr'd thro the Limbs, then fitly joyn'd,
 Obey the eager Motions of his *Mind* :
 Which proves these *Motions* rise within the *Hearts*
 Begun by th' *Will*, thence run thro every part.

But now 'tis otherwise, when 'tis begun

From

From Force, for then our Limbs are hurried on
 By violent strokes, no power of our own,
 Until the *Will* by her own natural sway
 Shall check the force, or turn't another way:
 Wherefore 'tis plain, tho Force may drive them on,
 And make them move their Limbs, and make Men run;
 Yet something lies within that can oppose
 The violent stroke, and still resist the blows:
 At whose command a subtle Matter flies
 And bends thro all our Limbs, our Arms, our Thighs,
 And checkt again, and all the Vigour dies.

Well then, we must confess, as these things prove,
 There is another Cause by which *Seeds* move
 Beside dull *Weight* and *Stroke*; from hence is wrought
 This Power; for *Nothing can arise from Nought*:
 For *Weight* forbids that things be only joyn'd
 By *Stroke*, and outward Force; and lest the Mind
 Should be by strong *Necessity* confin'd,
 And evercome, endure Fate's rigid Laws,
 This little *Declination* is the Cause.

Nor was this *Masi* of Matter, the whole Frame,
 Ever more loose or close, but still the same;
 For it can never fail, or greater grow:
 Wherefore the *Seeds* still mov'd e'en just as now,
 And the like Motions ever will maintain,
 What things were made, will be produc'd again
 In the same way; look fair, grow strong and great,
 And live as long as *Nature's* Laws permit.
 Nor is there any Force can change this *All*,
 For there's no place from which strange *Seeds* may fall
 And make disturbance here, no *Space* doth lie
 Beyond the Whole, to which the *Seeds* may fly,
 And leave the mighty *All* to waste and die.

But more, 'tis nothing strange that every *Masi*

The All-
 Eternal.

Why the
Parts of
Com-
pounds
seem to
rest.

Seems quiet and at rest, and keeps it's place,
Tho every little part moves here, and there:
For since the *Principles* too subtle are
For sight, their Motion too must disappear;
Nay, Objects fit for Sense, which distant lie,
Conceal their Motions too, and cheat our Eye,
For often on a Hill the *wanton* Sheep
At distance plac'd, o'er flowry Pastures creep
Where e'er Herbs crown'd with pearly Dew invite,
And kindly call their *eager* Appetite;
The Lambs, their bellies full, with various turns
Play o'er the field, and try their tender Horns;
Yet all these seem confus'd at distance seen,
And like a *steddy White* spread o'er the Green.
Besides, when two embattled Armies rage,
Throughout a spacious Plain, at last engage,
When all run here and there, the furious Horse
Beat o'er the *trembling* Fields with nimble Force,
Straight dreadful sparklings from the Arms appear,
And fill with a strange Light the *wondring* Air;
Th' Earth groans beneath their feet, the Hills around
Flattering the noise, restore the dreadful sound;
And yet 'twould seem, if from a Mountain shown,
A *steddy* Light, and a continued one.

Seeds of
different
Figures.

Now learn what manner of things first Bodies are,
What different Figures, Shapes or Forms they bear;
For tho the Shape to many is the same,
Yet all agree not in one *common* frame;
Nor is this strange, or to be wondred at:
For since the *Numbers* are so vastly great,
And know no bound nor end, it cannot be
That all in the same Figures should agree.

Besides, consider Men, or Beasts, or Trees,
Or silent Fish that cut the *yielding* Seas,

Or

Or Birds, or those that wanton o'er the Floods,
 Or fill with tuneful sounds the listning Woods;
 Consider each particular, you'll find,
 How different Shapes appear in every Kind:
 Else how could *Dams* their tender Young, or how
 The new-born *Young* their distant Mother know,
 Which all perform as well as Men can do?
 For often when an *Innocent* Heifer dies,
 To angry Gods a Spotless Sacrifice,
 When all around she sheds atoning Blood,
 And stains the Altars with a purple flood,
 Her Dam beats o'er the Fields in wild Despair,
 And *wounds* with loud complaints the tender Air:
 Now here, now there doth run, and still complain,
 Now leaves her Stall, and then returns again
 Mad for her Young she every Field doth trace,
 With *passionate* eyes she visits every place;
 No Streams, no Flowers, her former great delight,
 Can raise or quicken her dead Appetite,
 Allay her Grief, or else divert her Care:
 And tho a thousand Heifers should appear,
 More fat, more fair than Hers, she passes by,
 And looks on none, or with a slighting eye.
 So plain it is, she looks for something known
 And view'd before, she only seeks her own.
 Besides, the *tender* Kids, and *wanton* Lambs
 Know all the voice and bleating of their Dams:
 And all, as natural Instinct prompts them on,
 When Hunger calls, to their own *Mothers* run.

Besides, what various Shapes in Corn appear
 A different Size to every Grain and Ear:
 And so in Shells, where Waters washing o're
 With wanton Kisses bath the Amorous Shore:
 And therefore *Seeds*, since they from Nature came,

Or

Nor

Not made by *Art*, after one common frame,
Must not be all alike, their shapes the same.

And hence a Reason's given, why *Lightning* flies }
With keener force thro *Stones*, thro parted Skies, }
Than those *blunt Flames* which from our Fires arise ; }
Because it's little parts more loosely joyn'd
More subtil far, an easie passage find
Thro such small Pores as stop the *blunter Flame*,
Which parts of *heavy Oyl* or *Timber* frame.
Thro Horn the Sun-beams pass and strike our Eye,
But Water on the Surface stays ; and why ?
Because the *parts* of *Light* are *less* than those
That make up *Water*, and *dull Streams* compose.
So thro the Streiner Wines with ease do flow,
But *heavy Oyl* or stops, or runs more slow :
The Reason's this, 'cause 'tis of parts combin'd
Far greater, or more hookt, and closely twin'd,
Which therefore cannot be di-joyn'd as soon,
And thro each *little* passage *singly* run.
From tasted Honey pleasing Thoughts arise,
And in delightful Airs look thro our Eyes :
When Rue or Wormwood's toucht, flies every grace,
And violent distortions screw the Face :
Whence you may easily guess those *round* and *smooth*,
That with delightful touch affect the Mouth ;
But those which we more *rough* and *bitter* find,
Are made of parts more *hookt*, and *closely* twin'd,
Which wound the *Organ* as they enter in,
And force a passage thro the *injur'd* Skin.

In short, what things are good for Sense, what bad,
Of Seeds of different Shape and Size are made :
Nor must you fancy Bodies that compose
The *harsher* Sounds of Saws, as smooth as those
That form the *sweetest* Airs that Viols make

When

When gentle strokes the *sleeping* Springs awake.
 Those Seeds have different Figures, Form, and Size,
 That from all rotting Carcasses arise,
 From those that new press'd Saffron yields, or rear
 From incens'd Altars sweetning all the Air.
 And so in Colours too, that gawdy Dye,
 That pleases and delights the curious Eye,
 A different Form, a Shape, and Figure bears,
 From that which wounds the Sense, and forces Tears,
 Or mean and ugly to the Sight appears.

For whate'er please the Sense, their Seeds are smooth;
 What hurt, their Seeds are rough, or hookt, or both.

But besides these there other Bodies are,
 Nor perfect smooth, nor hookt, but angular,
 With little corners butting every where,
 Which tickle more than hurt the Sense, such joyn
 To make the *Acid* tast of palling Wine.

Lastly that Heat and Cold form'd different ways
 Affect the Organs, e'en our Touch betrays.

For Touch, that best, that chiefest Sense is made,

Touch.

When Strikes from *things without* the Nerves invade,
 Or something from *within* doth outward flow,

And hurts, or tickles, as it passes thro;

As 'tis in *Venery*; or when the Seed

Remain *within*, and strange confusions breed,

Stirr'd up by violent stroke: for strike a blow

On any Limb, and you will find 'tis so.

Wheretore those Seeds must be of different Size,

Of different Shapes, and Figures, whence arise

In Sense so great, so strange varieties.

Lastly, what things seem *hard* and *thick*, are joyn'd

Of parts more *hookt* and *firm*, and closely twin'd,

As Iron, Flints, Brass, Steel, and Diamonds,

Gems free from power of strokes, secure from wounds:

But

Fluid.
Firm.

When

But *Fluids* are compos'd of *smooth* and *round* ;
 For their small parts, by no strong Union bound,
 Are very easily disjoyn'd, and move
 Or here or there at every little shove.

Lastly, whatever's soon dissolv'd or broke,
 As Morning Mists, or yielding Flames, or Smoak ;
 If all it's little Bodies be not *smooth*,
 Or *round* in figure, form, or shape, or both ;
 Yet are they not all twin'd, all have not hooks,
 And so may pass thro Stones, and hardest Rocks :

Nor must you think it strange the *same* should be
Fluid and *bitter* too, as is the Sea.

How, the
 same both
 Fluid and
 Bitter.

For *Fluids* are of *smooth* and *round* combin'd,
 To these are little *pungent* Bodies joyn'd,
 Yet there's no need they should be *hook* or *twin'd* ;
 For they may *globous* be, tho *rough*, and thence
 Are fitted both to *move*, and *hurt* the Sense.
 But to convince you with a clearer proof,
 That *acid Fluids* have *smooth* joyn'd with *rough*,
 They may be *separated* with ease enough :
 For when Salt streams thro winding caverns pass,
 They rise up *sweet*, and bubble o'er the Grass ;
 Because those *pungent* parts they roll'd before,
 Now stay behind, and lodge in every Pore.

Variety of
 Shapes fi-
 nite.

Well then this prov'd, I'll next go on to shew
 These various shapes are *finite*, and but *few*.
 For grant them *infinite*, it follows thence,
 That some amongst the *Seeds* must be *immense* :
 And how can numerous sorts of Shapes appear
 In such small Bodies as the *Atoms* are ?
 For think that some minutest parts compose
 The Seed, add two or three, or more to those ;
 Now when the *top-most* parts are plac'd *below*,
 The *right* are turn'd to *left*, you'll plainly know,

you

By changing every way their former Place,
 What *Figure* each position gives the Mass.
 But if you'd make it capable of *more*,
 You must subjoyn *new* Parts to those before,
 And so go on if you would vary those;
 Thus with the *Shapes* the *Body* greater grows:
 Wherefore 'tis downright Folly to admit
 That this Variety is infinite,
 Unless you grant some Seeds *immensely great*.

Besides, Embroider'd stuff, and Purple dye,
 Or *gawdy* Peacock plumes that court our Eye,
 Excell'd by *finer* Colours would seem less bright,
 And lose their wonted Power to Delight;
 So Things more *Sweet* than *Honey* would appear,
 And Sounds more *soft* than *Swans*, salute the Ear.
 Nay, Musick's *sweetest* Airs would cease to please,
 Because there might be better than all these;
 And so o'th' contrary, we still might fall
 From *bad* to *worse*, but ne're to *worst* of *All*.
 For still in Nature something *worse* may rise,
 Still more offensive to our Ears, our Eyes,
 Our Smell, our Taste. But now since 'tis confest,
 That some things are in Nature *worst*, some *best*,
 And we can fear no *higher*, 'tis likewise true,
 These various Shapes are *finite*, and but *few*.

Lastly, in *Fire* and *Snow*, the *Heat* and *Gold's* intense,
 The utmost Qualities that strike our Sense,
 These two as *Bounds* the middle Warmths controule,
 Which rise by just degrees, and make a whole:
 'Tis certain then that these varieties
 Are finite; and that two *Extreams* comprize,
 On *this* side melting *Flames*, on *that* side *Ice*.

This prov'd, it follows that those Seeds whose frame
 Is perfectly *alike*, the *shapes* the same,

*Seeds of every Shape
are infinite.*

Are infinite ; for since these Reasons teach
That those varieties of Shapes ne're reach
To infinite, there must be infinite of each.

Or else, what I before successfully oppos'd,
The *All* is finite, 'tis in bounds enclos'd.

This taught, my Labouring Muse next sweetly sings
That proper Seeds for every Kind of Things
Are infinite ; that these preserve the Mass,

*How the
Kinds of
Things are
preserv'd.*

And Kinds of Things, by constant strokes in every place.

For tho some Kinds of Beasts we rarely view,
As if unfruitful Nature bore but few,

Yet other Countries may supply our wants :
Thus *India* breeds such troops of *Elephants*,
As fight their Wars, and usually o'come,
So numerous are they there, tho few at *Rome*.

But grant in Nature such a single one,
The like to which nor is, nor was e're known,
Yet were it's proper Seeds but finite ; how
Could it be made, or when 'twas made, could grow ?

For think the Seeds of any single Mass
Being finite, scatter'd thro the mighty Space,
Where, how, or when, what Force or what Design,
Amidst such different Seeds could make them joyn ?

For 'tis not Reason prompts them to combine ;
But as in Wrecks the Seats, the Masts, the Oars,
Confus'dly scatter'd, fill the neighbouring Shores,
That Men might learn by such sad Sight as these,
The force and cruel treacheries of the Seas,
And still distrust, tho with perfidious snail
Becalm'd, it tempts them on to further toyl :

So finite Seeds would in the Space be lost,
And in the Whirls of different Matter lost ;
So that they ne're could joyn, or be at Peace,
Nor yet preserve their Union, nor increase ;
But now 'tis plain, and e'en our Senses show,

That

Book II.

Lucretius.

51

That things are *made*, and made, *increase* and grow!

'Tis certain then the *Seeds* of every *Kind*

Are infinite——

Nor can *destructive* motions still prevail,

And bring an *universal* Death on all;

Nor motions which compose, or else *increase*,

Preserve *Things* made for ever, but sometimes cease:

So these two *Contraries* do always jar

With equal force, and still maintain the War.

Now *these*, now *those* prevail, and *Infants* moans

Are always mixt with others *dying* Groans:

And every day and night the *tender* cry

Of *new born* Babes, joyn with their *sighs* that Die.

Now you must further mark, that Nought's combin'd,

Compos'd, or made of *Seeds* all of *one* kind;

But things of *different* Powers and Faculties,

Do equal *different* sorts of Seed comprize.

The Earth doth in it self such parts contain,

As make up Springs which feed the greedy Main.

And such Seed too, as fiercest Fire can frame,

For many parts, like *Aetna*, vomit flame;

And such, whence *Trees* and tender *Shrubs* do shoot,

And gras for *Beasts*, for *Man* sweet *Corn*, and *Fruit*:

Hence term'd the *Mother* of the *Gods*, confess

The *common* Parent too of *Man* and *Beast*.

The *Poets* sing, that thro the *Heaven* above,

She *Chariots*, drawn by yoked *Lions*, drove,

And riding to and fro she wanders there;

Teaching by this, that in the spacious Air

Hangs the vast *Mass* of *Earth*, and needs no prop

Of any lower *Earth* to keep it up.

They yoke such *Beasts*, to shew that every *Child*,

Tho form'd by *Nature* fierce, untam'd, and wild.

Softned by *care*, and *love*, grows tame, and mild.

G 2

Her

The fable of
Cybele.

That

Her lofty head a *Mural* Garland wears,
 Because she Towns and stately Castles bears ;
 And thus adorn'd with gawdy Pomp and Show,
 Goes thro' our Towns, and as she passes thro',
 The *Vulgar* fear, and all with Reverence bow.
 Concerning her, *fond Superstition* frames
 A thousand odd Conceits, a thousand Names,
 And gives her a large Train of *Phrygian* Dames ;
 Because in *Phrygia* Corn at first took Birth,
 And thence was scatter'd o're the other Earth.
 They Eunuch all her Priests, from whence 'tis shown,
 That they deserve no Children of their own,
 Who or abuse their *Sires*, or disrespect,
 Or treat their *Mothers* with a cold neglect ;
 Their Mothers whom they should adore.——
 Amidst her Pomp *fierce* Drums and Cymbals beat,
 And the *Hoarse* Horns with *rattling* notes do threat ;
 The Pipe with *Phrygian* *Airs* disturbs their Souls,
 Till Reason overthrown, mad Passion rules :
 They carry Arms, those dreadful signs of War,
 To raise i'th' impious Rout Religious fear :
 When carried thus in Pomp thro' Towns she goes,
 And Health on all she *silently* bestows ;
 With offer'd Money they bestrew the Plain,
 And Roses cover her, and all her Train,
 Here some in Arms dance round among the crowd
 Look *dreadful* gay in their own sparkling Blood,
 Their Crests still shaking with a dreadful Nod.
 These represent those armed Priests, who strove
 To drown the tender cries of *Infant* Jove ;
 By dancing quick they made a greater sound,
 And beat their Armour as they danc'd around,
 Lest *Saturn*, should have found, and eat the Boy,
 And *Ops* for ever mourn'd her *prattling* Joy :

For this her Train is arm'd ; or else to show,
 They'll serve their Country, and enlarge it too,
 When ever danger or when Honour calls ;
 All which, tho well contriv'd, is fond, and false.
 For every Deity must live in Peace,
 In undisturb'd and everlasting Ease :
 Not care for us, from Fears and Dangers free,
 Sufficient to his own Felicity.
 Nought here below, Nought in our Power he needs,
 Ne're smiles at good, ne're frowns at wicked deeds,
 The *Earth* wants Sense, but yet contains the Seeds
 And therefore Trees and living Creatures breeds:
 Now those that would their wanton Fancies please,
 And use the Name of *Neptune* for the *Seas*,
Ceres for *Corn*, or *Bacchus* for the *Vine*,
 Rather than speak the plainer terms of *Wine*,
 Such Men may call, and strength of fancy show,
 The *Earth* the *Mother* of the *Gods* below
 And those *above* altho she is not so;
 The Sheep, the warlike Horse, and Bull in food
 Agree, and all drink of the *same* cold flood ;
 Yet they are different, and each delights
 In's proper Motions, Manners, Appetites ;
 Such *different* Seeds in *every* Herb do grow,
 Such *different* Seeds in *every* Water flow.
 Now tho Blood, Humour, Nerves and Vein, and Bone,
 Are parts of *Animal*, and make up one,
 Yet what varieties their Forms divide ?
 How all unlike ? Their difference vastly wide.
 So all *Combustibles*, tho not the same
 In other things, have part of such a frame,
 As make gay Sparkles, Ashes, Light, and Flame ;
 And so consider every thing you'll find
 Each made of different Seeds in Shape and Kind.

Lastly

Lastly, we all confess some Objects please
 The Smell and Taste at once : ——— }
 Now Seeds of *different* Shapes must make up these.
 For Taste and Smell do different Organs strike,
 Therefore their figures cannot be alike ;
 So that each Mass doth *different* Shapes enclose,
 And every Body different Seeds compose.

A pregnant proof of this my *Verse* affords :
 For there are Letters *common* to all Words,
 Yet some of *different* Shapes and *Figures* joyn
 To make each *different* Word, each *different* Line ;
 Not but that many are in Shape the same,
 But all agree not in one common Frame.
 And so of other things, tho' Things are made
 Of many *common* Seeds in order laid,
 Yet may the Compounds widely disagree,
 And we may justly guess that Stone, and Tree,
 Or Animal kind, as Bird, and Beast, and Man,
 From Seeds of *different* shapes and kinds began.

*All Seeds do
 not agree
 with all.*

Yet all joyn not with *all* ; for thence would rise
 Vast Monsters, Nature's great absurdities :
 Some things halt Beast, half Man, and some would
 Tall Trees *above*, and Animals *below* : (grow
 Some joyn'd of *Fish* and *Beasts*, and every where
 Frightful *Chimera's* breathing flames appear.
 But since we see no such, and Things arise
 From certain Seeds of certain Shape and Size,
 And keep their Kind as they increase and grow,
 There's some *fix'd* reason why it should be so.
 For see, our Limbs receive from all their food
 Agreeable Parts, which turn'd to Flesh and Blood
 Accept the vital Motions ; but for those
 That *disagree* with her, *some* Nature throws
 Thro' open passages away, but *more*

By Fo

By *secret* impulse fly thro every Pore ;
 For they could never joyn, but still at strife
 Obstruct all Motions that are fit for Life.
 Now these are *Catholick Laws*, these Rules do bind
 Not *Animals* alone, but every Kind :
 For since all in their Nature different be,
 The Figures of their Seeds must disagree ;
 Not but that many are in Shape the same,
 But all agree not in one *common* frame.

Now since the *Seeds* are different, thence will grow
 A difference in their *Weight*, and *Motion* too,
 Their *Stroke*, *Connection*, *Concuss*. Now by these,
 Not *Animals* alone, but *Heaven*, *Earth* *Seas*,
 Are plac'd in their own proper *Species*.

Now further learn, what I with toyl and Pain,
 With many a careful Thought and labouring Brain
 Have fought to teach thee, lest you should mistake,
 And think the Seeds of *Black* Composures *Black* ;
 Of *White* things *White*, or other *Bodies* wear
 Those different colours that their Seeds did bear ;
 For *Seeds* are colourless, without a Dye,
 Or like or unlike those that seem to lie
 On *Bodies* surfaces, and strike our Eye.

Now if you think such Seeds are things unfit
 To be conceiv'd, how fond is the conceit ?
 For since that Men born Blind, whose *Natural* Night
 Was never scatter'd by one beam of *Light*,
 Know things by *touch*, he's foolish that denies
 That any notices of things can rise,
 Unless from Colours entring at our Eyes.

So when we feel i'th dark, and form from thence
 Some Images, what Colours strike our Sense ?

By But this Position stronger Reasons show,
 For *Seeds* of things ne're change, tho Colours do :

For

Seeds are
 Colourless.

For somewhat must survive each change, and be
 Essentially immutable, and free;
 Lest all should sink to Nought, and thence arise;
For what is chang'd from what it was, That dies.
 Therefore *Seeds* colourless, unfit for view
 Or grant, or grant Annihilation true.

Beside, ———

If *Seeds* are colourless, and free from Dyes,
 But form'd of *different Figures*, whence may rise
 The numerous Colours, gay *Varieties*?
 And since, as we Discours'd before, we find
 It matters much with *what* first *Seeds* are joyn'd,
 What *Figure*, what *position* they maintain,
 What *Motions* give, and what receive again,
 'Tis streight resolv'd, why things as *Black* as Night
 Can change so soon, and put on *Virgin White*
 And scatter all around their vigorous Light.
 As in the Sea, when the mad Ocean raves,
 And white *Curls* rise upon the foaming *Waves*;
 For thus it is, that which seem'd *Black* before,
 By losing little Parts and taking more,
 Their *Number*, *Motion*, *Order*, *Station*, *Site*,
Position chang'd, from *Black* are turn'd to *White*.

But if the *Sea* were ting'd with *Natural Sky*,
 What force, what art could make it change the *Dye*?
 For change it's frame, and change and change again,
 Yet still the *Native Tincture* would remain,
 And never put on *White*; but if the *Seed*,
 Painted with *different Colours*, all agreed,
 To make *one White*, as little parts that bear
 Quite different *Figures* can compose *one square*;
 Then it would follow, as in *squares* there lie
 Such different *Figures* naked to our Eye,
 Just so in one pure *Whiteness* we should view

A thousand Colours mixt, and different too.

Besides, look o'er those different Shapes, for there
No hindrance in their Natures doth appear,
Why all may not agree to make one Square.
But neither Sense, nor Nature's Laws permit,
That different Colours should compose one white.

Besides, the only cause that all propose
For colour'd Seeds, this Fancy overthrows:
For here, from white, white Bodies do not rise,
Nor black from black, but Seeds of various Dyes.
Now colourless Seeds will sooner make a white.
Than black, or any other opposite.

Beside, since Colours are alone by Day,
And owe their Beings to the glittering Ray,
But Seeds of Things do not exist alone
By Day; 'tis plain that they are ting'd with none:
For how can Colours be i'th' darkest Night,
Since they all change, and vary with the Light,
According as the Ray's oblique or right?

Of Colours.

So Plumes that go around the Pigeon's head,
Sometimes look brisker with a deeper red;
And then in different Position seen,
Show a gay Sky all intermixt with Green:
And so in Peacock's tails, all fill'd with Light,
The Colour-varies with the change of Site.
Now since these Colours rise from beams of th' Sun
Reflex, they cannot be when those are gone;
And since the Eyes a different stroke receive
From white, from that which black, or others give;
And since it matters not what Colour's worn
By things we touch, but what fit Shapes are born;
We easily infer Seeds want no Dyes,
Those the variety of Shapes supplies,
And thence those different sorts of Touch may rise.

H

Beside,

Beside, since certain Colours don't agree
 To certain Shapes, and any Dye may be
 In any Shape, then tell me why we find
 Such Colours still belong to such a Kind?
 Why cannot Crows their usual Dye forsake,
 And put on white? why not Swans mourn in black?
 Again, break any thing, we find at last,
 The less the Parts, the more the Colours wast.
 For Instance, shave but Gold, the gawdy Red,
 Which thro the whole Composure once was spread,
 Is lost and gone, the Parts unheeded lie,
 Nor with their tempting Purple court our Eye.
 Which shews, that Bodies are from Colours free'd,
 Before they come to be as small as Seed.

Besides, since some ne'er touch the Ear, or Nose,
 With Sound or Smell, we naturally suppose
 That neither Sound nor Smell belongs to those.
 So likewise, since 'tis nonsense to deny
 Some Seeds too small and subtle for our Eye,
 Those free from Colour we must all conceive,
 As well as those from Sound, and Taste believe,
 Whose Sound, nor Taste, our Tongue, nor Ears per-
 And yet the Mind can comprehend as well
 These void of Dye, as those of Sound and Smell.

Seeds are
 Inodorous.

Beside, not only Colour is not found
 In Seed, but neither Smell, nor Taste, nor Sound:
 They no brisk Odours in Effluvioms send
 Or to delight our Nose, or to offend;
 But void of Odours all. So Artists chose
 An inodorous Liquor to compose
 Their rich Perfumes, lest they infect, and spoil
 Their Odours with the native Smell of Oyl.

Well then, as all these former Reasons show,
 The Seeds on compound Bodies ne'er bestow

Their *Sound*, their *Taste*, or *Smell*; for they have none,
 No proper *Sound*, or *Odour* of their own;
 Nor *Heat*, nor *Cold*, nor any *Quality*;
 For those are subject all to change, and die,
 E'en such as *viscous*, *brittle*, *hollow* are,
 All which arise from *putrid*, *soft*, and *rare*;
 For either these cannot to *Seeds* agree,
 Or *Seeds* are not *immortal* all, and free
 From change, and therefore things may fall to nought:
 All which, how fond, my former *Reasons* taught.

*Seeds have
no Quali-
ties.*

Now farther, those *Composures* that perceive,
 Enobled all with various *Sense*, derive
 Their Beings from *Insensible*, and live,
 This every *Common* Generation shows,
 And rather proves this truth, than overthrows.
 For look, what numerous *swarms* of *Worms*, and *Flies*
 From *putrid* and fermenting *Clods* arise,
 When *Seminal* Rain descends in softning Dew,
 And makes the *wearied* Earth bring forth anew.

*Sensibles
from Seeds
void of
Sense.*

Besides, *Leaves*, *Water*, *Grass*, do make up *Beast*,
 And *Man* too feeds on those, and is increast;
 Their *Flesh* is turn'd to *ours*, and so agen
 The *Birds* and *Beasts* increase by eating *Men*.
 All which doth prove, that any sort of food
 Nature can turn to proper *Flesh*, and *Blood*:
 Whence *Animals*, those things of *Sense*, she frames,
 As out of *Wood* she raiseth *Fire* and *Flames*.

And hence, as we discours'd before, we find
 It matters much with what first *Seeds* are joyn'd;
 What *Site*, and what *Position* they maintain,
 What *Motions* give, and what receive again:

But what confirms, what prompts thee to believe
 That things endow'd with *Sense* can ne'er derive,
 Their Beings from *Insensibles*, and live?

Objection

Perchance, as common Observation shows,
 Because Earth, Stone, Wood, various things compose,
 And yet there's neither *Life*, nor *Sense* in those.
 But here you must consider, neither I,
 Nor any Master of *Philosophy*
 Affirm, that every Being may commence
 A *Sensible*, and shew the acts of *Sense*:
 But that those Seeds, when *Sensibles* arise,
 Must all have a convenient *Shape*, and *Size*,
Position, *Motion*, *Order*: now not one
 Of these appears in *Earth*, or *Wood*, or *Stone*.
 Yet these fermented by a timely Rain,
 Grow fruitful, and produce a numerous train
 Of Worms, because the little Bodies leave
 Their former *Site*, and *Union*, and receive
 New *Motion*, into new *Position* fall
 And *Order*, fit to make an *Animal*.

Besides, those that contend that things commence
Sensibles, from Seeds endow'd with *Sense*,
 Must grant those Seeds are soft; for *Sense* doth joyn
 To tender Gut alone, or Nerve, or Vein,
 All which are soft, and easily dissolv'd.

But grant they could eternally endure,
 Suppose them all from fatal Change secure,
 Yet other Doubts occur. For further see,
 If all those Seeds have *Sense*, that *Sense* must be,
 Or of one single Member, or of *All*;
 And so be like a *Perfect Animal*:

But now the parts in a divided state
 Enjoy no *Sense*: The *Hand*, if separate,
 Can feel no more, nor any Member live
 Divided from the *Body*, nor perceive.
 Well then, each must be like an *Animal*,
 Each single Seed contain the *Sense* of *All*:

But

But if like *Animals*; then tell me why,
 As well as *Animals*, they cannot die?
 And why *Immortal* all? But grant them so;
 Yet what could all their Combinations do,
 But make some *Animals*? and what increast
 But *Sensibles*?—

As *Man* gets only *Man*, and *Beast* gets *Beast*.

But if the *Seeds* in Mixture lose their own,
 And take another *Sense*, when their's is gone,
 What need of any? why should we suppose
 They ever had that *Sense*, which they must lose?

Beside, since, as I urg'd before, 'tis true
 That *Birds* are made of *Eggs*; since softning Dew
 Ferments the Clods to *Worms*, we know from thence
 That *Sensibles* rise from *Seeds* void of *Sense*.

If any grants the thing, that *Sense* can rise
 From *Senseless Seeds*, if he consents to this;
 But says, That it is form'd, and fashion'd all
 By *Change* ith *Seeds*, before the *Animal*,
 As any other things are born, and grow:
 For his Conviction, I shall only show,
 That *Nature's* fixt, and stedd' Laws decree'd,
 That nothing should be chang'd, that Nought should
 breed

No Sense
 before the
 Animal.

Without a combination of the Seed.

And thus without the *Limbs* no *Sense* can rise,
 It cannot be, before the *Body* is;

Because the *Seeds* lie scatter'd every where,
 In Heaven, in Earth, and Water, Flame, and Air;
 Not yet combin'd to make an *Animal*,

For *Sense*, that *Guide*, and Governour of all.

Beside, when strokes too strong for *Nature* fall
 And mighty pressuress crush an *Animal*,
 Its *Sense* and *Vital Powers* are scatter'd all.

For

For then the *little Seeds* do separate,
 And all the *vital Powers* are stopt by Fate.
 At length the Motion scatter'd thro the whole,
 Breaking the vital ties of Limbs and Soul,
 Expels and drives it out at every Pore :
 For what can *Force*, for what can *Stroke* do more,
 Than *disunite* those *Seeds* that *joyn'd* before ?
 But when the *Force* is weak, more *light* the blows,
 The small *remains* of Life with ease compose
 Those violent Motions of *approaching* Fate,
 And call back all things to their former state ;
 Expel *usurping* *Death*, that seem'd to obtain
 An *Empire* there, and settle *Sense* again :
 Else why should *living* *Creatures*, that arrive
 So near the gates of *Death*, *return*, and live,
 Rather than enter in, when come so nigh,
 And end their almost finish'd Race, and die ?

Beside, since we *feel* *Pain*, when outward *Force*
 Diverts the *Atoms*, from their Natural Course,
 And shakes them o'er the Limbs, but when they
 obtain

Their *Natural Motion*, and their place again,
 A quiet *Pleasure* streight succeeds the *Pain*.
 It follows, that the *Seeds* are things unfit,
 Or to be toucht with *Pain*, or with *Delight* ;
 Because they are not made of other Seed,
 Whose *Change* of Motion, or of Site may breed
 Vexing *Pain*, *Pleasure*, or *Delight* ; and hence
 It follows too, that they are void of *Sense*.

But further now : If *we* must needs believe,
 That *Seeds* have *Sense*, because the *Things* perceive ;
 What sort of *Seed* must form the *Human* Race ?
 Can violent *Laughter* screw their *little* Face ?
 Or can they drop their *Briny* *Tears* apace ?

Can they or laugh, or weep? Can they descry
 The greatest Secrets of *Philosophy*?
 Discourse how things are mixt? Or comprehend
 On what firm *Principles* themselves depend?
 For things which do enjoy the Faculties,
 And Powers of perfect *Animals*, must rise
 From other Seeds, and those must be begun
 From others, and so to *infinitum* on.

For thus I'll urge: Whatever can perceive,
 Discourse, laugh, reason, flatter, weep, or grieve,
 Must be *compounded*, and must owe their frame
 To proper Seeds, which can perform the same.
 But if this seem absurd; and *dull*, *morose*,
 And *heavy* Seeds can *laughing* things compose;
 If *wise*, or if *discursive* things can rise
 From *Seeds*, that neither *reason*, nor are *wise*;
 What hinders then, but that a *Sensible*
 May spring from *Seeds*, all void of *Sense*, as well?

Lastly, we all from Seed *Celestial* rise
 Which Heaven, our *Common Parent*, still supplies.
 From *Him* the *Earth* receives enlivening Rain,
 And streight she bears Bird, Tree, and Beast, and Man,
 And proper food for all, by which they thrive,
 Grow strong, and propagate their Race, and live;
 Thence justly all the name of *Mother* give,
 And so each part *returns* when Bodies die,
 What came from *Earth*, to *Earth*; what from the Sky
 Dropt down, ascends again, and mounts on high.
 For Death doth not destroy, but disunite
 The *Seeds*, and change their Order, and their Site:
 Then make new combinations, whence arise
 In Bodies all those great Varieties;
 Their Change in Colour, Shape, and Frame; and thence
 Some for a while *enjoy*, then *lose* their *Sense*.

From

From whence, as we observ'd before, we find
 It matters much with what first Seeds are joyn'd;
 What Site, and what Position they maintain,
 What Motion give, and what receive again,
 And that the *Seeds* of Bodies ne'er contain
 Such fragil transient things, as seem to lie
 On Bodies surfaces, and change, and die.

It matters much, even in these ruder Lines;
 How, or with what, each single Letter joyns;
 For the same Letters, or almost the same,
 Make Words to signify Earth, Sun, and Flame,
 The Moon, the Heaven, Corn, Animals and Trees,
 And Sea; but their Position disagrees,
 Their Order's not alike. In Bodies so:
 As their Seeds, Figure, Order, Motion do,
 The *Things* themselves must change, and vary too.

Many
 Worlds.

But now attend, I'll teach thee something new;
 'Tis *strange*, but yet 'tis *Reason*, and 'tis *true*.
 E'en what we *now* with greatest Ease receive,
 Seem'd strange at *first*, and we could scarce believe;
 And what we *wonder* at, as Years encrease,
 Will seem more *plain*, and all our wonder cease.
 For look, the Heaven, the Stars, the Sun, and Moon,
 If on a sudden unto Mortals shown,
 Discover'd now, and never seen before,
 What could have rais'd the People's wonder more?
 What could be more admir'd at here below?
 E'en *you* had been surpriz'd at such a show.
 But *now* all cloy'd with these, scarce cast an Eye,
 Or think it worth the pains to view the Sky.
 Wherefore fly no Opinion, 'cause 'tis *new*,
 But strictly search, and after careful view,
 Reject, if *false*; embrace it, if 'tis *true*.

Now I have prov'd before, this mighty Space

Is *Infinite*, and knows no lowest place,
 Nor uppermost; no bounds this *All* controule;
 For that's against the *Nature* of the *Whole*.
 Now since thro this *Vast Space* Seeds *always* move
 With various turns, and from *Eternal* stovt;
 Who can imagine there should only rise
 Our *single Earth*, our *Air*, and our *Skies*;
 Whilst all the other *Matter* scatter'd lies?
 Especially, since these from *Chance* arose;
 When the *unthinking* Seeds by various blows,
 Now this now that way mov'd, at last was hurl'd
 Into the decent *Order* of *this* *World*;
 And made fir combinations: whence began
 The *Earth*, the *Heaven*, the *Sea*, and *Beast*, and *Man*.
 'Tis prov'd, and certain then, that other-where
 The busie *Atoms* joyn, as well as here;
 Such *Earths*, such *Seas*, such *Men*, such *Beasts* arise,
 All like to those inclosed by our *Skies*.

Again: When there can be no *hindring Cause*,
 But *Place* and *Seed* enough; by *Nature's* *Laws*
 Things must be made: Now if the *Seeds* surmount
 The utmost stretch of *Numbers* vast account
 And the same *Nature* can compose a *Mass*,
 As once in this, in any other place;
 It plainly follows, that there must arise
 Distinct and numerous *Worlds*, *Earth*, *Men*, and *Skies*,
 In places *distant*, and remote from this.

Now farther add: No *Species* hath but *one*,
 Which is begun, increas'd, and grows *alone*;
 But every *Kind* doth certainly contain
 Of *Individuals* a numerous train,
 As *Bird*, and silent *Fish*; as *Beast*, and *Man*;
 Therefore the *Species* of the *Sun*, and *Moon*,
 Of *Heaven*, and *Earth*, must needs have more than *one*.

For every one of these is made, and grows
By the same Nature's *Catholick* Laws with those,
Whose *spacious* Kinds do numerous trains enclose.

If this you'll understand, you'll plainly see,
How the vast *Mass* of Matter, *Nature* free
From the *proud* Care of th' *Medling* Deity,
Doth work by her own private strength, and move,
Without the trouble of the *Powers* above.
For, how, *good Gods*, can those that live in peace,
In undisturb'd and everlasting Ease,
Rule this vast *All*? their labouring thoughts divide
'Twixt Heaven and Earth, and all their Motions guide,
Send Heat to *us*, the various Orbs controule,
Or be immense, and spread o're all the Whole?
Or hide the Heaven in Clouds, whence Thunder thrown
Does beat their own aspiring Temples down?
Or thro vast Desarts breaks the *innocent* Wood,
Nor hurts the *Bad*, but strikes the *Just* and *Good*?

*The World
receives
new Seeds.*

Now the Infinite *Mass* sends new supplies
Into the World already form'd; whence Skies
And this vast Ball of Earth, and boisterous Seas,
And spacious Air, grow bigger and increase:
For all to their own proper Kinds retire,
To Earth the earthy, fiery parts to Fire,
To Water, watry, till they grow as great
As Nature's fixt and steddy Laws permit.
For as in Animals, when every Vein
Receives no more than what flies off again,
Those can *increase* no more; such means secure
Those things from farther growth, when once mature.
For that which looks so fair, so gay, and young,
Climbs to Maturity, grows great, and strong;
That *many* parts receives, and still retains,
And spends but few; because thro all the Veins

*Augmenta-
tion.*

The

The little nourishing parts with ease diffus'd,
Are there in little Space confin'd, and us'd
For growth; but few flie off, and break the chain,
And get their former liberty again.

For tho things lose their parts, when those are gone,
Some new supplies of other Seeds come on,

Diminution.

And more than they have lost: Thus things endure,
Look gay, and young, until they grow mature.

Thence by degrees our Strength melts all away,
And treacherous Age creeps on, and things decay.

For Bodies now grown big, and large, which cease
From their continued growth, nor more encrease,
Those spend the more, their parts disperse with ease.

The Nourishing parts come slowly on, and few,
Too small decaying Nature to renew;

The Stock is largely spent, no new supply
Sufficient to make good those parts that die;

Therefore they needs must fall, thir Nature broke
By Inward wasting, or External stroke;

Because the the stock of nourishment decays
As Age creeps on; and still a thousand ways

The World grows old.

The little Enemies without oppose,

And strive to kill them by continual blows:

And so the World must fall, tho new supply

The Mass affords, to raise those things that die.

Yet all in vain; for Nature cannot give

Supplies sufficient, nor the World receive.

E'en now the World's grown old; e'en that she bore

Such mighty bulky Animals before,

Now bears a Puny Insect, and no more.

For who can think these Creatures, fram'd above,

The little business of some meddling Jove?

And thence to people this inferiour Ball,

By Homer's golden chain let gently fall?

I 2

Nor

The

Nor did they rise from the rough Seas, but Earth,
To what she now doth feed at first gave birth.

Beside, she Corn, and Wine, and Oyl did bear,
And tender Fruit, without the Tiller's care.
She brought forth Herbs, which now the feeble Soil
Can scarce afford to all our pain and toil.
We labour, swee, and yet by all this strife,
Can scarce get Corn and Wine enough for Life.
Our Men, our Oxen groan, and never cease,
So fast our Labours grow, our Fruits decrease,
Nay, oft the Farmers with a sigh complain,
That they have labour'd all the Year in vain,
And looking back on former Ages, blest
With anxious thoughts their Parents Happiness;
Talk loudly, how that Pious they were fill'd,
Content with what the willing Soil did yield,
Tho each Man then enjoy'd a narrower Field:
But never think, fond Fools, that Age will waste
This mighty World, and break the frame at last,

The End of the Second Book.

LUCRE-

LUCRETIVS.

THE THIRD BOOK.

[brought,
THee, who hast Light from midst *thick Darknes* *Praise of*
 And *Life's* advantages and pleasures taught, *Epicurus.*
 Thee, chiefest glory of the *Grecian State*,
 I strictly trace; willing to imitate,
 Not contradict: For how can Larks oppose
 The vigorous *Swans*? they are unequal Foes:
 Or how can tender *Kids* with feeble Force
 Contend in Racing with the noble *Horse*?
 Thou, *Parent of Philosophy*, hast shown
 The way to *Truth*, by Precepts of thy Own,
 For as from sweetest Flowers the labouring Bee
 Extracts her *precious Juice*; *Great Soul*, from *Thee*
 We all our *Golden Sentences* derive;
 Golden, and fit *Eternally* to live.
 For when I hear thy mighty Reasons prove
 This World was made without the Powers above,
 All fears and terrors wast, and fly apace.
 Thro parted Heavens I see the mighty *Space*,
 The Rise of *Things*, the Gods, and Happy Seats,
 Which Storm or violent Tempest never beats;
 Nor Snow invades, but with the purest *Air*,
 And gawdy *Light* diffus'd, look gay and fair:

There

There *Bounteous Nature* makes supplies for Ease,
 There *Minds* enjoy an undisturbed Peace;
 But that which senseless we so grossly fear,
 No Hell, no sulphurous Lakes, no Pools appear;
 And thro the Earth I can distinctly view
 What underneath the *busie Atoms* do.
 From such like thoughts I mighty pleasure find,
 And silently admire thy strength of Mind;
 By whose one single force, to curious Eyes
 All naked and expos'd whole *Nature* lies.

Since then I've taught, what *Seeds* of Bodies are,
 And how they *move*, what different *Shapes* they bear,
 And how from *these* all *Beings* first may spring:

The Subject. Next of the *Mind*, and of the *Soul* I'll sing,

And chase that dread of Hell, those idle Fears,
 That spoil our Lives with Jealousies and Cares,
 Disturb our Joys with Dread of pains beneath,
 And *fully* them with the black Fear of Death.

*Fear of
 Death the
 cause of all
 Evil.*

For tho some talk, they should less fear to die,
 Than live in a *Disease*, or *Infamy*;

That they know well the *Soul* consists in Blood,
 And our *Philosophy* can do no Good;

Observe, they talk thus rather out of love

To empty Praise, than what they say approve:

For the *same Men*, to chains or banishment,

Condemn'd to th' Gallies, or to Prison sent,

Tho infamous by horrid Crimes they're grown,

Yet still *endure*, and patiently live on;

Nay, more than that, where e're the Wretches come,

They sacrifice black Sheep on every Tomb,

To please the *Manes*; and of all the rout,

When Cares and Dangers press, grow most devout.

Well then to know *Mens Souls*, and what they are,

View them beset with Dangers, and with Care:

For *then* their *Words* will with their *Thoughts* agree,
And, all the *Mask* pull'd off, show what they be.

Beside, all *blind Ambition*, all *fierce Lust*
Of *Avarice*, those *Parents* of unjust,
Which make *Men* plunge thro' *sins*, and vex each hour
With *Cares* and *Pains*, to climb to *Wealth*, or *Power*;
This *shame*, these *great disturbers* of our *Breath*,
Are chiefly *nourisht* by the *Fear* of *Death*.
For *Infamy*, *Contempt*, and *Poverty*,
Do seem so near the *Gates of Death* to lie;
That whilst by *senseless Fears* *Men* *frighted* strive
As far remov'd as possible to live,
By *Civil Wars* endeavour to get more,
And *doubling* murders, *double* their vast store;
Laugh o're their *Brothers* graves; and *timorous Guests*
All hate, and dread their *nearest Kinsmens* Feasts.
From the same cause the *meager Envious* rise,
And look on others *Wealth* with *troubled Eyes*;
Complaints they make, and *passionately* repine,
That some with *Power*, and some with *Honour* shine,
Whilst they lie mean and low, and without *Fame*;
And thus they die for *Statues*, and a *Name*.

When some this *Dread* strikes deep, e'en *Life* they hate,
And their own *Hands* prevent the *stroke of Fate*:
Yet still are *ignorant*, that this *vain Fear*
Breeds all the *trouble*, *jealousie* and *care*;
Makes *Men* *unkind*, *unchast* and break their *trust*;
In short, destroys whate'er is *good*, and *just*.
So some their *Parents*, and their *Country* sell,
To free themselves from *Death*, and following *Hell*:
For *We* i'th' *Day*, as *Boys* i'th' *Night*, do fear
Shadows as *vain* too, and *senseless* as those are.
Wherefore that *Darkness* that o'respreads our *Souls*,
What can *disperse*, but those *Eternal Rules*,

Which

The Mind
is a Sub-
stance.

Which from firm *Premises* true *Reason* draws,
And a deep insight into *Nature's* Laws?

First then, the *Mind*, in which the *Reason* lies,
Is *part* of Man, as Hands, and Feet, and Eyes
Are parts of *Animals*; tho some have taught,
And those *Philosophers*, that Sense, and Thought,
Do no *particular Seat*, and *part* controule,
But is a *Vital Habit* of the Whole;
In *Greek* call'd *Harmony*, and that from thence
Flows all our *Reason*, *Life*, and *Thought*, and *Sense*.
But 'tis no *Part*. So Health, and Strength belong
To Man, yet are no *Parts* of him that's strong.
But this is false.——

Not Har-
mony.

Foro'ten when these *visible* Limbs do smart,
Brisk Joy's still seated in some *unseen* Part.
And so o'th' contrary: when *Minds* oppress
Sink under Cares, their *Bodies* are at rest.
So often whilst the *Hand* or *Foot* complains,
The *Head* is vigorous, and free from pains.

Beside, when charms of Sleep have clos'd our Eyes,
Languid, and void of Sense the Body lies;
Yet even then, some other Part appears
Disturb'd with Hope, with Joy, and empty Fears.

But further, to convince you that the *Soul*
Is *Part*, and not the *Harmony* of the Whole:
For tho some Limbs are lost, Life keeps her Seat;
But when few Particles of *Vital Heat*,
And our last Breath goes out, Life likewise flies:
And the *Forsaken* Carcass wasts, and dies:
Which proves our Lives not equally depend,
For their beginning, continuance, and end,
On every *Part*; but chiefly *Heat* and *Air*,
Make Life within us, and preserve it there:
Then both these *Two* are there; but swiftly gone,

And

And leave our Limbs, as treacherous Death comes on.

Now since the *Nature* of the *Mind* and *Soul*
Is fully sound, and prov'd a *Part* of th' Whole,
Let those that call it *Harmony*, and please
Their Fancies to derive such Words as these
From *Musick's* Sounds, or whensoever it came,
Apply'd to that which had no proper Name,
Take back their *Term* again; 'tis here o'erthrown,
And useless prov'd: Let us go farther on.

Next then, I must affirm the *Soul* and *Mind*
Make up one single *Nature* closely joyn'd,
But yet the *Mind's* the *Head* and *Ruling Part*
Call'd *Reason*, and 'tis seated in the *Heart*;
For there our *Passions* live, our Joy, and Fear,
And Hope, which proves the *Mind* must needs be there;
But the *Inferior Part*, the *Soul*, confin'd
To all the Limbs, obeys the *Ruling Mind*,
And moves as *that* directs; for only *that*
Can of *it self* rejoyce, or Fear, or Hate;
Passion and *Thought* belong to *that* alone,
For *Soul* and *Limbs* are capable of none.

*The Mind
and Soul
are one.*

As when the *Eye*, or *Head*, or *Hand* complains,
All the whole *Body* is not vext with Pains;
So often whilst the labouring *Mind* oppress'd
Sinks under Cares, the *Soul* enjoys her rest:
But when the *Mind* a violent *Passion* shakes,
Of that disturbance too the *Soul* partakes;
Cold sweats bedew the Limbs, the Face looks pale,
The Tongue begins to falter, Speech to fail,
The Ears are fill'd with noise, the Eyes grow dim,
And feeble Shakings seize on every Limb.

Beside, on sudden Frights Men often swoon;
A strange Effect: from which 'tis plainly known,
The *Mind* and *Soul* are joyn'd, and make but one;

K

For

*The Mind is
material.*

For here the *Mind's* force strikes the *Soul*, and so
The stroke goes on, and strikes the *Body* too.

But, to enlarge the Instance more, this proves
The *Mind* material too, because it moves,
And shakes the Limbs, makes them look pale and wan;
In short, directs, and governs the *whole* Man:
All which is done by *Touch*, and what e'r touch
Are *Bodies*, then the *Mind* and *Soul* are such.

*The Mind is
compos'd of
Seeds small
and round.*

The *Mind* prov'd *Body*, I'll go on to find
What sort of *Body* 'tis that makes the *Mind*.

First then, it is a *small* and *subtle* one,
Because no *Action* is so swiftly done
As what the *Mind* begins. This Instance proves
The *Mind*, than other things more swiftly moves;
But what thus easie to be mov'd is found,
Of *very little* Seed, and *very round*
Must needs be fram'd; so that the weakest shove
May push them forward on, and make them move.
Water by lightest strokes is mov'd and flows,
'Cause small and slippery Parts the Streams compose;
But Honey, and thick Liquors stubborn prove
More dull, and heavy, and unapt to move;
For all their Parts more joyn'd, and closer fall,
Because they're not so round, so smooth, and small.
So heaps of *Poppy-seed*, so *Sand* disjoyn'd,
Is scatter'd by the softest breath of *Wind*;
But *massy* Stones, or *Darts* together cast,
Stand firm against, and scorn the roughest blast:
Which proves, that Seeds *small*, *smooth*, and *round* are best
For vigorous *Motion*, *rough* and *great* for Rest.

Now since the Nature of the *Mind* is found
So apt to move, of *Bodies* *small* and *round*,
It must be fram'd: Which Knowledge (lovely Youth)
Will lead thee on to undiscover'd Truth.

For hence by easie Inference you may guess,
How subtle all it's Parts, what small recess,
If crusht together, it would all possess.

For when the stroke of Fate invades the Heart,
And the affrighted *Mind* and *Soul* depart,

How small
the *Soul*.

The *Weight* and *Bulk* remain; contented Death
Leaves all secure, but *Vital Sense*, and *Breath*;
Therefore those Seeds that frame this *Soul*, thro all
Our Limbs diffus'd, are subtle thin, and small:
Because when that's all gone, each Limb retains
The former *Bulk*, the former *Weight* remains.

So when the brisker Spirits leap from Wine,
And Parts from Odours from the *Air* combine;

When from our Limbs a subtle Humour flows,
Of the same *Weight* and *Bulk*, the *Body* shows,
Because small Seeds all Juice, all Smells compose.

'Tis certain then, those Seeds that frame the *Mind*,
Are thin and small, and subtle, and refin'd:

For when the *Mind* is gone, their former weight
Each Limb retains, the *Bulk* remains as great.

And yet 'tis mixt; for when Life's Powers decay,
A gentle Breeze with Vapour flies away.

The *Mind*
consists of
four Parts.

This Vapour likewise shews that *Air* is there,
All Heat hath *Air*; for Heat by Nature rare
Must still be intermixt with Parts of *Air*.

Well then, we know the *Mind* and *Soul* comprise
Three Things, yet from all these no Sense can rise,
No Vigorous Thought from such a frame as this.

Then we must add a Fourth unto this Frame,
A Fourth something, but without a Name,
Whose Parts are smooth, small, subtle, apt to move,
When prest or troubled by the weakest shove.

From this comes Sense, This the first stroke receives,
And then the impulse to the Vapour gives;

Then to the *unseen Wind*, then to the *Air*,
 Thence thro our Limbs 'tis scatter'd every where ;
 The Blood with troubled motion strikes the Heart,
 And a quick Sense runs thro each inward Part :
 Then thro the Marrow, then thro every Bone,
 Whether it be a sharp, or pleasing one :
 But *violent Passions*, as *strong Grief* or *Fear*,
 Scarce enter far, and make Disturbance there ;
 But strange Convulsions run our Bodies o'er,
 And Life and Soul fly out at every Pore :
 But oft the *Motion* on the *surface* plays,
 Stops there, and that's the reason that *Life* stays.

Next, how these four are mixt, I would rehearse,
 How fitly joyn'd ; but now my flowing Verse

The *Latin* Language's poverty doth check ;
 Yet briefly, and as that permits, I'll speak.

The four
 Parts are
 confus'dly
 mixt.

They all *confus'dly* move, no *different* Space
 To each allotted, and no *proper* Place
 Where *this* divides from *that*, and lies alone,
 But all their *Powers* conjon'd, arise as *One*.
 So generally in every piece of Meat
 Our Sense discovers Odors, Savors, Heat,
 Yet 'tis the same *Flesh* ; so *Heat*, and *Air*, and *Wind*,
 Make up one Nature mixt, and closely jon'd, [whence
 With *that* quick Force which makes them move, and
 Thro all the *Body's* Parts springs vigorous Sense.

This Nature's deeply hid, this doth possess
 The Inward'st Space, the most remote Recess.
 As in our Limbs the Soul's remov'd from View,
 Because his Seeds are thin, and small, and few ;
 So this *Fourth Nameless Force* within the Soul
 Lies hid, it's chiefest Part, and rules the Whole.
 So likewise must the *Heat*, the *Air*, and *Wind*,
 Be in convenient Place, and Order joyn'd :

This

This must be uppermost, that lower fall,
To make it seem *One Nature fram'd of all*;
Lest *Heat* and *Air*, plac'd separately, distract
The Power of Sense, and make it cease to act.

Heat in the *Mind* is shewn, when *Passions* rise,
And *Anger* burns; it sparkles thro the *Eyes*:
And when the trembling *Body* shakes for Fear,
And *Blood* grows cold, we know that *Wind* is there.
In those the Power of *Air* is chiefly seen,
Whose *Heart's* untroubled, and their *Look serene*:
Those have most *Heat*, by Nature most inclin'd
To *Rage*, such is the *Lion's* furious Mind,
Who roaring bursts with generous Disdain,
Nor can his Breast his violent *Rage* contain.
Most Parts of *Wind* compose the *Deer's* cold Soul,
From whence a trembling Chill runs thro the *Whole*:
The peaceful *Ox* contains most Parts of *Air*,
Not subject unto too much *Rage*, nor *Fear*,
A Temper 'midst the *Lion* and the *Deer*.

So *Mens* Minds differ too, tho Moral Rules
And *Arts* do polish, and reform our Souls;
Yet still some *Seeds* remain, they still appear
Thro all the Masks and Vizors we can wear:
Some small Remainders of the *Primitive* Mind,
Some evil *Passions* will be left behind;
Whence some are prone to *Rage*, some to Distrust,
Some Fearful are, and some more Mild than Just.
A thousand more Varieties they show,
Each different Mind hath different Manners too,
Whose hidden Causes I shall ne'er explain,
Or Names sufficient, and expressive feign,
For all these infinite Varieties
Of Shapes, whence all these different Manners rise:
Yet this methinks might be affirm'd as true,
Those tracts of *Nature* are so weak, so few

Which

This

Which Learning leaves, that we in spight of these,
May rival e'en the Gods in Happines.

This *Nature* thro the *Limbs* spreads every where,
And Life and Health preserves with provident Care;
For they are joyn'd, and each on each depends,
And the least separation *Death* attends.

As if from grains of *Myrrh* you force away
The ravishing Smell, their *Natures* too decay;
So part the *Soul* and *Limbs*, you both destroy,
So close they joyn, and *Common* Life enjoy.

Nor can the *Soul* and *Body* separate,
Perceive, or think in their divided state;
For the first stroke is by the *Nerves* convey'd,
And *Sense*, from the *Joyned* motions of both, made.
Besides, the *Body* is not born alone,

Nor grows, nor lives, when *Mind* and *Soul* are gone;
For tho the *Water* heated o'er the *Fire*,
May lose some *Vapours*, yet remain entire;
The *Limbs*, when *Mind* and *Soul* are fled, submit
To the same fate and die, and rot with it:

Nay more, before the Infants see the *Light*,
Before they pass the confines of the *Night*,
Whilst yet within their Mother's Womb they lie,

*The Body as
well as Soul
perceives.*

If these *two* separate, they fail and die:
Whence learn, that since the *Cause* of *Life's* combin'd,
And lies in both, their *Natures* too are joyn'd.

Farther, who to the *Limbs* all *Sense* denies,
And says the *Soul*, which thro the *Body* lies,
Is subject of that *Motion* we call *Sense*,
He fights against the clearest Evidence.

What need of *Arguments*, what need of *Words*?
The strongest Proof the thing it self affords:
Yet every *Limb* wants *Sense*, when the *Soul's* gone,
And loseth much as feeble Age comes on.

That

That Eyes no Objects see to Sight expos'd,
 But that the *Soul*, as thro *wide* Doors unclos'd,
 Looks thro them is plain Nonsense : 'Tis refell'd
 E'en by their Sense, who this wild Fancy held ;
 This seems so plain, 'tis brought so near our Eyes,
 That he is blind, or shuts them, that denies;
 Chiefly when *fulgid* Objects view'd, the Sight
 Grows dim, and dazled, by too great a Light ;
 For *Doors unclos'd* no harm nor danger know,
 Whatever Body t'is that passes thro.

Were the Eyes *Doors* thro which the *Soul* did look,
 View'd all around, and her fair Prospect took,
 Our *Sight*, would stronger, quicker, better prove,
 If *these* pluckt out, we all the *Bars* remove.

And now to solve these Doubts must not be brought,

As learn'd *Democritus* his School hath taught,
 That *Souls* and *Limbs* are equal, o'er the Whole
 To every *Limb* an equal Part of *Soul*.

Against
Democri-
tus.

For, first the Seeds of *Soul* are less than those,

Which all the *Body's* *Grosser* part compose ;

Neither in *Number*, nor in *Bulk* so great,

And o'er the *Limbs* in distant Spaces set:

So that as few, and little, as suffice

For that weak Motion, whence our Senses rise,

So few, so little, we must all confess

Those different Spaces, which those Seeds possess.

For often falling dust we scarce perceive,

Nor Dew by Night, nor what the Spiders weave,

When o'er our *Limbs* the subtle chains are spread,

Or the decaying Web falls o'er our head ;

Nor Plumes, nor Chaff, nor such light thing as these,

Nor the soft Motion of the wandring Fleas :

So that a *strong* Impression must be made,

And the quick stroke to many parts convey'd,

Before

Before the little *Bodies* of the *Soul*
 Can feel, and thro those distant spaces roll;
 Meet, strike, and part again, and thus perceive,
 Be pleas'd with the soft Objects stroke, or grieve.

*The Mind
 the chiefest
 Part.*

The *Mind's* the chiefest *Part* of all the *Whole*,
 Life more depends on *that*, than on the *Soul*;
 When that departs, no *Soul* can longer stay
 But servilely attends, and flies away,
 Expires, and vanishes in the same *Breath*,
 And leaves the *Limbs* in the cold hands of *Death*.
 But he still lives, whose *Mind* remains alone,
 Altho his *Limbs* lopt off, the *Soul* is gone.
 So let Ingenious *Tyrants* Malice strive,
 Of many *Limbs*, tho not of *all* deprive,
 And so divide the *Soul*, the *Man* will live.
 Thus leave the *Pupil* sound, but cut the *White*,
 We still enjoy the Noble Power of *Sight*;
 But that once hurt, tho all the *Parts* around
 Be left entire, and firm, and free from *Wound*,
 The Power decays, and an eternal *Night*,
 And frightful *Darkness* all, o'erspreads the *Sight*;
Darkness, where e'er the wounded *Eye-balls* roll;
 And like these *two* in this are *Mind* and *Soul*.

*The Soul
 mortal.*

Now then, my Lovely *Youth*, to let thee know
 That *Souls* and *Minds* are born, and mortal too,
 I'll write such *Verse*, as shall appear to be
 By curious labour wrought, and worthy Thee:
 Do You take both exprest by either Name,
 (Both Words in this Dispute exprest the same:)
 So that, for Instance, when the *Soul* you find
 Prov'd *Mortal*, think I likewise mean the *Mind*,
 Since Both do make but *One*, two *Natures* joyn'd.

*First Ar-
 gument.*

First then, since I have prov'd the *Soul* consists
 Of smaller *Parts* than *Water*, *Smoak*, or *Mists*,

Be-

(Because than all these three more apt to move,
 And take Impression from a weaker shove;
 For by the Images of Smoak and Streames;
 And thinnest Mists 'tis mov'd, as when in Dreams
 From fanſy'd Altars smoaky Clouds arise,
 And in dark rolls are scatter'd thro the Skies,
 Those thoughts are rais'd by ſubtle Images)

And ſince you ſee, that when the *Veſſel's* broke,
 The *Water* runs away, and the thin Smoak
 By every Tempeſt ſcatter'd thro the Air,
 Confus'dly mix with it, and periſh there;
 Conclude the thin Contexture of the *Mind*,
 An eaſier Prey to every rougher Wind,
 With eaſe diſſolv'd, when from the *Body* gone;
 'Tis toſt i'th' Air, all naked, and alone.

For ſince the *Limbs*, that *Veſſel* of the *Soul*,
 Could not contain it's *Parts*, and keep it whole,
 When bruis'd or drain'd of Blood, how can the *Air*
 A *Body*, than our *Fleſh*, our *Blood*, more rare?

Befides, 'tis plain, that *Souls* are born and grow,
 And all by Age decay as *Bodies* do.

To prove this truth; In Infants, *Minds* appear
 Infirm and tender as their *Bodies* are:

In *Man*, the *Mind* is ſtrong; when Age prevails;

And the quick Vigour of each Member fails,

The *Mind's Powers* too decreaſe, and waſt apace;

And grave and reverend Folly takes the place:

'Tis likely then the *Soul* and *Mind* muſt die,

Like Smoak in Air it's ſcatter'd Atoms flie:

Since all theſe Proofs have ſhown, theſe Reaſons told;

'Tis with the *Body* born, grows ſtrong and old.

Befides, as violent Pains, and ſtrong Diſeaſe

Torment the *Limbs*, and all the *Body* ſeize;

So Grief and Trouble *Mind* and *Soul* ſurprize;

L

'Tis

First Argument.

Second Argument.

Third Argument.

'Tis likely therefore that *That* also dies.
 Sometimes when violent Fevers vex the Brains,
 The *Mind* grows mad, and raves with equal pains :
 Sometimes when dull and death-like Lethargy,
 And lasting sleep sits heavy on the Eye,
 The *Soul* is *lull'd* ; and neither knows, nor hears
 His Friends kind voice, nor sees their falling tears,
 Whilst they with Pious Care about him weep,
 And strive to rouse him from his Death of sleep.
 Since then the Limbs Disease affect the Mind,
That must be mortal too : for still we find
 By thousand Instances Diseases wait
 On Death, as the sad Messengers of Fate

Fourth Ar-
 gument.

Besides, when Wine's quick force hath pierc'd the
 And the brisk heat's diffus'd thro every Vein, (brain,
 Why do the *Members* all grow dull and weak ?
 The *Tongue* not with it's usual swiftneſs speak ?
 The *Eye-balls* swim, the *Legs* not firm and strait,
 But bend beneath the bodies natural weight ;
 Unmanly Quarrels, noise and sobs deface
 The powers of *Reason*, and usurp their place ?
 How could this be, did not the precious Juice
 Affect the *Mind* it self, and spoil it's use ?
 Now things that can be thus disturb'd, that cease
 From usual actions, by such Lets as these,
 Would die, suppose the force or strokes increase.

Fifth Ar-
 gument.

Oft-times with violent Fits a *Patient* falls,
 As if with Thunder struck, and foams, and bawls,
 Talks madly, shakes, moves here and there, breaths short,
 Extends and tires his Limbs with Antick sport :
 Because the Venom, scatter'd o're the *whole*,
 Makes such strange stirs and motions thro the *Soul* ;
 As boisterous *Storms* which o're the Ocean rave,
 And raise white Curls upon the foaming Wave :

He

He *groans*, because when pain'd, the *seeds* of Voice
 Break forth in a *confus'd* and troubled Noise:
 He's *mad*, because the parts of *Soul* and *Mind*
 Are by the Poyson's violence disjoyn'd,
 Disturb'd, and tost; but when the Causes cease,
 The black malignant Humours, and Disease
 In some convenient Vessel lurk in peace;
 His *weakness* wears, and he forgets his pain,
 His Strength, his Life, and Sense return again:
 Now since Diseases can this *Soul* divide,
 Whilst strengthned by, and to the *Members* ty'd;
 Who can believe, this *tender Substance*, *Mind*,
 When from the *Body* loos'd, can brave the Wind?

21

the
rain,

Sixth Ar-
gument.

And since our *Minds* as well as *Bodies* feel
 The powers of Medicines, that change, or heal,
 They must be mortal, for to change the Soul
 You must, or change the order of the Whole;
 Take off some old, or add some parts anew. —
 Now what's *Immortal*, common sense hath told,
 Can gain not one *new* part, nor lose one *old*;
 For *whatsoever* suffers change, unties
 It's Union, is not what it was, but dies:
 Therefore the *Mind* or by Diseases griev'd,
 Or by the power of Medicines reliev'd,
 Shews her self *mortal*: Such plain Evidence,
 Drawn from the strongest Reason, surest Sense,
 Doth all their specious Sophistry oppose,
 And either way confutes and overthrows.

2

hort,

Seventh
Argument.

Besides, Experience shews, that Patients die
 By *piece-meal*, thro the Toes, then Legs, then Thigh
 Creeps treacherous Death; thence thro the rest it moves
 By slow degrees: and this one instance proves
 The Soul *mortal*, since Death doth slowly spread,
 And some parts are *alive* at once, some dead.

He

But if you think the Soul, by Fate oppress'd,
 Can to *one* Limb retire, and leave the *rest*;
 That part, where so much *Soul* hath residence,
 A greater must enjoy, and quicker sense;
 But since none such appears, 'tis plain it flies
 By *piece meal* thro the Air, and therefore dies.
 But grant what's false; the Soul can backward fly,
 And hudled up within one Member lie,
 Yet this infers the Souls Mortality.
 For what's the difference, if by latest breath
 Expell'd or hudled up, 'tis crush'd to death?
 Whilst from the Limbs the Senses steal away,
 And by degrees the Powers of Life decay.

And since the Soul is part, and since it lies
 Fixt in one certain place, as Ears or Eyes;
 So like as those when from the Body gone,
 Perceive not, nor endure, but perish soon;
 The Mind can't live divided from the Whole,
 The Limbs which seem the Vessel of the Soul,
 Or somewhat if you please more nearly joyn'd,
 Because these Two the closest Ties do bind.

*The Soul se-
 parated
 hath no
 Sense.*

Lastly, both *Soul* and *Body* joyn'd, perceive,
 Exert their natural Powers, endure, and live;
 Nor can the *Soul* without the *Limbs* dispense
 Her *vital Powers*, nor *Limbs* without the *Soul* have sense.
 For as the *Eye* grows stiff, and dark, and blind,
 When torn from off her seat; so *Soul* and *Mind*
 Lose all their *Powers*, when from the *Limbs* disjoyn'd;
 Because 'tis spread o're *all*, and there preserves
 Her life, by vital Union with the Nerves.
 Nor could the little *seeds* of *Soul* commence
 Those *short Vibrations* that are fit for sense,
 Were the space great, which strictly all enclos'd
 They well perform'd; but from the *Body* loos'd,

And

And to the wide unconstant Air expos'd,
 Could ne're enjoy, because the *Air* and *Mind*,
 Can never, as the *Soul* and *Limbs* be joyn'd :
 For could the thin unconstant Air controul,
 And keep in order too the fleeting *Soul*,
 And *That* those *Motions* too of sense maintain,
 Which now it doth thro every Nerve and Vein,
 And all our *Limbs* ; then we might justly call
 The *Air* a *Body*, and an *Animal*.

Well then, the *Soul* all naked, and alone,
 When from the *Body* loos'd, her Covering gone,
 Must die, both *Soul* and *Mind*, for *both* are *one*.

Besides, since when the *Mind* and *Soul* are fled,
 The *Carcass* stinks, and rots as soon as dead,
 How canst thou doubt, but that, the Union broke,
 The scatter'd *Soul* flies thro the *Limbs* like Smoak ;
 And therefore must the *Body's* Fabrick fall,
 Because the *Soul* that did preserve the All,
 Upheld and strengthened it, is now no more,
 But fled thro every Passage, every Pore :
 Which shews the *Soul*, as all her Powers decay,
 Her parts dissolv'd, she scatter'd flies away.

Another.
 Argument.

Nay more, whilst yet i'th' *Limbs*, as Death comes on,
 Her parts are all dissolv'd before she's gone.

Another
 Argument.

Nay when she's yet alive, some strokes prevail,
 And shake the *Soul*, her *Powers* begin to fail,
 The *Members* tremble, and the *Face* looks pale,
 As if 'twere real death ; this happens when we swoon,
 Then then the *Mind* and *Soul* are almost gone,
 The *Ties* of *Union* almost all undone :
 For then the *Mind's* assaulted, and would bow
 To *Fate*, if shaken by a stronger blow.
 Then who can think that from the *Members* gone,
 Expos'd to th' *Air*, all naked, and alone,

It

It may but *one short moment* be secure,
Much less as long as Time, as Years endure?

*Another
Argument.*

Besides, what *Patient* e're perceiv'd the *Soul*
For sake the dying Members *safe and whole*?
Or that by slow degrees it seems to rise
First thro the Throat, then higher jaws, then flies,
But every *Sense* in's *proper* Organ dies?

*Another
Argument.*

And were the *Soul* immortal, why doth the *Mind*
Complain of Death, why not rejoyce to find
Her self let loose, and leave this Clay behind?
As Snakes, when e're the circling Year returns,
Rejoyce to cast their Skins, or Deer their Horns.
Again, —

Why's not the *Soul* produc'd in *any* part,
I'th' Head, i'th' Hands? Why only in the Heart?
But 'cause each *Being* hath it's *proper* seat,
And *there* begins, *there* grows mature and great;
Thus *flames* ne're rise from *waves*, nor *cold* from *heat*.

*Another
Argument.*

And if the *Soul's* *immortal*, if she lives
Divided from the Body, if perceives,
She must enjoy *five* Senses still; for who
Can fanſie how the *Soul* can live below,
Unless 'tis thus endow'd? Thus Painters please,
And Poets too, to draw their Souls with these.
But as without the *Soul*, nor Eye, nor Ear,
Nor either Hand, can touch, or see, or hear;
So neither can this *Soul*, this *Mind* perceive,
Without these Hands, these Eyes, these Ears, nor live.

*The Soul
divisible.*

Besides, our vital Sense is spread o're *all*;
The *whole* *Composure* makes *one* Animal:
So that if sudden violent strokes divide
This *whole*, and cast the *parts* on either side;
The *Soul* and *Mind* too suffer the same Fate;
And part remains in this, and part in *that*.

Now

Now what can be divided, what can lie
And waste in several parts, can likewise die,

So Chariots arm'd on every side to wound,
When fiercely drove, bring Death to all around;
And yet the wounded Man, so quick's the blow,
Is scarce disturb'd, scarce seems to feel, or know
His Wound; and now but *half a body* grown,
Still hasts to fight, still eagerly goes on,
Nor misses he his Arm or Shield, —

Tho by the Chariot torn, drag'd o're the field:
Others that lose *those* Hands that climb the Wall,
Reach on, or fall, and wonder at their Fall;
Others, their Legs lopt off, attempt to rise,
Whilst the poor Foot lies trembling by, and dies.
And when the Head's lopt off, the Eyes and Face
Still keep their natural, still their vital Grace;
The Look is vivid still, nor seems like dead,
Till every Particle of Soul is fled.

So likewise chop a venomous Serpent's Train,
You'll see each single part is vext with pain,
Each turns, each bleeds, and sprinkles all the ground
With poy's'nous Gore, each wriggles at the Wound.
What then? Hath every part it's *proper* Soul?
This were to place a *Thousand* in *one* Whole.
Well then the Soul, by the same fatal blow,
That chopt the poy's'nous Tail, is cut in two;
Therefore 'tis mortal, subject unto Fate;
Because 'tis *divisible* as well as *that*.

Besides, were Souls immortal, ne're began,
But crept into the Limbs to make up Man,
Why cannot they remember what was done
In former Times? Why all their Memory gone?
Now if the Mind's frail powers so far can wait,
As to forget those numerous actions past,

*Another
Argument.*

'Tis

'Tis almost dead, and sure can die at last.
Well then the *former* Soul must needs be dead,
And that which now informs us, *newly* made.

Another Argument. But when the Body's made, when we begin
To view the Light, if then the *Soul* crept in,
How is it likely it should seem to grow,
Increase and flourish, as the *members* do?
No, it would live confin'd to her close Cage,
With powers as great in *Infancy*, as Age.

Another Argument. Well then 'tis prov'd, the *Soul* is *born* and *dies*,
Beside, suppose it fram'd without, what Ties
Could knit this Soul so close, how could this Mind,
As Sense assures, with every Limb be twin'd?
For now 'tis knit to every *Nerve* and *Vein*,
To every *Bone*, that e'en the *Teeth* feel pain;
As when with sudden chop they grind a Stone,
Or when cold Water chills the heated Bone.
Since then 'tis joyn'd so close, how can this Soul,
Loos'd from the Limbs, flie off secure, and whole?

Another Argument: But now suppose the Mind was fram'd before,
And then infus'd; grant this, I'll ask no more:
This proves 'tis mortal too, for whilst the Soul,
Insinuates her *substance* o're the *Whole*,
It's Parts must be dissolv'd, the natural Tie
Of Union loos'd, therefore the Soul can die.
As Meats diffus'd thro all the Members lose
Their former Nature, and different things compose;
So Minds, tho safe and whole they first begin
To enter, are dissolv'd in entring in:
Because those subtle parts this Soul contains,
Must be diffus'd thro all the *Nerves* and *Veins*;
And that which centred, rules the Body now,
Is the *same* Soul, that died in passing thro:
And therefore *Souls* are *born* and perish too.

Besides

Besides, from Carcases some *Part* alone,
Of the *Whole* Substance of the *Soul* is gone :
If only *Part*, 'tis dead, it's Seeds disjoyn'd ;
For some do fly away, some lurk behind :
But if *all* goes, why then do Troops of Flies,
Why numerous Insects from the *Bodies* rise,
Swarm o'er the Members ? what's the cause of this ?

But grant you can believe a *Proper Soul*
For every Worm, descends secure and whole ;
Nor think it strange, that when the former's gone,
A *Thousand* little *Souls* should come for *One* ;
Yet still 'tis doubtful, whether every *Mind*
Hunts carefully for *Seeds* of proper Kind,
And fashions it's own *Cafe* ; or else doth wait,
Until the *Limbs* are perfect, all compleat,
And then goes proudly in, and takes her Seat.
For what should prompt the *Soul* to all this Pains,
What make her work ? since freed from slavish chains
Of Matter ; Hunger, Cold, no sharp Disease,
No anxious Cares her happy Substance seize :
From the United *Limbs* she suffers these.
But grant 'twas good for *Minds* to put on Clay,
How are these *Bodies* form'd, what curious way,
How, in what Manner is the *Action* done ?
Souls cannot, therefore do not, frame their own.

And did they enter perfect Frames, what *Art*
Could subtly twine the *Soul* with every *Part* ?
That *this* should act on *that*, so nearly joyn'd ;
The *Mind* affect the *Limbs*, the *Limbs* the *Mind* ?

Besides, why *Lions* Fury, why the *Deer*
From their cold *Sires* derive their Natural Fear ;
Why *Foxes* Craft, why proper Powers adorn
Each different *Kind*, unless the *Souls* are born ?
For were the *Souls* *Immortal*, could the *Mind*

No Trans-
migration.

Fly off, and leave his former Case behind,
And take another of a different Kind;
What change in *Animals* Manners must appear?
The *Tyger-dog* will flie pursuing *Deer*;
The *Hawk* forget his Rage, and learn to fear,
Trembling at every little *Dove* that flies;
Men would be foolish all, and *Beasts* be wise.
For 'tis absurd, that this *Immortal Mind*,
Should change according to the different Kind
Of Body, unto which the *Soul's* confin'd.
For things thus *Changeable*, the Natural Tie
Of Union broke, the scatter'd Parts can flie
Dispers'd, disorder'd, and themselves can die.

But if they say, that *Souls* expell'd by Fate,
To other *Bodies* of like Kind retreat;
Then tell me why, Why doth the wisest *Soul*,
When crept into a *Child*, become a *Fool*?
Why cannot New-born *Colts* perform the course,
With equal Cunning as a Full grown *Horse*?
But that the *Souls* are born, increase, and grow,
And rise mature, as all their *Bodies* do.

Perchance they'll say, *Weak Minds*, and *Tender Sense*
Belong to *tender Bodies*. Poor Defence!
This yields the Cause, this grants that *Minds* are frail,
Whose former Life and Powers can change and fail.

Beside, come tell me why a *Soul* should grow,
And rise mature, as all the *Members* do,
If 'twere not born; When feeble *Age* comes on,
Why is't in hast, and eager to be gone?
What doth it fear, it makes such haste away,
To be imprison'd in the stinking Clay?
What doth it fear the aged *Heap's* Decay?
Or that 'twill fall, and crush the *Mind* beneath?

Fond

Fond Fear! *Immortal Beings are free from Death.*

'Tis fond to think, that whilst wild *Beasts* beget,
Or bear their Young, a *Thousand Souls* should wait,
Expect the falling *Body*, fight, and strive,
Which first shall enter in, and make it live.

Or is't agreed, do previous *Leagues* declare here,
That 'tis her lawful Right, who first comes there,
To enter in, and so no need of War?

Beside, no *Trees* in *Heaven*, no *Stars* below,
The *Hills* no *Fish*, the *Stones* no Moisture know,
Each hath it's proper Place to live and grow.

So neither *Souls* can live without the *Blood*,
And *Nerves*, and *Veins*, and *Bones*; for grant they cou'd,
Then thro one single Part, as Arm, or Head,
'Twould first be fram'd, thence o'er the others spread;
As Water into Vessels pour'd, doth fall
First to one Part, then rise and cover all.

But since 'tis certain, that a *Proper Place*
Is settled for the Life, and the Increase
Of *Mind* and *Soul*; 'tis folly to believe
They can be made without the *Limbs*, or live.

Well then, the *Soul* spread o'er the *Limbs* must fail,
And die with those, as Years and Death prevail.

For that *Immortal Beings* should lie confin'd
To *Mortal* ones, their different Powers be joyn'd,
And act on one another, is absurd,
Plain Nonsense: what more fond can Dreams afford,
Than *Mortal* with *Immortal* joyn'd in one,
Should feel those Harms 'twas free from, when alone?

Beside, what is *Immortal* must be so,
Because 'tis *solid*, above the Power of *Blow*;
Whose Parts no *Wedge* divides, which knows no Pore,
And such are *Seeds*, as I explain'd before:
Or else because, like *Empty Space*, 'tis such

The Soul
cannot be
made with-
out the Bo-
dy.

Another
Argument.

As is secure from *Stroke*, and free from *Touch*;
 Or else because it can admit no bound,
 'Tis *Infinite*, and knows no place beyond,
 To which the *Seeds* may sink; this makes the *All*
Eternal: there's no place whence *Seeds* may fall,
 And breed Confusion there: no *Space* doth lie
 Without the *Whole*, to which the *Parts* may flie,
 And leave the *Mighty All* to waste, and die.

Now 'tis not perfect *solid*; every *Mass*
 Between the *Seeds* contain some empty *Space*:
 Nor is't like *Void*, untoucht: for suble *Wind*,
 With rapid *Storms*, can hurry on the *Mind*,
 Or take one *Part*, and leave the rest behind.
 Besides, there's space enough, to which, the *Tie*
 Of *Union* loos'd, the scatter'd parts may flie.
 Well then, the *Mind* is *Mortal*, and can die.

But if you think't *Immortal*, free from *Wound*,
 Because it's Substance is encompass't round,
 Fenc'd from destructive *Causés*; or that such
 Can very seldom, if at all, approach;
 Or if they should, flie off, before they make
 Confusion there; this is a *Grand Mistake*.
 For, not to mention how *Diseases* vex
 The *Soul*, what *Fear* of future *Ills* perplex,
 When guilty *Conscience* shall affright the *Mind*
 For *Sins*, strike deep, and leave *Despair* behind;
 'Tis *mad*, *forgetful*; sometimes *Letbargy*,
 And *Death-like* sleep sits heavy on her *Eye*:
 Well then, what's *Death* to us, since *Souls* can die?
 For as we neither knew, nor felt those *Harms*,
 When dreadful *Carthage* frighted *Rome* with *Arms*,
 And all the *World* was shook with fierce *Alarms*;
 Whilst undecided yet, which part should fall,
 Which *Nation* rise the *Glorious Lord* of all:

Against
 Fear of
 Death.

So after Death, when we shall be no more,
What tho the Seas forsake their usual Shore,
And rise to Heaven? what tho Stars drop from thence?
Yet how can this disturb our perisht Sense?

But now suppose the *Soul*, when separate,
Could live, and think, in a *divided state*:

Yet what is that to *Us*, who are the *Whole*,
A *Frame* compos'd of *Body*, joyn'd with *Soul*?

Nay, grant the scatter'd *Ashes* of our *Urn*
Be joyn'd again, and Life and Sense return;
Yet how can that concern *Us*, when 'tis done,
Since all the Memory of past Life is gone?

Now we ne'er joy, nor grieve, to think what *We*
Were heretofore, nor what those things will be,
Which fram'd for *Us*, the following *Age* shall see.

When *We* revolve, how numerous *Years* have run,
How oft the *East* beheld the Rising *Sun*

E're *We* began, and how the *Atoms* move,
How the Unthinking Seed for ever strove;

'Tis probable, and *Reason's* Laws allow,
These Seeds of Ours were once combin'd as now:

Yet now who minds, who knows his former state?

The *Interim* of Death, the Hand of Fate,
Or stopt the Seeds, or made them all commence
Such Motions, as destroy'd the former *Sense*.

He that is *Miserable*, must perceive,
Whilst he is *so*, he then must *be*, and *live*;

But now since Death permits to feel no more
Those cares, those troubles, which we felt before,
It follows too, that when we die again,

We need not fear; For he must live, that lives in Pain:

But now the Dead, tho they should all return
To Life again, should grieve no more, nor mourn
For Evils past, than if they ne'er were born.

Now

Now when you hear a Man complain, and moan,
 And mourn his Fate, because when Life is gone,
 His Limbs must waste, and rot i'th' Earth, or feast
 The greedy Flames, or some devouring *Beast* ;
 All is not well : He, by strong Fancy led,
 Imagines *Sense* remains among the *Dead*.
 Nor can I think, tho he Himself denies,
 And openly declares the *whole* Man dies,
 But that from strong Conceits he still believes,
 Fond Fool, that He himself Himself survives :
 For now, e'en whilst he breaths, e'en whilst he lives,
 And thinks he must be torn or burnt, he grieves ;
 Thinks still the *Carcass* must be *He*, and thence
 His wanton Fears infer there must be *Sense* :
 And hence he grieves that He was born to die,
 Subject to treacherous *Mortality* ;
 But never thinks, Fond Fool, that when kind Death
 Shall close his Eyes in *Night*, and stop his breath,
 Then nothing of this *Thinking Thing* remains
 To mourn his Fate, or feel sharp Grief and Pains.

But if 'tis miserable to be torn
 By *Beasts* when dead, why is't not so to burn ?
 If that's an Ill, why not as great an one
 To be oppress'd with Earth or Marble-stone ?
 Or dipt all o're in Honey, or be roll'd
 O're boisterous Waves on Cliffs expos'd to Cold ?

Ay, but he now is snatcht from all his Joys :
 No more shall his chaste Wife, and prattling Boys
 Run to their Dad with eager hast, and strive
 Which shall have the first Kiss, as when alive.
 Ay, but he now no more from *Wars* shall come,
 Bring Peace and Safety to his *Friends* at Home.
 Wretched, O wretched Man ! One fatal Day
 Hath snatcht the vast Delights of Life away !

Thus

Thus they bewail, but go no further on,
 And add, that his Desires and Wants are gone:
 Which if they thought, how soon would *all* give o're
 Their empty causeless tears, and weep no more?
 'Tis true thou sleep'st in Death, and there shalt lie
 Free from all Cares to vast *Eternity*:

But we shall mourn thee still; no length of Years
 Shall overcome our Grief, and dry our Tears.
 Now I would gladly know, Come tell me why,
 Why do'st thou pine with Grief, and weep, and sigh?
 Why do'st thou vex thy self, why beat thy Breast,
 Because thou once must sleep in Death, and rest?

So when the *Jolly Blades*, with Garlands crown'd,
 Sit down to drink, whilst frequent Healths go round,
 Some looking grave, this Observation make;
 All those Delights are short we Men can take:
 Now we enjoy; but gone, we wish in vain,
 In vain desire to call them back again.

As if the greatest Ill i'th' Grave they fear
 Were *Thirst*, or to want Wine, or Garlands there,
 Or any other thing they fantasie here.

Fools! e'en in common Sleep, what Cares molest?
 What thoughts for Life or Health disturb our Rest?
 For Men eternally might still sleep on,
 Free from such Cares, their Rest disturb'd with none:
 Yet then the *Mind* is well, 'tis whole, and lives,
 And aptly moves, nay, and almost perceives,
 Small strokes will wake the Man, and he revives.

Then *Death*, if there can be a less than *Leath*,
 Is troubled less with *Anxious Cares*, than *Rest*:
 Because in *Death*, few parts of *Mind* remain;
 And he that sleeps in Death, ne'er wakes again.

But now if *Nature* should begin to speak,
 And thus with loud *Complaint* our Folly check:

A Protopo-
poeia of
Nature.

Fond *Mortal*, what's the matter thou do'st sigh?
 Why all these *Tears*, because thou once must die,
 And once submit to *strong Mortality*?
 For if the *Race* thou hast already run
 Was pleasant, if with *Joy* thou saw'st the Sun;
 If all thy *Pleasures* did not pass thy Mind
 As thro' a Sieve, but left some *Sweets* behind:
 Why do'st thou not then like a *Thankful Guest*,
 Rise chearfully from *Life's Abundant Feast*,
 And with a quiet Mind go take thy *Rest*?
 But if all those *Delights* are lost and gone,
 Spilt idly all, and *Life* a *Burthen* grown;
 Then why, fond *Mortal*, do'st thou ask for more,
 Why still desire t' increase thy *wretched Store*,
 And wish for what must wast like those before?
 Not rather free thy self from Pains and Fear,
 And end thy *Life*, and necessary *Care*?
 My *Pleasures* always in a Circle run,
 The same *Returning* with the Yearly Sun:
 And thus tho thou do'st still enjoy thy Prime,
 And tho thy Limbs feel not the rage of *Time*,
 Yet I can find no *New*, no *Fresh Delight*;
 The same *Dull Joys* must vex thy *Appetite*,
 Altho thou could'st prolong thy *wretched Breath*
 For numerous Years, much more if free from Death.
 What could we answer, what *Excuses* trust?
 We must confess that her *Reproofs* are just.
 But if a *Wretch*, if one oppress'd by Fate,
 Mourns coming Death, and begs a larger Date,
 Him *She* may freely chide: Forbear thy Sighs,
 Thou *Wretch*, cease thy Complaints, and dry thine Eyes.
 If *Old*; Thou hast enjoy'd the *mighty store*
 Of gay *Delights*, and now canst tast no more;
 But yet, because thou still did'st strive to meet

The

The *absent*, and contemn'st the *present* Sweet,
 Death seems *unwelcome*, and thy Race half run;
 Thy *course of Life* seems ended *when begun*;
 And unexpected hasty Death destroys,
 Before the Greedy Mind is full of Joys.
 Yet leave these Toys, that not befit thine Age,
 New Actors now come on; resign the Stage.
 If thus *she* chides, I think 'tis well enough,
 I think 'tis nothing but a just Reproof;
 For *Rising Beings* still the *Old* pursue,
 And take their place, *Old* die, and frame the *New*:
 But nothing sinks to Hell, and *sulphurous* Flames,
 The *Seeds* remain to make the future *Frazies*:
 All which shall yield to Fate as well as thou,
 And Things sell *heretofore* e'en just as *now*.
 And still Decaying things shall New produce;
 For *Life's* not given to possess, but use.

Those *Ages* that in *long procession* ran,
 And measur'd *hasty Time* e're we began,
 What all to *Us*? From this think farther on.
 And what is *Time* to *Us* when *Life* is gone?
 Beside, what dreadful Things in *Death* appear,
 What *tolerable Cause* for all our Fear?
 What sad, what dismal thoughts do bid *Us* weep?
 Is not a *Quiet* state, and soft as Sleep?

And all which We from *Poets* Tales receive,
 As done *below*, We see e'en whilst alive.

No wretched *Tantalus* (as *Stories* go)
 Doth vainly dread the *Hanging Stone*, below;
 But heavy weights of *superstitious* Care
 Oppress the *Living*, they disturb us here,
 And force us *Chance* and *Future Evils* fear.

No *Titius* there is by the *Eagle* torn,
 No new supplies of *Liver* still are born:

For grant him big enough, that all the *Nine*,
Those Poets Acres, his vast Limbs confine
 To narrow bounds, but let him spread o'er all,
 And let his Arms clasp round the *Watry Ball*;
 Yet how could He endure *Eternal Pain*,
 And how his eaten *Liver* grow again?
 But he is *Titius* here, that lies oppress'd
 With *vexing Love*, or whom *fierce Cares* molest;
 These are the *Eagles* that do *tear* his Breast.

He's *Sisyphus*, that strives with mighty Pain
 To get some *Offices*, but strives in vain;
 Who poorly, meanly begs the *People's Voice*,
 But still refus'd, and ne'er enjoys the Choice,
 For still to seek, and still in *Hopes* devour,
 And never to enjoy desired Power,
 What is it, but to rowl a weighty *Stone*,
 Against the *Hill*, which streight will tumble down?
 Almost at *top*, it must return again,
 And with *swift Force* rowl thro' the *humble Plain*.

Lastly, since *Nature* feeds with gay delight,
 And never fills the greedy *Appetite*;
 Since every Year, with the *Returning Springs*,
 She new Delights, and Joys, and Pleasures brings;
 And yet our Minds, amidst this mighty store,
 Are still unsatisfy'd, and wish for more:
 Sure this they mean, who teach that *Maids* below
 Do *idle Pains*, and *Care*, and *Time* bestow,
 In pouring Streams into a *leaky Urn*,
 Which flow as fast again, as fast return.

The *Furies*, *Cerberus*, black *Hell*, and *Flames*,
 Are *Airy Fancies* all, meer empty Names.
 But whilst we live, the Fear of dreadful Pains
 For *wicked Deeds*, the *Prison*, *Scourge*, and *Chains*,
 The *Wheel*, the *Block*, the *Fire*, affright the Mind,

Strike

Strike deep, and leave a *Constant sting* behind.

Nay, those not felt; the *guilty Soul* presents
These *Dreadful shapes*, and still her self torments,
Scourges, and Stings; nor doth she seem to know
An *End* of these, but Fears more *fierce* below,
Eternal all. Thus *fancied Pains* we feel,
And live as *wretched* here, as if in *Hell*.

But more, to comfort thee :——

Consider, *Ancus* perisht long ago,
Ancus, a better Man by much than *Thou*,
Consider, *Mighty Kings* in Pomp and State,
Fall, and *ingloriously* submit to *Fate*.

Consider, even *He*, that *Mighty He*,
Who *laught* at all the *Threatnings* of the Sea;
That chain'd the *Ocean* once, and proudly led
His *Legions* o're the *fetter'd Waves*, is *dead*.

Scipio, that scourge of *Carthage*, now the Grave
Keeps prisoner, like the meanest *Common Slave*.

Nay, the greatest *Wits*, and *Poets* too, that give
Eternity to others, cease to live :

Homer, their Prince, that *Darling* of the *Nine*,
(What *Troy* would at a second Fall repine,
To be thus sung?) is nothing now but *Fame*,
A lasting, far-diffus'd, but empty *Name*.

Democritus, as feeble *Age* came on,
And told him that 'twas time he should be gone,
(For then his *Mind's* brisk Powers grew weak) he cry'd,
I will obey thy *summons*, *Fate*, and dy'd.

Nay, *Epicurus* Race of Life is run,
That Man of *Wisdom*, who other Men out-shon,
As far as meaner Stars the Mid-day Sun.
Then how dar'st *Thou* repine to die, and grieve,
Thou *Meaner Soul*, thou *dead*, e'en whilst *alive*?
That sleep'st and dream'st the most of Life away:

Another
Comfort a-
gainst Fear
of Death.

Thy Night is full as rational as thy Day;
 Still vext with Cares, who never understood
 The Principles of Ill, nor use of Good,
 Nor whence thy Cares proceed, but reel'st about
 In vain unsettled thoughts, condemn'd to doubt.

Did Men perceive what 'tis disturbs their Rest,
 Whence rise their Fears, and that their thoughtful
 Breast

Is by the Mind's own natural weight oppress'd;
 Did they know *this*, as they all think they know,
 They would not lead *such* Lives as now they do;
 Not know their own Desires, but seek to find
 Strange Places out, and leave this Weight behind.
 One tir'd at Home, forsakes his Stately Seat,
 And seeks some Melancholy close Retreat,
 But soon returns; for prest beneath his load
 Of Cares, he finds no more Content abroad:
 Others, with full as eager hast, retire,
 As if their Fathers House were all on Fire,
 To their small Farm; but yet scarce entred there,
 They grow uneasy with their usual Care,
 Or seeking to forget their Grief, lie down
 To thoughtless Rest, or else return to Town:
 They all do strive to shun themselves; in vain
 For troublesome he sticks close, the Cares remain,
 For they ne'er know the Cause of all their Pain:
 Which if they did, how soon would all give o're
 Their fruitless toys, and study Nature more?
 That is a noble Search, and worth our Care;
 On that depends eternal Hope, or Fear;
 That teaches how to look beyond our Fate,
 And fully shews us all our future state.

Our Life must *once* have end, in vain we flie
 From following Fate, e'en now, e'en now we die.

Life adds no *New Delights* to those possess'd :
 But since the *absent* Pleasures seem the best,
 With wing'd Desire and Hast with those pursue,
 But those enjoy'd, we streight-ways call for new.
 Life, Life we wish, still greedy to live on ;
 And yet what *Fortune* with the *following* Sun
 Will *rise*, what *Chance* will bring, is all unknown.

What, tho a *Thousand* Years prolong thy Breath,
 How can this shorten the long state of Death?
 For tho thy Life shall numerous *Ages* fill,
 The state of Death shall be *eternal* still.
 And he that dies to Day, shall be no more,
 As long as those that perish'd long before.

The End of the Third Book.

LUCRE-

LUCRETIVS.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

I Feel, I rising feel Poetick Heats;
 And now inspir'd, trace o're the *Muses Seats*
Untrodden yet: 'tis sweet to visit first
Untoucht and Virgin Streams, and quench my *Thirst*:
 I joy to crop *fresh Flowers*, and get a Crown
 For *new* and rare *Inventions* of my own;
 So noble, great, and generous the Design,
 That none of all the *Mighty Tuneful Nine*
 E're grac'd a Head with *Laurels*, like to mine.
 For first I teach *Great Things* in *lofty strains*,
 And loose Men from *Religion's* grievous Chains:
 Next, tho my *Subject's* dark, my *Verse* is clear,
 And sweet, with *Fancy* flowing every where.
 And this design'd: For as *Physicians* use,
 In giving *Children* Draughts of bitter Juice,
 To make them take it, tinge the Cup with Sweet,
 To cheat the *Lip*: *This* first they *Eager* meet,
 And then drink on, and take the *Bitter* Draught,
 And so are harmlesly *deceiv'd*, not caught;
 For by such *Cheats* they get their Strength, their Ease,
 Their Vigor, Health, and baffle the Disease.
 So since our *Method* of *Philosophy*

Seem

Seems harsh to *some*, since *most* our Maxims lie;
 I thought it was the fittest way to dress
 These *rigid* Principles in pleasing Verse;
 With Fancy sweetening them, to bribe thy Mind
 To read my Book, and lead it on to find
 The *Nature* of the World, the *Rise* of *Things*,
 And what vast profit too, That Knowledge bring.

Now since 'tis shown, what things *first* *Bodies* are,
 What different Forms, what various Shapes they bear;
 And how they *move*, how *joyn* to make one *Whale*,
 And what's the *Nature* of the *Mind* and *Soul*;
 Of what *compos'd*, how Fate doth break the Chain,
 And scatter it into it's *Seeds* again.

Next (for 'tis time) my *Muse* declares and sings, Of Images.
 What those are we call *Images* of *Things*,
 Which like *thin Films* from *Bodies* rise in *Streams*,
 Play in the Air, and dance upon the Beams,
 By *Day* these meet, and strike our *Minds*, and fright }
 And shew *pale Ghosts*, and horrid shapes by *Night*: }
 These break our sleep, these check our gay delight. }
 For sure no *Airy Souls* get loose, and fly
 From *Hell's dark Shades*, nor flutter in our Sky:
 For what remains beyond the greedy Urn,
 Since *Soul* and *Body* to their *Seeds* return?

A *Stream* of Forms from every *surface* flows,
 Which may be call'd the *Film* or *Shell* of those:
 Because they bear the Shape, they shew the Frame,
 And Figure of those *Bodies* whence they came.
 The *dullest* may perceive, and know 'tis true:
 For *Bodies* big enough for Sense to view,
 Do often rise; some more *diffus'd*, and broak:
 Thus Fire, thus heated Wood doth *breath* forth *smoak*;
 And some more *close*, and *joyn'd*; when Heats begin,
 Some *Insects* seem to sweat, and cast their Skin.

The

The *Heifers* cast the *Membranes* of their *Horns*,
Snakes leave their glittering *Coats* among the *Thorns*,
 A glittering *Coat* each *Tree*, each *Bush* adorns.
We see with Pleasure, what we fled before;
We handle now the Scales, and fear no more.

This proves, that numerous trains of *Images*
 (For why can *these*, and not more *thin* than *these*?)
 From every *surface* flow. For first they lie
 Unchain'd, and loose, and ready for our *Eye*:
 They soon will slip, and still preserve their *Frame*,
 Their *ancient* *Form*, and tell from whence they *came*:
 Nay more, they're *thin*, they on the *surface* play,
 And so *few* *Chains* to break, *few* *Stops* to stay
 Their course, or hinder when they *fly* away.

For now 'tis certain that a numerous store,
 Not only from the *Middle* *Parts*, as 'twas before
 Observ'd, but even from the *surface* rise,
 As *Colours* often *loosned* strike our *Eyes*.
 Thus when pale *Curtains*, or the deeper *Red*,
 O're all the spacious *Theater* are spread,
 Which mighty *Masts* and sturdy *Pillars* bear,
 And the loose *Curtains* wanton in the *Air*:
 Whose *Streams* of *Colours* from the top do flow,
 The *Rays* divide them in their passage thro',
 And stain the *Scenes*, and *Men*, and *Gods* below:
 The more these *Curtains* spread, the pleasing *Dye*
 Rides on the beams the more, and courts the *Eye*;
 The gawdy *Colour* spreads o're every thing,
 All gay appear, each *Man* a *Purple* *King*.
 Since *Curtains* then their *loosned* *Colours* spread,
 Since they can paint the *Under* *Scenes* with red;
 Then every thing can send forth *Images*:
 Those fly from *surfaces* as well as *these*.
 'Tis certain then, that subtle *Forms* do *fly*,

And

And dance and frolick in our lower Skie;
Which single, are too subtle for our Eye.

But now the Odors, Vapors, and thin Smoak,
Fly scatter'd and confus'd, their order brake;
Because whilst they from inward Parts do flow,
And thro' strait winding Pores, and turnings go,
They are disorder'd in their passing thro':
But now these subtle Films of loosned Dyes
What can disorder, as from things they rise,
Since each upon the utmost surface lies?

Thus Forms, which Glass, which limpid Streams restore,
Bearing that Shape, that Dye, the Body wore,
Must be compos'd of fleeting Images

That rise from Things; for why with greater Ease
Can these Forms rise, than some more thin than these?

Then there are subtle Shap/s, like those that Streams,
Or Glass restore on the returning Beams;

In Figure like, but Airy, thin, and light,
And single each, too subtle for our Sight;

Yet coming thick, and in a numerous train,
Reflected from the polish'd Specular Plain,

Can make us see; and that's the reason why
The Forms return again, in Shape, and Dye

So like the Things, and please the curious Eye.

Next learn how subtle and how thin these are:

First then, since Seeds of Things are finer far

Than those that first begin to disappear:

But now to clear this, to confirm the more

The Subtleness of Seeds explain'd before,

And add new Reasons, to the former store;

How many Animals, whose whose middle part,

The sharpest Eye, with all the help of Art

Can't see? Dull Art may throw her Glasses by:

How subtle then the Gut, the Heart, the Eye?

The Subtil-
ty of the
Images.

How

And

How thin each *Little Member* of the Whole,
How *Infinitely* small the Seeds that frame the Soul?

But more——

Opoponax, or *Rue*, that strike the Nose
With *strongest* Smells, or others like to those,
If shaken, *thousand Parts* do flie from thence,
A thousand ways, but *weak*, nor move the *Sense*:
And yet how *subtle*, if compar'd with these,
How thin, what *Nothings* are the *Images*?
How vast the Disproportion 'twixt *these two*?
'Tis more than *Thought* can think, than *Words* can show.

But now, besides those *subtle* Forms that rear
From Bodics, *Thousand new* are fram'd in *Air*,
Fashion'd by *Chance*; and these, when born on high,
Prodigies. Do change their *Shapes*, and wanton in the Sky;
Then joyn in various Forms, grow thick, and move
Like Clouds combin'd, and darken all above:
Hence *Prodigies*, hence some *Gigantick War*
Marshall'd i'th' *Air*, looks dreadful from afar,
And shadows all: Hence Mountains seem to flie,
And scatter'd Rocks cut thro the *wounded Sky*;
Hence other Clouds do *frightful* Creatures show;
We stare amaz'd, and wonder at below.

Next learn——

How soon these *Forms* flie off, how swift they rise:
For something still on every *Surface* lies,
Just ready to depart, and please our Eyes;
This, when on *Rare* and *Thin* Composures tost,
Reflection. For Instance *Cloaths*, it enters and 'tis lost:
On Rocks and Woods 'tis broak; those ne're restore
The Forms, the *Image* then appears no more:
But if 'tis thrown on *dense* and *smooth*, as *Glass*,
It must *return*, those things it cannot pass
As *Cloaths*, nor *break*, because the thing's *polite*;

Hence

Hence *Forms* return from such, and please the Sight :
And hence the polish'd Glass, what e're you place
Before, as swift as thought returns the Face :

Which proves, that *numerous* trains of *Forms* arose,
And such, as the Reflecting *Mirror* shows,
Thin subtle *Images*, all like to those,
Each moment spring ; and hence 'tis justly said,
Their Rise is quick, these *Forms* are quickly made.

As *numerous* Rays must every *Minute* flow
From th' *Sun*, to keep all full of *Light* below ;
So *numerous* *Images* from things must rear,
Each *Minute* rise, and wander thro the *Air* :

Because let *hasty* Hand the *Mirror* place,
This way or thar, yet still we view the Face,
The Colour, Shape, returning from the Glass,

So often when the Heavens serene, and bright,
Look gay and clear, and smile with gawdy *Light* ;
A horrid Cloud streight hides it's glorious Face,
As if the shades of *Hell* had left their place,
And fill'd the arched Skies ; so *thick* the Night,
So *dark* the Clouds appear, so much affright :

And yet how *subtle*, if compar'd to these,

How *thin*, what *Notthings* are the *Images* ?

How vast the Disproportion, 'twixt these two ?

'Tis more than *Thought* can think, than *Words* can show.

Now next, how fast they move, how quick thy fly,

Parting with *swiftest* wings the yielding Sky ;

How they out-strip *dull Time* where e're they go,

How quick, how swift they are in passing thro ;

In *few*, but *sweetest* Numbers, *Muse*, rehearse :

My *few* shall far exceed more *numerous* Verse.

Thus dying *Swans*, tho *short*, yet *tuneful* Voice,

Is more delightful than a World of Noise.

First then, *Experience* tells, that thin and light,

The swiftness of the Images.

And subtle things are fit for hasty Flight ;
 Such is the Ray, that Vapor of the Sun,
 How swift ? *it's Race is finish'd when begun :*
 For they are *thin Composures, almost Seed,*
 And cut the parted Air with greatest speed ;
 No Lets to stop, but when *one part* is gone,
 Another flows, and drives the former on ;
 The Rays still rise in a *continu'd stream,*
 The following lashes on the lazy Beam.
 So far the Reason holds ; the Airy Race
 Of Images must pass a mighty space
 Each point of Time : for first some force behind
 Still drives them on t'out-strip the lingring Wind ;
 Their Texture is so *thin, their Frame so rare,*
 That they can freely enter any where,
 And even penetrate the middle Air.

Besides, if these Composures from Above,
 So swiftly thro the Lower Regions move,
 If in *one Point of Time* the glorious Ray
 Swiftly descends, and shews approaching Day ;
 From Heaven to Earth can take its hasty Flight,
 And gild the distant Globe with gawdy Light ;
 If this so swift, then swifter those that lay
 On Surfaces of Things, which nought could stay,
 No stops could hinder as they flie away :
 Those larger space in that *short* time must flie,
 Whilst the Sun's lazy Beams creep thro our Sky.

Another Instance of their *Swiftness* this : —
 In Bowls of Water set abroad by Night,
 We know that Stars do shed their feeble Light,
 So quick the glorious Ray descends from far,
 And we look downward to behold the Star ;
 Which shews these Images with eager haste
 From Heaven reach distant Earth ; they move so fast,

Before

Before the *present single Now* is past :

Now Time admires, and knows not what to call
The Motion, having no Account so small.

Well then, these *Images* that strike our Eyes,
And make us see, from real things must rise:]

Thus *Odors* rise from *Gums*, a gentle *Breeze*
From *Rivers* flows, and from the *Neighbouring Seas*
Sharp Salts arise, and fret the *Shores* around ;

Thus all the *Air* is fill'd with murmuring sound :
And whilst we walk the *Strand*, and pleas'd to view
The wanton *Waves*, or squeeze and mingle *Rue*,
Or *Salt* or bitter *Tastes* our Tongues surprise ;

So certain 'tis, that *Subtle Parts* arise

From *All*, and wander in the *Lower Skies* ;

These never cease to flow, because the *Ear*,
And *Eye*, and *Nose*, still smell, or see, or hear.

So feel by *Night*, our *Touch* will soon betray
The *Shape*, like that the *Sight* beheld by *Day*.

Well then, the cause whence *Touch* and *Sight* must rise
Is one ; the same affects the *Hands* and *Eyes*.

For thus, if when ith' *Dark* we feel a *Square*,

The *Touch* informs what shape the thing doth bear :

What is it makes us see the *Light* by *Day*,

But the *Square Image* riding on the *Ray* ?

Well then, these *Images* are cause of *Sight*,

And these, all would be dark, all hid in *Night*.

But now these *Images*, these *subtle Streams*

Are scatter'd all around, on all the *Beams* ;

And therefore whereso'ere we turn our *Eye*

(In that alone the *Power of Sight* doth lie)

These *Images* appear, and quickly show

The *Colour*, *Shape*, and tell the *Distance* too :

For these arising from the *Object* seen,

Drive forward all the *Air* that lies between ;

How we
know the
Distance of
Objects.

This

ft,
Before

This stream of *Air* unto the Eye doth flow,
And gently grates the *Ball*, and passes thro;
This shews the *Distance*.——

For as the stream of *Air* that passes by
Is *long*, or *short*, as that doth strike the Eye,
So *far* or *near* the Objects seem to lie:
And this is quickly done, at once we view
The Distant *Thing*, and know the *Distance* too.

But more; No wonder that the Eye descries
The *Things themselves*, altho the Forms that rise
Are *single* far too subtle for our Eyes:
For *Winds* molest, *Cold* makes the Members smart,
And yet what Sense perceives each *single* Part,
What Sense each *Atom* of the Cold and Wind?
None feels the *single* Force, but all conjoyn'd;
Then we perceive the stroak, then Pains commence,
As if *External* Force did wound the Sense.
In *Flints* we press the utmost Part alone,
Yet feel not *that*, that is to *Touch* unknown;
We feel the *Inward* hardness of the Stone.

Why the *I*,
image seems
beyond the
Glass.

Now learn, I'll sing why each reflected Face
Is seen, as if remov'd beyond the Glass;
For so it seems: as when the hindring Door
Imprisons up the *longing* Eye no more,
But opened wide, permits the eager Sight
O're Objects plac'd *without* to take their Flight,
View all around, and revel with Delight.
The Object then by *double Air* is shown,
The *Air* that lies *within* the Gate is one:
And then the Gate it self is plac'd between,
Then th' *outward Air*, and then the Object seen.
Thus when the *Image of the Glass* doth rise,
And makes it's passage *forward* to our Eyes,
It drives before it all the *Air between*,

So *that* is felt before the *Glass* is seen:
 And when we see the polish'd Specular Plain,
 Our Form flies to it, and returns again,
 Still driving on the *Air* that lies between,
 So *that* is felt before the *Face* is seen:
 And that's the cause why each returning Face
 Seems far remov'd, and plac'd beyond the *Glass*.

But more, Returning Forms, that reach the Sight,
 Transpose the Parts, and turn the *Left* to *Right*:
 Because the *Forms* that strike the *Polish'd* Plain,
 Are not restor'd, the same unchang'd again;
 But striking strong, are turn'd a different way.
 This Instance clears it: Take a *Form* of Clay,
 Not yet grown dry, and dash it on a Seat:
 Now if the *Form's* entire, the *Front* retreat,
 And come *behind*, the Parts preserve their Site,
 The *Right* will seem the *Left*, the *Left* the *Right*.

Why Trans-
posed.

But more, Returning *Forms* do often pass,
 And fly from *one* into another *Glass*.
 Thus from one *Single* thing these Plains restore
 Six Images, and often *Ten*, or more:
 Thus let the thing be hid i'th' farthest Cell;
 Yet place the Plains by Art, and set them well,
 The flitting *Images* to *All* will come,
 And all the thing appear in every Room:
 But more; The *Shapes* Transpos'd by th' former Plain,
 Which pass to *others*, there are turn'd again.

Images
from one
Glass to an-
other.

But convex *Glass's* shew the *Body's* site,
 Restoring *Left* as *Left*, and *Right* as *Right*;
 Because the Image is reflected *twice*,
 From *Glass* to *Glass*, and after strikes our Eyes:
 Or else 'tis turn'd about; for that the *Face*
 Is turn'd about; as it doth backward pass,
 We learn e'en from the *Figure* of the *Glass's*.

Convex
Glasses.

But

*Why the
Image
moves.*

But further on; The Image seems to wait
On all our Steps, and imitate our Gate:

For when we move, and leave some Parts o'th' Glass,
The Parts thus left no more return the Face;
For Nature doth by steady Laws ordain,
That when a Form comes on, and turns again,
The Lines make equal Angles with the Plain.

*Fulgid Ob-
jects hurt-
ful.*

The sight a Fulgid Object hates, and flies;
The Sun e'en blinds the bold and prying Eyes:
Because the Rays are strong, and swiftly flie,
And with repeated strokes disturb the Eye;
Thro pure and unresisting Air they fall,
And break the Texture of the injur'd Ball.

Besides, all Objects that are glaring bright
Do hurt, and burn the Eye, and spoil the Sight;
For Flames a thousand hurtful Parts contain,
Which strike the tender Eye, and raise a Pain.

*Why things
seem yel-
low to those
that have
the Jaun-
dice.*

Besides, whatever Jaundice Eyes do view,
Look pale as well as those, and yellow too:
For lurid Parts flie off with nimble wings,
And meet the distant coming forms of Things;
And others lurk within the Eyes, and seize,
And stain with Pale the Ent'ring Images.

*Why we see
Objects
plac'd in
the Light.*

More; tho our Eyes are all inclos'd in Night,
They see those Objects that are plac'd in Light;
Because tho first the nearer darker Air
Doth creep into the Eyes, and settle there,
Streight comes with vigorous Force the shining Ray
To cleanse the Pores, and drive the shades away;
For 'tis more subtle, and more strong than they:
When this hath cleans'd, and open'd every Pore,
Which the dark heavy Air had stop't before,
The Forms of Things come in, they swiftly flie,
And strike, and raise a Motion in the Eye,

But

But now when *We* our selves are plac't ith' light,
The *Objects* in the dark ne't move the sight;
Because a *thicker* Air doth still come on,
A *darker*, as the former dark is gone,
And stops the *Pores*; and thus no *Forms* can rise,
None *move*, and find a *passage* to our Eyes.

Now farther, 'tis by sure *Experience* found,
A *Square*, when seen at distance, seems a *Round*:
Because all *Angles* seem, when seen from far,
Obtuse; or rather, not at all appear:
For as thro' sitting Air the *Forms* do flie,
They're struck and *blinded* in the lower Sky,
And so grow weak, and never move the Eye:
Thus all the *Angles* hid, the Things appear
All *Rund*, (tho' each may be a perfect *Square*,)
Yet not like *perfect Rounds*, and seen when *near*.

And *Shadows* seem to move, to turn, and stay
As *Bodies* do, and *servilely* obey:

Now how can Air only *depriv'd* of Light,
(For *Shadow* is no more, a sudden Night,)
On all the Members various motions wait,
And turn, and imitate her *Bodie's* gate?

But thus it happens, when we walk by *day*,
Our *Bodies* stop the passage of the *Ray*;
But when we *leave* the place, they farther flow,
And their warm *Kisses* on the *Earth* bestow.
And thus the *Shadow* seems to move, to bend,
As *Bodies* do, and all their *Walk* attend;
For still *new* Rays spring from the glorious Sun,
The former dying when their *Race* is run:
And therefore *Earth* is soon *depriv'd* of Light,
And *Rays* as soon come on, and chase the *Night*:
The *Negro-darkness* wash'd becomes a *White*.

And yet here's no *deception* of the Eye,

Why
Squares
seem round.

Why Sha-
dows seem
to move.

The Eye not
deceiv'd.

For 'tis its Office only to descry
 Or *how*, or in *what place* the *Shadow* is ;
 It must not pass the *narrow* bounds of this :
 But if the *Shadows* are the same, or no,
 Whether they *die*, or, as the *Body*, go ;
 'Tis not the office of the *Eye* to know :
 'Tis *Reason's* office That, for that's design'd
 Things *nature*, and *Philosophy* to find ;
 Then fix not on the *Eye* the failures of the *Mind*.

Thus *Ships*, tho driven by a prosperous Gale,
 Seem *fixt* to Sailors, those seem *under sail*
 That lie at *Anchor* safe ; and all admire,
 As they *row by*, to see the *Rocks retire*.

Thus *Stars* seem fastned to the *steady Pole*,
 Tho all with daily constant motion roll ;
 For after they have *climb'd* the tedious *East*,
 Pass thro the *Sky*, fall *headlong* down the *West*.

And so the *Sun* and *Moon* seem *fixt* above,
 Yet sure *Experience* tells us they must *move*.
 And *Rocks* ith' *Seas*, that proudly raise their head,
 Tho far *disjoyn'd*, tho Royal Navies spread
 Their Sails *between* ; yet if from *distance* shown,
 They seem an *Island*, all combin'd in *One*.
 And *Boys* that whirl around, then *cease* to move,
 Think all the *Pillars* dance, and *Roofs* above ;
 So strong the thought, they dread the *tottering* Wall,
 And fear the *Roof* should crush them with the fall.

Thus when *kind Nature* shews her *infant Day*,
 And the *new Sun* peeps forth with *trembling Ray*,
 And loath or fearful to begin the *Race*,
 Looks o're the *Mountains* with a *blushing face* ;
 That *Hill*, o're which the *humble Beams* appear,
 Scorching with neighbouring flames, is often near,
 And we might touch the *Sun* if we were there,

When

When yet the *real* space is vastly wide,
Great tracts of Land, and many a swelling Tide,
The *distant* Sun, and that *near* Hill divide.

Thus little *Puddles* that in Streets do lie,
Tho scarce Inch-deep, admit the searching Eye,
To view as large a space, as Earth and Sky.

Thus when in *rapid* streams my *Horse* hath stood,
And I look't downward on the *rolling* Flood;
Tho *He* stood still, I thought he did divide
The headlong streams, and strive against the Tide,
And all things seem to *move* on every side.

Thus *Courts*, tho *equal* wide, yet seem to bend,
And grow more *narrow* at the distant End;
The Roof *deprest*, the sides seem *joyn'd* in One,
The *wearied* light lost in a darksome Cone.

The Sun from Sea to Sailors seems to rise,
And *set*, for they see only Seas and Skies.

Thus *All* seem to oppose, thus *All* commence
Strong proofs against the certainty of Sense.

Thus *Ignorants*, when plac't on steddly Shores,
Think feeble Ships are row'd with *broken* Oars;
The Rudders *shatter'd* and the Planks appear;
And they are loath to trust their safety there:

Because that part, that lies *above* the Flood,
Seems firm, and strait, and regular, and good;
But that *below* seems broke, and turning up,
Ascends again, and reaches near the top.

And when by Night the Clouds are whirl'd above,
The Moon and glittering Stars do seem to move,
As driven forward by a *secret* force
A different way from their own *Natural* Course.

If any presseth *underneath* his Eyes,
Straight all the Objects *doubled* seem to rise:
Two Lamps appear, when only *One* is brought,

His Wealth seems doubled, and He's rich in Thought;
Each man appears *increast* in Form and Grace,
Almost Geryon with a double Face.

And lastly, when the Eyes with sleep oppress,
And all the Body lies dissolv'd in rest,
The Members seem *awake*, and vigorous still:
Now o're a Plain, now Flood, or shady Hill,
They seem to *move*; and e'en in *darkest* night
They think they see the Sun diffuse his light;
They see him chase the *frighted* Shades away,
And clear a passage for *approaching* day:
They seem to hear a *Voice*, tho' all around
Deep Silence stands, nor bears the *weakest* Sound.

Judgment
errs, not the
Sense.

Against the
Sceptick.

Ten thousand such appear, ten thousand Foes,
To certainty of Sense, and all oppose:
In vain, 'tis *Judgment*, not the *Sense* mistakes,
Which fancy'd Things for *real* Objects takes.
He that says, *Nothing* can be known, o'rethrows
His *own opinion*, for he *Nothing* knows,
So knows not *that*: What need of long dispute?
These *Maxims* kill themselves, themselves confute,
But grant this might be known, and grant he knew;
Yet since He hath discover'd *nothing true*,
What mark, and what *Criterion* then can show,
Or tell what 'tis *to know*, or *not to know*?
Or how could He what *Truth*, what *Falshood* learn?
How, what was *Doubt*, what *Certainty* discern?

Sense can
not err.

From *Sense*, all *Truth* and *Certainty* infer;
In vain some strive to prove that *those* can err;
For that which would *convince*, which would oppose
The *Senses*, must be *surer* far than *those*;
Now what is more to be believ'd than *Sense*,
What? *false* and *erring Reason* rais'd from thence?
Errors in *Parent sense* can *Reason* show,

Errors

Errors, which she from *Sense* alone can know;
 So that if *Sense* be false, then *Reason* too.
 What, can the *Ears* convince the *Eyes*? Can *those*
 Convince the *Hand*, the *Palate*, or the *Nose*?
 Tell them when e're they err, when e're they miss,
 And give false notices? Fond fancy this:
 For each a proper Use and Power enjoys,
 A proper Object every Sense employs.
 Thus: *Heat* and *Cold*, and other Qualities
 Affect the *Touch*, whilst *Colours* strike the *Eyes*,
Oodours the *Smell*, *Sapours* the *Tast*, but none
 Invades anothers Right, usurps his Throne,
 All live at peace, contented with their own.

Well then, from what the other Senses shew,
 In vain we seek to prove one Sense untrue;
 Or from it self: ———

For still we must an equal Credit give
 Unto the same, still equally believe.
 'Tis truth, whatever 'tis that *Sense* declare,
 Tho *Reason* cannot tell thee, why a *Square*
 Should seem a perfect *Round*, when seen from far:
 Better assign a false, than this pretence
 Should overthrow the certainty of *Sense*,
 Question it's truth, rather than *that* should fall,
 On which depends our *Safety*, *Life*, our *All*.
 For now, not only *Reason* is o'rethrown,
 Unless we trust our *Sense*, but *Life* is gone:
 For how can Man avoid the bad, or choose
 What's good for *Life*, unless they follow those?
 Well then, those pompous *Reasons* some afford
 Against our *Sense*, are empty, and absurd.
 But lastly, as in *Building*, if the *Line*
 Be not exact, and *strait*, the *Rule Decline*,
 Or *Level false*, how vain is the *Design*!

Uneven

Uneven, an ill-shap'd and tottering Wall
Must rise, this part must sink, that part must fall,
Because the *Rules* were false that fashion'd All.
Thus *Reason's Rules* are false, if all commence
And rise from failing and from erring Sense.

Hearing.

But now my *Muse*, how proper *Objects* please
The other *Senses* sing; 'tis told with ease.
First then, we *Sounds*, and Voice, and Noises hear,
When seeds of Sound come in, and strike the Ear.
All Sound is *Body*, for with painful force
It moves the Sense, when with an eager course
It scrapes the Jaws, and makes the Speaker hoarse:
The crouding Seeds of Sound, that strive to go
Thro narrow Nerves, do grate in passing thro:
'Tis certain then that *Voice*, that thus can wound,
Is all material; *Body* every *Sound*.

Besides 'tis known, to talk a tedious day,
How much it weakens, what it takes away
From all the Nerves, how all the Powers decay;
But chiefly if 'tis loud, and spoke with noise:
And therefore little Bodies frame the voice,
Because the Speaker loseth of his own,
His weakness tells him many parts are gone.

Whence the
difference
is Sounds.

But more; the *Harshness* in a voice proceeds
From rough, the *Sweetness* from the smoother Seeds;
Nor are the *Figures* of the Seeds alike,
Which from the Grave and murmuring Trumpet strike
To those of dying Swans, whose latest breath
In mournful strains laments approaching Death.

This *Voice*, when rising from the Lungs, it breaks
Thro Jaws and Lips, and all the *Passion* speaks;
The *Tongue* forms into *Words*, with curious Art,
The *Tongue* and *Lips* do fashion every part;
And therefore if the Speaker be but near,

If

If distance *fit*, you may distinctly hear
 Each Word, each Ayr, because it keeps the *frame*
 It first receiv'd, its *figure* still the same :
 But if the space be *great*, thro all the Air
 The sound must flie diffus'd, and perish there :
 And therefore tho we hear a murmuring noise,
 No words; the Air confounds, and breaks the voice.

Besides, *one* Sentence, when pronounc't aloud
 By strong-lung'd *Cryers*, fills the listning Croud,
 Breaks into *many* ; for it strikes them all,
 To every *single* Ear it tells the Tale.

But some parts of the Voice, that miss the Ear,
 Fly thro the Air *diffus'd*, and perish there :
 Some strike on *solid* Buildings, and restor'd
 Bring back again the *Image* of the Word.
 This shews thee why, whilst men thro Caves and Groves *Eschs.*
 Call their *lost* Friends, or *mourn* unhappy Loves,
 The *pyting* Rocks, the *groaning* Caves return
 Their sad Complaints again, and seem to mourn :
This all observe, and I my self have known
 Some Rocks and Hills return *six* words for *one* :
 The *dancing* words from Hill to Hill rebound,
 They all receive, and all restore the sound.
 The *Vulgar*, and the Neighbours think, and tell,
 That there the *Nymphs*, and *Fauns*, and *Satyrs* dwell ;
 And that *their* wanton sport, *their* loud delight
 Breaks thro the *quiet* silence of the Night :
 Their *Musick's* softest Ayrs fill all the Plains,
 And mighty *Pan*, delights the listning Swains ;
 The *Goat-fac'd Pan*, whilst Flocks securely feed,
 With *long hung lip* he blows his Oaten Reed ;
 The horn'd, the half-beast God, when brisk and gay
 With Pine-leaves crown'd, provokes the Swains to play.
 Ten thousand such *Romants* the Vu'gar tell,

Per-

Perhaps lest men should think the Gods would dwell
In *Towns* alone, and from their *Plains*, and *Cell*:
Of somewhat; for Man, *credulous* and *vain*,
Delights to *hear* strange things, delights to *feign*.

*The motion
of Sound.*

Nor is it strange, that things which still deny
An easie *passage* to the *sharpest Eye*,
Thro such the *smallest Voice* and *Sound* can come;
As when we whisper in a *well-clos'd Room*.
Voice can pass *crooked Pores*, but *Rays* reflect,
Unless the *Pores* be *open*, all *direct*,

And every *passage strait*; as 'tis in *Glass*,
Thro which all sorts of *Species* freely pass.

But farther now, *Voices* and *Sound divide*,
And scatter thro the *Air* on every side;
One breaks to *many*, as in darkest *Nights*
One shaken *Spark* will make a *thousand lights*;
And therefore all the numerous *Voids* around
Receive the *Voice*, and each is fill'd with *Sound*:
But now the *visive Rays* scarce e're decline,
They still proceed by the *exactest Line*,
So *Sounds* can pass, where never *Ray* can shine.
But yet such *Sounds*, before they reach the *Ear*,
Grow *weak*, and we for *Words* soft *Murmurs* hear.

Tast.

We *tast* (that's soon explain'd) when *Sapors* wrung
From *Meats* by crushing *Teeth*, immerse the *Tongue*;
When *Juices flowing* from the tender *Meat*
(The tender *Food* oppress'd doth seem to *sweat*)
Bedew the *Palate*, when they spread all o're
The *spongy Tongue*, and stand in every *Pore*.
These *Juices*, if their *Seeds* be *round* and *smooth*,
Tickle, seem *sweet*, and pleasing to the *Mouth*;
But if the *Seeds* are *rough*, as they descend
They hurt the *Nerves*, seem *bitter*, and offend.
The *Sapors* please within the *Mouth* alone;

For

For when the Food's descended farther down,
We tast no more, and all the Pleasure's gone;
So when 'tis in the *Veins*, when every Pore
Is fill'd, we feel not, we are pleas'd no more:
So that it matters not what sorts of Food
Increase the Limbs, and make the Flesh and Blood,
If 'tis digestive, if for Stomach good.

Now I'll explain, why *different* sorts of Meat
Please *different* Men; why that which *one* will eat,
Another loaths; why things yield *sweet* repast
To *one*, but *bitter* to *another* tast.

The difference of
Tasts.

Nay more, so vast the difference, that which proves
Strong Poyson unto *Me*, another loves,
And eats, and lives: Thus *Hemlock* Juice prevails,
And kills a *Man*, but fattens *Goats* and *Quails*.
To know the Cause of this, come search thy Mind,
(Some scatter'd Notions must remain behind)
And look how strongly former Reasons show,
That *Things*, that *Bodies* are compos'd and grow
From *various* Seeds; their *Mixture* various too.

Besides, as *Animals* in outward size
And Frame are various, Seeds, from whence they rise,
Have *various* Shapes; from *different* Shapes, there springs
An *equal* difference in the Pores of *Things*;
So some are *Great*, some *Small*, and others *Square*,
Or *Round*, or *Polygons*, or *Angular*:
For as the *Shapes* are *various* that compose
The frame, so are the Pores, their *Shapes* depend on those.

It follows then, ———
That when *one* Object yields a *sweet* repast
To *one*, but *bitter* to *another* Tast;
He that accounts it *sweet*, perceives the *smooth*
Round Parts that tickle, and that please the Mouth;
But he that thinks it *bitter*, *rough* alone

Q

And

For

And *hooks* doth feel, the *smooth* slide gently down ;
But those with *pointed* hooks, as they descend,
Strike thro, and lance the *Organ*, and offend.

These *Rules* apply'd, each *Single Case* explain,
For Instance, when a Man is torn with Pain,
(Whether from inbred Gall the Fever came,
Or putrid *Air* begot the hurtful Flame,)
The *Organ's* chang'd ; so those which pleas'd before,
Are *loathsome* now, now they delight no more,
Their Figures disagree with every Pore :
But those do most agree, those fit the Part,
Which fret the *injur'd* Nerves, and cause a smart ;
For, as I said before, Seeds *rough* and *smooth*
Lie hid in *every thing*, in *Honey* both,
Or to offend, or to *delight* the Mouth.

Smell.

Now next for *Smell*.

First then 'tis certain, *Streams of Odours* rife
From *every Thing* ; but for their *different* Size,
And *Figures*, they do *differently* agree
To *Animals*. Thus *Honey* strikes the *Bee*,
Tho far remov'd the *Vulture* smells the *slain* ;
The *Hound* with *faithful* Nose pursues the *Train* ;
And *Geese*, *Rome's* Saviours once, perceive a *Man*.
Thus Beasts preserve their Lives, they know their Food
By *Smell*, and fly the *Bad*, but choose the *Good*.

*The Motion
of Odours.*

Odours are *dull*, and those of swiftest wings
(Not to propose the *Images* of things)
Scarce flie so far as feeble *Sounds*, but tost
By *angry* Wind in flitting *Air*, are lost.
For first, the pleasing *Odour* slowly flows
From *inmost* Parts : for that it comes from those,
E'en Common-sense assures ; for *Heat*, or *press*,
For *bruise*, or *break* the Gums, the *Smells* increate.
Besides, ———

It's

It's Parts are *greater* far than Parts of *Voice*,
 (This makes it's flight *more slow*, and short than *Noise*,)
 Because thro *Walls* it cannot freely go,
 Tho *Sounds* can find an easie passage thro.
 And thus 'tis hard to find an *Object* out
 By single *Smell*, but we must trace about ;
 Because the *Odours*, wandering in the *Air*,
 Grow *dull* and *weak*, and lose their Briskness there,
 Nor quickly lead us to the thing that's sought,
 And therefore *Hounds* are often at a fault.

Not only *Sounds*, and *Tasts*, but *Images*,
 And *Colours* different *Eyes* offend, and please.
 Thus when the *Cocks* call forth the Morning Light,
 The fiercest *Lions* cannot bear the Sight,
 Their Courage sinks, and they prepare for flight,
 For *subtle pointed* Particles, that lie
 In *Cocks*, sent forth, offends the *Lion's* Eye ;
 These Pains strait force him turn his Head, and flie.
 Yet these not hurt *our* Eyes, they cause no Pain,
 For they ne're enter, or return again

Thro proper Pores, and so the Skin preserves
 Her *Texture* whole, they never launce the Nerves.

Now farther, (my Delight) my *Muse* will show
 What things do move the *Mind*, and whence they flow.

First then, thin *Images* fill all the *Air*,
 Thousands on every side, and wander there :
 These, as they meet in *various* dance, will twine
 As threds of *Gold*, or *subtle Spiders* line ;
 For they are *thin*, for they are *subtler* far
 Than *finest* things that to the Sight appear :
 These *pass* the Limbs, no narrow Pores Controul,
 They enter thro, and strike the *Airy* Soul.
 Hence 'tis we think we see, and hence we dread
Centaurs, *Scyllas*, and *Cerberus* monstrous Head,

Why *Lions*
 are afraid
 of *Cocks*.

The cause
 of *Imagi-*
nation.

And many empty *Shadows* of the Dead :
 For various *Images* flie every where,
 Some rise from *Things*, and some are form'd in *Air*
 By chance, and some from these combin'd appear.

Why we
 think on
 Monsters.

The Image of a *Centaur* never flew
 From *living Centaurs*, never *Nature* knew,
 Nor bred such *Animals* : but when by chance
 An Image of a Man in various dance
 Did meet an Horse, they both combin'd in one,
 And thus all *monstrous* Images are shown ;
 These *Airy* Images, extreemly thin,
 Pass thro the *Limbs*, and strike the *Soul* within ;
 They move't with Ease, the *Soul* is apt to move,
 And takes Impression from the weakest shove.

That thus 'tis done, is certain. —
 Because the Objects still appear the same
 To *Mind*, and *Eye*, in Colour, and in Frame :
 But now the *Eye* receives some thin, refin'd,
 And subtle *Forms* ; so likewise must the *Mind* ;
 For 'twixt these two this only *Difference* lies,
 The *Mind* sees finer *Objects* than the *Eyes*.

Why these
 Fancies
 seem real.

Thus often, whilst the *Body* lies oppress'd
 With heavy Sleep, the *Mind* seems loos'd from Rest ;
 Because those *Images* do strike and shake
 The *Airy* Soul, as when we were awake ;
 The Stroak's so lively, that we think we view
 The absent Dead, and think the Image true.
 This Cheat must be, because the *Sense* is gone,
 Bound up by Sleep ; for by the *Sense* alone
 Fancied from *Real*, *True* from *False* is known.

Besides, the *Memory* sleeps, soft Rest doth seize
 That Ruling Power, and charms it into Ease ;
 It lies unactive, dull, nor can controul
 The Errors of the *Mind*, nor tell the *Soul*

That

That these are dead, whom her vain *Thoughts* believe
From cheating *Images* to see alive.

Besides, no wonder that these *Forms* should seem
To move, as often in a vigorous *Dream*
They seem to dance; for when the first is gone,
And streight another rises, streight comes on,
The former's Site seems chang'd; 'tis quickly done
So swift, so numerous are the *Forms* that rise,
So quickly come, so vast the new supplies.

A thousand weighty *Queries* more remain,
Ten thousand more, which we must all explain,
Ten thousand more, or else our Search is vain.

First then, 'tis askt, Why Men with so much *Ease*,
Can think on any *Object*, what they please.

Why we can
think on
what we
will.

For what? Are the *Obedient Forms* at Hand,
And wait what our *Imperious Wills* command,
And streight present what e're the *Will* desires,
Whether 'tis *Heaven*, or *Earth*, or *Seas*, or *Fires*;
Wars, *Senates*, *Battles*, *Fights*, or *Pomp*, and *State*?
Doth *Nature* these, as she commands, create?

Since fixt in one, one *constant* place, the *Mind*
Can think on *Various* things on *Different* kind.
And why the *Images* with wanton pace
Can see to move and dance? Why's every *Grace*
And *Measure* kept, why do they clasp their *Arms*?
And to'ss their *Legs*, and shew a thousand *Charms*?
What have these *Wantons* skill, they thus delight
To shew their *Fairy Tricks*, and dance by *Night*?

Or rather, cause each *Part*, each *single* now
Of *Running Time*, as *Reason* seems to show,
Hath numerous *Parts*, and so in shortest *space*
Ten thousand *Forms* may flie thro every place,
Different, and various, here and there may rove,
So numerous are they, and so swift they move.

But

But since these Forms are *subtle* and *refin'd*,
 They are too thin to be perceiv'd by *Mind*,
 Unless she sets her self to think, and pry,
 Contracting close her Intellectual Eye;
 But this not done, the fleeting Images,
Unseen, unthought on, and unheeded, cease.
 But when she seeks to know, contracted close,
 She pries upon the thing, and therefore knows.
 Thus when the curious Eye designs to view
 An Object *subtle*, and *refin'd*, and new,
 Unless contracted close she strictly pries;
 In vain she strives; the *Object* escapes the Eyes.

Nay e'en in plainest *Things*, unless the *Mind*
Takes heed, unless she sets her self to find,
 The *Thing* no more is *seen*, no more *below'd*,
 Than if the most obscure, and far remov'd.
 What wonder then, if *Mind* the *Rest* should lose,
 And only what she strives to know, she knows?

And often too, a Form of *different* Kind
 From what it seem'd before, affects the *Mind*,
 And strikes the *Fancy*. Thus the Form that came
 A *Man* before, is chang'd; in different Frame
 Presents a *Woman*, now to our Embrace,
 Or shews some other Change in *Age*, or *Face*.
 Yet 'tis not strange, that monstrous Forms commence
 I'th *Fancy*, when soft Sleep hath lull'd the Sense
 And Memory; so that Neither can controul
 The Erring *Thoughts*, Neither direct the *Soul*.

The Limbs
 not made
 for proper
 uses.

But now avoid their gross Mistakes, that teach
 The Limbs were made for *Work* a *Use* for *Each*;
 The *Eyes* design'd to *See*, the *Tongue* to *Talk*,
 The *Legs* made strong, and knit to *Feet*, to *Walk*;
 The *Arms* fram'd long, and firm, the *Servile Hands*
 To work, as *Health* requires, as *Life* commands:

Book IV.

Lucretius.

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And so of all the rest, what e're they feign,
 What e're they teach, 'tis None-sense all, and vain.
 For *Proper Uses* were design'd for none,
 But all the Members fram'd, each made his own.

No *Light* before the *Eye*, no *Speech* was found
 Before the *Tongue*, before the *Ears* no *Sound*.
 In short, the *Working Seeds* each *Limb* create
 Before it's *Use*; so 'tis not fram'd for *That*.

We knew to *Fight* before the help of *Art*,
 To *bruise* and *wound*, before we fram'd a *Dart*;
 And *Nature* taught us to avoid a *Wound*,
 Before the *Use* of *Arms* and *Shields* was found.
 Before a *Bed* e'en *Nature* threw us down
 To *Rest*, we *drunk* before a *Cup* was known.
 These various things *Convenience* did produce,
 We thought them fit, and made them for our *Use*,
 Thus these, and thus our *Limbs* and *Senses* too
 Were form'd, before that any *Mind* did know
 What *Office* 'twas that they were fit to do.

Well then, 'tis fond to think that these began,
 For proper *Uses* made, bestow'd on *Man*.

What wonder is't, that *Bodies* ask for *Meat*,
 That *Nature* prompts an *Animal* to eat?
 For I have taught before, how thousand ways
 Small *Parts* flie off, and every thing *decays*;
 But more from *Labouring Animals* retreat,
 More inward parts flie off in *Breath* and *Sweat*;
 And so the *Body* wasts, and *Nature* fails,
 The *Strength* decays, and *Grief* and *Pain* prevails;
 And therefore *Meat's* requir'd, a new *Supply*,
 To fill the *Places* of the *Parts* that die,
 Recruit the *Strength*, allay the furious *Pain*,
 And stop each *gaping Nerve*, each *hungry Vein*.
 And The *Cooling Drink* to every part retreats

Thirst and
Hunger.

That

That wants the Moisture; and the numerous Heats
 That burn, and fire the *Stomach*, flie before
 The coming Cold, and we are scorcht no more.
 Thus *Drinks* descend, and thus they wash away
 Fierce *Thirst*; thus *Meats* do *Hunger's* Force allay.

Why Men
 can move
 when they
 please.

The Will.

And next I'll sing, why Men can move; can run
 When e're they please; what force the Members on;
 What move the dull *Unactive* weight, and bear
 The Load about; you with attention hear.

First then, the *subtle Forms*, extreemly thin;
 Pass thro the Limbs, and strike the *Mind* within;
 That makes the *Will*: for none pretends to do,
 None strives to act but what the *Mind* doth know:
 Now what the *Mind* perceives, it only sees
 By *thin*, and very *subtle Images*:

So when the active *Mind* designs to move
 From place to place, it gives the *Soul* a shove,
 The *Soul* spread o'er the Limbs; ('tis quickly done,
 For *Soul* and *Mind* are joyn'd, and make up one,)
 That strikes the *Limbs*, so all is carried on.

But more than this, the *Body* then grows rare,
 The *Pores* are open, and the flitting Air,
 As 'tis in Motion still, must enter there:
 This spreads o're all, and both these things combin'd
 Force on the *Limbs*, as *Ships* both *Oars* and *Wind*.
 Nor is it strange such Little Parts should shove
 The heavy *Mass* of *Limbs*, and make them move,
 And turn them; for unseen and suble Gales
 Drive forward heavy *Ships* with labouring Sails;
 And yet when these rush on with mighty Force,
 One *Hand* may turn the Helm, and change the Course;
 And *Engine's* Pullies too with ease can rear
 The greatest weights, and shake them in the Air.

Sleep.

Now how soft Sleep o're all spreads thoughtless Rest,

And

And frees from anxious cares the *troubled* breast,
 In few but *sweetest* Numbers, *Muse* rehearse;
 My *few* shall far exceed more *numerous* Verse.
 Thus dying *Swans*, tho' *short*, yet *tuneful* voice,
 Is more delightful than a world of Noise.
 You entertain my words with willing mind,
 And listening ears; lest what my *Muse* design'd
 Should seem *absurd*, *impossible* to be,
 And *Truth* be slighted, whilst the fault's in *Thee*,
 And *wilful blindness* will not let thee see.

First then,

When the *divided* Soul flies *part* abroad,
 And *part* oppress'd by an unusual Load,
 Retiring *backward*, closely lurks within,
 Then *Sleep* comes on, and *Slumbers* then begin:
 For then the Limbs grow weak, soft Rest doth seize
 On all the Nerves; they lie dissolv'd in Ease.
 For since *Sense* rises from the *Mind* alone,
 And all the *Sense* is lost as *sleep* comes on;
 Since heavy *Sleep* can stop, dull *Rest* controule
 The *Sense*, it must divide, and break the *Soul*;
 Some parts must *fly* away, but some must keep
 Their seats *within*, else 'twould be *Death*, not *Sleep*:
 For then no subtle *Atoms* of the *Mind*,
 No little substance would be left behind;
 As *Sparks* in *Ashes*, which might well compose
 Restored *Sense*, as flames arise from *those*.
 But now I'll sing what 'tis that breaks the *Soul*,
 What spreads enfeebling *Rest* o're all the *Whole*,
 And why the Bodies lie dissolv'd in ease.

How the
Soul is dis-
solved in
Sleep.

Great things! You carefully attend to these.
 First then, the *Surfaces* of things must bear
 The constant impulse of the *neighbouring* Air,
 Still vex'd, still troubled with external blows;

R

And

And therefore *Shells*, or *Rinds*, or *Films* enclose,
 Or *Skin*, or *Hair*, on every Body grows.
 Besides, our Breath when drawn, in that short stay
 Grates off some *inward* parts, and bears away
 In it's return again it's conquer'd prey.
 Since then our *Limbs* receive, and since they bear
 These strokes *within*, *without*, and *every where*;
 Since some creep thro the *Pores*, and strive to breed
 Confusion there, and disunite the Seed;
 The *Bodies* strength must fail by just degrees,
 It's *vigor* weakned by enfeebling Ease,
 Some *Soul* they drive away, and some they press,
 Drive deeper in, and shut in close Recess;
 Some parts spread o're the *Limbs*, no more combine,
 Nor with the *others* in friendly motion joyn,
 For *Nature* stops the passages between.
 Now since the *Atoms* different ways are tost,
 And lose their *usual* course, their *sense* is lost;
 And when that *prop* is gone, the *Lids* must fall,
 The *Limbs* grow dull, and *weakness* spread o're all.
 Thus after Meals we sleep, because the *food*,
 Spread thro the *Veins*, and mingled with the Blood,
 Doth only what the Air did use to do;
 For That doth press the Soul, and break it too.
 So after labour, or with toyl oppress,
 Or *Bellies* full, we take the *founder* Rest:
 For then the *Atoms* of the *Mind* retreat
 The farther in, and take the deeper fear,
 And more *flie* off, more substance of the Soul,
 And those *within* to distant spaces roll,
 More scatter'd and divided o're the Whole.

Dreams.

But more, what *Studies* please, what most delight,
 And fill Mens thoughts, they dream them o're
 Night;

IV.

The *Lawyers* plead, make *Laws*, the *Souldiers* fight;
The *Merchant* dreams of *Storms*, they hear them roar,
And often *shipwrack* leap, or swim to Shore:

I think of *Natur's* powers, my *Mind* pursues
Her Works, and e'en in Sleep invokes a *Muse*:

And other *Studies* too, which entertain
Mens waking thoughts, they dream them o're again.

So those that with continu'd sport and play
Make the dull troublesome time flie fast away;

The Objects, tho remov'd, yet leave behind
Some secret Tracts and Passage thro the Mind,
And fit for Images of the same kind:

Before their waking Eyes those sports appear,
They see the *Wantons* dance, and seem to hear

The speaking strings breath forth the softest Ay.

The same Companion still, the same Delight,

And the same painted Scenes still please the sight,

So strong is Use, such Custom's power confest;

And not in thoughtful Man alone, but Beast!

For often, sleeping Racers pant and swear,

Breath short, as if they ran their second Heat;

As if the Barrier down, with eager pace

They stretcht, as when contending for the Race.

And often Hounds, when Sleep hath clos'd their Eyes,

They toss, and tumble, and attempt to rise:

They open often, often snuff the Air,

As if they prest the footsteps of the Deer;

And sometimes wak't pursue their fancy'd prey,

The fancy'd Deer, that seems to run away,

Till quite awak't, the follow'd Shapes decay.

And softer Curs, that lie and sleep at home,

Do often rouse, and walk about the Room,

And bark, as if they saw some Strangers come.

But now, those Images, whose Forms comprise

Beasts
dream

Frightful
Dreams

Rough Seeds, from such the *frightful* Dreams arise.
 Thus *Birds* will *start*, and seek the Woods by night
 When e're the *fancy'd* Hawk appears in fight,
 When e're they see his *wing*, or hear him fight.

Besides, what raise *Heroick* Thoughts in Men?
 E'en such are often rais'd in Dreams: For then
 They fight, are taken *Captive*, and rebel,
 They shour, and groan, as if the *Victor* fell:
 Some *strive*, some *weep*, some *sigh*, and oft afraid
Pursu'd or *torn* by Beasts, cry out for aid:
 Some talk of *State Affairs*, and some betray
 Those *Plots*, their treacherous minds had fram'd by day:
 Some flie from *following death*, and others thrown
 From lofty *Pinacles*, sink headlong down;
 But waking, tho they know themselves abus'd,
 Yet are their Powers, their Spirits so confus'd,
 They lie half dead in deep amaze, remain
 Thoughtless, and scarce recover Sense again.
 Others, when *Thirsty*, fancy *purling* streams,
 Sit down, and quaff the River off in Dreams:
 And those, whose Blood boyls high, whom vigorous Age
 Hath fill'd with *Seed*, and fir'd with *lustful* Rage.
 It pleasing Dreams present a *beauteous* Face,
 How hot his Blood, how eager to embrace!
 Nay oft, as in the *Fury* of the Joy,
 The flowing Seed pollutes the *Amorous* Boy.

Cause of
Love.

Love rises then, when from a *beauteous* Face
 Some *pleasing* Forms provoke us to embrace
 Those *Bawds to Lust*, when with a *tickling* Art
 They gather turgent seed from every part,
 And then provoke it: Then rise *fierce* desires,
 The *Lover* burns with strong, but pleasing fires;
 Those often are pursu'd by *following* Care,
Distracting Thoughts, and often deep Despair.

Nay

Nay tho the pleasing *Object* is remov'd,
 Altho we do not view the Thing belov'd,
 Yet *Forms* attend; or if we chance to hear
 Her *Name*, *Love enters with it at the Ear*.

But 'twill be wise, and prudent to remove,
 And banish all incentives unto Love,
 And let thy Age, thy vigorous Youth be thrown
 On *All* in Common, not reserv'd for *One* :
 For That breeds cares and fears, That fond disease,
 Those raging Pains, if nourisht, will increse :
 Unless you fancy *every* one you view,
 Revel in Love, and cure *old* wounds by *new*.

*A caution
 against
 Love.*

Nor do those miss the *Joy*, who *Love* disdain,
 But rather take the *sweet* without the *pain* ;
 Nay they have greater Sweets, whilst Lovers Arms
 Shall clasp their *Dears*, whilst they behold their Charms.
 Strait Doubts arise, their careful Mind's employ'd,
 Which *Sweets* must first be rifled, which enjoy'd :
 What they desir'd, they hurt ; and 'midst the bliss
 Raise pain ; when often with a furious Kiss
 They wound the balmy Lip ; this they endure
 Because the Joy's not perfect, 'tis not pure :
 But still some *sting* remains, some fierce desire
 To hurt what ever 'twas that rais'd the fire :
 But yet the *pains* are *few*, they quickly cease,
 The *mixt delight* doth make the hurt the less.

Perhaps they hope, that She that *stroke* the same,
 Can *heal*, that She that *rais'd* can *stop* the flame.
 Fond fancy this in *Love* ! We ne're give o're ;
 The more we know, and have, we wish the more,
 'Tis true, because the *Meat* and *Drink*'s convey'd
 To proper *Vessels*, Thirst and Hunger's staid :
 But now from *Beauty*, now from *Forms* that please,

What

What comes but *thin* and *empty* Images?
 E'en such as *He* enjoys, that drinks in Dreams,
 His *Thirst* increaseth 'midst the fancied streams:
 So *Love* deludes *poor men*, their covetous Eye
 What *long*, what *frequent* sights can satisfy!
 What from the *tender* limbs with wanton play,
 And *amorous* touch, poor *Lovers* bring away?
 Nay e'en in the *Embrace*, whilst both employ
 Their strength, and *Bodies* feel the coming joy;
 Tho then they twine, and bill like loving Doves,
 Tho *ardent* breathings fire each other's Loves;
 In vain, fond Fools, they cannot mix their Souls,
 Altho they seem to try, in *amorous* Rolls
 So strictly twin'd, till all their *powers* decay,
 And the *loose* airy *Pleasure* slips away:
 Then a short *pause* between, and then returns
 The same *fierce* lust, the same *fierce* fury burns;
 Whilst they *both* seek, whilst they *both* wish to have
 What e're their *wanton* fancies, *wanton* wishes crave.
 For *this* no cure, for *this* no help is found;
 They waste, and perish by a *secret* wound.

Besides, they waste their strength, their *vigour* kill,
 And live *poor* Slaves unto *another's* Will.
 Debts they contract apace, their *Money* flies;
 Their *Fame*, their *Honour* too grows sick, and dies.
 Rich *Shoes*, and *Jewels* set in *Gold*, adorn
 The *Feet*, the richest *Purple* Vests are worn:
 The *Wealth* their *Fathers* toil'd, and fought to gain,
 Now buys a *Coat*, a *Miter* or a *Chain*.
 Great *Shows*, and *Sports* are made, and *Royal* Feasts,
 Where *choicest* Meats and *Wines* provoke the Guests;
 Where *gawdy* Tapestry, and *Odours* spread
 O're all the *Room*, and *Crowns* grace every *Head*.
 In vain: for still some *bitter* Thought destroys

His *fancy'd* Mirth, and *poysons* all his Joys:
 Perhaps some *doubtful* Word torments his Mind,
 Sinks deep, and wounds, and leaves a *sting* behind:
 Perhaps he thinks his *Mistress* wanton Eyes
 Glote on his Friend, perhaps faint Smiles he spies:
 Such mischiefs happen e'en in *prosperous* Love.
 But those that *cross* and *adverse* Passion prove,
 Those wretched *Lovers* meet ten thousand more,
 (Ten Thousand scarce can measure the vast store)
 So obvious all, that with the strictest Care
 'Tis good to keep my *Rules*, and shun the Snare;
 'Tis easier to avoid, than break the Chain,
 When once intrapt, or be redeem'd again,
 The Nets are strong, and we may strive in vain.

Nay tho *securely* caught, you may be free
 Again, unless you are resolv'd to be
 A *willing* Slave; and from your thoughts remove
 The faults in *Mind* and *Face* of her you love:
 For often, Men quite blind by fond desire,
 First think their *Loves* great *Beauties*, then *admire*:
 Their *powerful* working *Fancy* still supplies
 With *borrowed* shapes, and *flattering* disguise,
 The meaner *Beautie's* great necessities,
 Hence 'tis that *ugly* Things in *fancy'd* dress
 Seem *gay*, look fair to *Lovers* *Eyes*, and *please*.

The *Black* seems *Brown*; the *Nasty*, *Negligent*,
 Onl ey'd like *Pallas*, and my *Heart's* content;
 The little *Dwarf* is *pretty*, *Grace* all o're;
 The *vast*, *surprising*, and we must adore;
 The *stammering*, *lisps*, the *Lover* thinks he hears
 The broken sounds breath'd forth in softest *Ayrs*:
 She's *Modest* if she's *Dumb*, and nought can say;
 The *fierce* and *pratling* Thing is *brisk* and *gay*:
 She's *Thin*, if *Hectick*, and but one remove

From

From Death; the *Meager* is my slender Love:
 The *great* and *swelling Breast* like *Ceres* is,
 The *big* and *hanging Lip* a very *Kiss*.

Ten thousand such: but grant the *sweetest Face*,
 Grant each part *lovely*, grant each part a *Grace*,
 Yet others *equal Beauties* do enjoy,
 Yet we have liv'd before without this *Toy*:
 Yet she is *base*, yet she *perumes*, to hide
 Her *natural* smell, her Maids on every side
 Stand off, and *smile*, and *waggishly* deride.

Nay, tho a Lover, when deny'd the bliss,
 Stands long, and waits, and warms with *sofning Kifs*,
 The less *obdurate Gate*, tho then he pours
 His *Oyntments* on, and *Crowns* the Gates with flowers:
 Yet when admitted, when, no longer coy,
 The *Mist* provokes the *eager* fool to joy;
 Then *every* thing offends, he fancies none,
 But seeks some *fit excuses* to be gone,
 Then he forgets the *Stories* he Design'd,
 Nor tells how much her *Coldness* vext his Mind,
 Nor sighs, and *why my Dear was you unkind*?
 Then grieves, he gave to her that *awful Love*,
 He only ow'd to the great *Powers* above.

And this our *Misses* know, and strive to hide
 Their faults from those (the covering's decent pride)
 Whom they would *cheat*, and bind to an Amour;
 Tho foul *behind*, they look all *bright* before.
 In vain: for thou canst understand the cheat,
 Discover, and know their *Wiles*, and gross deceit:
 Nay if she's *free*, if not designs to vex
 Nor cross thy Courtship, or thy thoughts perplex,
 She'll shew the *common* failures of her Sex.

Why the
 Child like
 the Parents.

The *Child* still bears the form, whose Seed prevails;
 If *Mothers*, *Hers*; if *Fathers*, then the *Males*:

But

But those that shew a part of either Face,
 Are made of Seeds, whose friendly Powers embrace,
 When neither this nor that prevails, and forms the
 And oft with Joy indulgent Fathers view'd [Mafs,
 The Grandfire's Image in their Sons renew'd;
 Because the little Mafs of Seed remains
 Entire and whole within the Father's Veins,
 Which from the Grandfire fell; this *Venus* takes,
 Of this a likeness in the shapes she makes;
 She imitates the Grandfire's Voice, or Hair,
 His Smile, or some peculiar *Grace*, and *Air* :
 For these on proper Seeds depend, and rise
 From proper Shapes, as well as Hands or Eyes.

Why like
 the Grand-
 fathers.

The *Males* and *Females* Seed agree to make
 The tender *Young*, of both the *Young* partake;
 But yet that Sex the *Young* resembles most,
 That hath more powerful Seed, more Vigorous Lust.

Of Barren-
 ness.

Nor do the *Gods* Decree, nor *Thoughts* imploy,
 Which *Mortal* shall, which shall not get a Boy,
 As some believe; and therefore sacrifice,
 Whilst Clouds of *Incense* from the *Altars* rise,
 Make Vows, and Prayers, Temples, and Altars build,
 To please the angry *Gods*, and beg a Child.
 Fond fooling this to Court the *Powers* above,
 They sit at Ease, and never mind our Love.

But Male and Female, tho they oft embrace,
 In vain endeavour to increase their Race,
 If either Seed's too *subtle*, *thin*, and *fine*,
 Or else too *gross* and dull for that design:
 For if too *thin*, the Vessels ne're retain
 The Seed receiv'd, it strait flows out again,
 And all the kind Endeavour is in vain;
 But if too *gross* and dull, it moves but slow,
 And little Pores refuse to let it thro,

S

Or

Or it lies fullen there, unfit to breed,
Nor kindly mixes with the Female Seed:
For *All* not fit with *All*. Thus some do prove
Unfruitful after many Years of *Love*,
Tho they have often prov'd the *Nuptial* Joy,
And strove, but all in vain, to get a Boy:
Yet by a Second Husband's apt Embrace
They quickly bear a fair and numerous Race,
And the *Decaying* Families Increase;
They see their Sons grow strong with Youthful Rage,
The Joy and Comfort of their feeble Age.

The End of the Fourth Book.

LUCRE-

LUCRETIVS.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

WHAT *Verse* can soar on so sublime a Wing,
As reaches his Deserts? What *Muse* can sing
As He requires? What *Poet* now can raise

A stately Monument of lasting Praise,
Great as His Vast Deserts, who first did show
Those useful Truths, who taught us first to know
Nature's great Powers? 'Tis more than Man can do.

The Praise
of Epicu-
rus.

For if we view the Mighty Things He show'd,
His Useful Truths proclaim, He was a God;
He was a God, who first reform'd our Souls,
And led us by Philosophy, and Rules,
From Cares and Fears, and melancholy Night,
To Peace, to Joy, to Ease, and shew'd us Light.
For now compare what other Gods bestow.

Kind Bacchus first the pleasing Vine did show,
And Ceres Corn, and taught us how to plough:
Yet Men might still have liv'd without these two,
They might have liv'd as other Nations do.

But what content could Man, what Pleasure find,
What Joy in Life, whilst Passions vex the Mind?
Well then, That Man is more a God than these,
That Man, that shew'd us how to live at Ease,

That Man that taught the World *Delight* and *Peace*.
 His useful Benefits are rais'd above
Alcides Acts, that greatest Son of *Jove*.
 For tell me how the fierce *Nemean* Roar
 Could fright us now? How could th' *Arcadian* Boar,
 The *Cretan* Bull, the Plagues of *Lerna's* Lakes,
 The poysonous *Hydra* with her numerous Snakes?
 How could *Geryon's* Force, or triple Face,
 How *Diomed's* fiery Horse, those Plagues of *Thrase*?
 How could the *Birds*, that o're *Arcadian* Plains
 With crooked Talons tore the frighted Swains,
 Offend us here? Whom had the *Serpent* struck,
 Mighty in *Bulk*, and terrible in *Look*,
 That arm'd with Scales, and in a dreadful Fold
 Twin'd round the Tree, and watcht the growing Gold,
 Remov'd as far as the *Atlantick* Shore,
 Desarts untrod by us, or by the *Moor*?
 Those others too that fell, and rais'd his Fame,
 That gave him this diffus'd and lasting Name,
 And made him rise a *God* from *Oeta's* Flame
 Had they still liv'd, what mischief had they done?
 Whom had they torn, whom frighted? Surely none.
 For now, e'en now, vast Troops of Monsters fill
 Each thick and darksom Wood, each shady Hill:
 Yet who complains, yet who their *Jaws* endure?
 For Men may shun their Dens, and live secure.
 But had not His *Philosophy* began,
 (What had not *Man* endur'd, ingrateful *Man*?)
 And cleans'd our Souls, what Civil Wars, what Cares
 Would fierce *Ambition* raise; what pungent Fears?
 How *Pride*, *Lust*, *Envy*, *Sloth*, would vex the Mind?
 Well then, that *Man*, who thus reform'd our Souls,
 That slew these *Monsters*, not by *Arms*, but *Rules*.
 Shall We, ingrateful We, not think a *God*?

Especially since *He* Divinely shew'd
 What Life the *Gods* must live; and found the Cause
 And Rise of things, and taught us *Nature's* Laws.

His steps I trace, and prove, as *Things* begun,
 By the *same* Laws and Nature they live on,
 And fail at last, loose all their Vital Ties;
 But chiefly, that the *Soul* is born, and dies;
 And that those shadows, which in Dreams appear,
 And forms of Friends, and perish't *Heroes* bear,
 Are but *lapse* shapes, by Fancy wrought in *Air*.

Now I must reach, the *World*, as *Years* prevail,
 Must die, this Noble Frame must sink and fail;
 And how at first 'twas form'd, what various blows
 Made Seed, *Earth*, *Seas*, *Sun*, *Heaven*, and *Stars* compose,
 What living Creatures did, what never rose:

How *Leagues*, and how *Society* began,
 What *civiliz'd* the *savage* Creature Man;
 Whence sprang that mighty Dread of Powers above,
 That Reverence, that Awful Fear and Love,
 Which first *Religious* Duties did engage,

And now secures their *Holy* things from rage,
 How towards both Poles the *Sun's* fixt journey bends
 And how the Year his crooked walk attends;
 By what just steps the *wandering* Lights advance,
 And what *Eternal* Measures guide the Dance;

Lest some should think their *Rounds* they freely go,
 Scattering their *servile* Fires on things below,
 On *Fruits* and *Animals* to make them grow;
 Or that some *God* doth whirl the circling *Sun*,
 And fiercely lash the *Fiery* Horses on:

For ev'n those few *exalted* Souls, that know
 The *Gods* must live at Ease, not look below,
 Free from all meddling Cares, from Hate and Love;
 If they admire, if view the *World* above,

And

And *wonder* how those glorious Beings move,
 They are intrapt, they bind their *slavish* Chain,
 And *sink* to their *Religious* Fears again;
 And then the World with *Heavenly* Tyrants fill,
 Whose *Force* is as unbounded as their *Will*.

Deluded *Ignorants*! who ne'er did see
 By *Reason's* Light what *can*, what *cannot* be;
 How every thing must yield to fatal *Force*,
 What *steddy* Bounds confine their *Natural* Course.

*The World
 mortal.*

But now to prove all this: First cast an *Eye*,
 And look on all *below*, on all on *high*:
 The *solid* *Earth*, the *Seas*, and *arched-Sky*;
 One fatal Hour (Dear Youth) must ruin all,
 This *Glorious* Frame, that stood so long, must fall.
 I know that this seems *strange*, and *hard* to prove,
 (Strong *hardned* Prejudice will scarce remove)
 And so are all things *new*, and unconfin'd
 To *Sense*, nor which thro' *that* can reach the *Mind*;
 Whose Notice *Eye*, nor *Hand*, those only ways
 Where *Science* enters, to the *Soul* conveys.
 And yet I'll sing: Perchance the *following* Fall
 Will *prove* my Words, and shew 'tis *Reason* all:
 Perhaps thou soon shalt see the *sickning* World
 With strong *Convulsions* to *Confusion* hurl'd;
 When every *Rebel* *Atom* breaks the Chain,
 And all to *Primitive* *Night* return again.
 But *Chance* avert it! Rather let *Reason* shew
 The *World* may fall, than *Sense* should prove it true.

But now before I teach these *Truths* more sure
 And certain *Oracles*, and far more pure
 Than what from trembling *Pythia* reacht four Ears,
 I'll first propose some *Cure* against thy Fears:
 Lest *Superstition* prompt thee to believe,
 That *Sun* and *Moon*, that *Seas* and *Earth* must live,

Are

Are *Gods Eternal*, and above the rage,
And powerful *Envy* of devouring Age.
And therefore those whose impious Reasons try
(More bold than those fond Fools that storm'd the Sky)

To prove the *World* is *Mortal*, and may die,
That *Orbs* can fall, the *Sun* forsake his *Light*,
And buried lie, like meaner things, in Night,
Calling that *Mortal* which is *All Divine*,
Must needs be damn'd for their profane Design.

*The World
not an Ani-
mal.*

For *these* are so unlike the *Gods*, the *Frame*
So much unworthy of that *Glorious Name*,
That neither lives, nor is an *Animal*;
That neither feels; *dull* things, and *senseless* all.
For *Life* and *Sense*, the *Mind* and *Soul* refuse
To joyn with *all*: their *Bodies must be fit for Use*.

As *Heaven* does bear no *Trees*, no *Stars* below;
As *Stones* no *Blood*, no *Fishes* *Mountains* know,
But each hath proper place to rise and grow:
So neither *Souls* can rise without the *Blood*,
And *Nerves*, and *Veins*, and *Bones*; for grant they cou'd,
Then thro one *single Part*, as *Arms*, or *Head*,
Twould first be fram'd, thence o're the other spread:

As *Water* into *Vessels* pour'd doth fall,
First to *One part*, then rise and cover *All*.
But since 'tis certain, that a *Proper* place
Is settled for the *Life* and the *Increase*
Of *Mind* and *Soul*; 'tis Folly to believe
That they can rise without *fit Limbs*, or *live*;
Or be in *flitting Air*, or *abiding Seas*,
Or *Earth*, or *scorching Flames*. Fond Fancies these!

Well then, they are not *Gods*, their *Sense Divine*,
For they are far unfit for that Design,
Since none with *Minds* in *Vital Union* joyn.

Nor must we think these are the blest abodes,

The

*Heaven not
the Seat of
the Gods.*

The *quiet* Mansions of the happy Gods,
Their Substance is so *thin*, so much *refin'd*,
Unknown to *Sense*; nay, scarce perceiv'd by *Mind*.
Now since their Substance can't be touch'd by *Man*,
They cannot touch those other things that can;
For what e're touch'd, those must be touch'd agen.
Well then the *Mansions* of those *Happy Powers*
Must all be far unlike, distinct from ours;
Of subtle Nature, suitable to their own;
All which by long Discourse I'll prove anon.

*The World
not made
for Man.*

But now to say this *spacious* World began
By *bounteous* Heaven, contriv'd to pleasure *Man*;
And therefore this vast Frame they toil'd to raise,
And fit for Us, should meet with *equal* Praise;
Or be esteem'd *Eternal*, all secure,
From Ruin, or the *Teeth of Time* endure;
And that 'tis *impious* to design to prove,
What was contriv'd by the wise *Powers* above,
And fixt *Eternal* for the *Man* they love,
That this can *die*, that this to *Fate* can bow,
And with bold *Reason* strive to overthrow,
And make that *Mortal* they design'd not so:
'Tis fond. For what could *Man* return again?
What profit to the *Gods* for all their pain,
That they should work for him? why break their Rest,
In which they liv'd before *secure* and *blest*?
What coming Joy, what Pleasure could they view,
To leave their *former* Life, and seek a *new*?
For those delight in *New*, whose *former* state
Was made *unhappy* by some treacherous *Fate*.
But why should those that liv'd in perfect *Ease*,
Who ne're saw any thing but what did please,
Be tickl'd thus with love of *Novelties*?
Perhaps they lay *obscure*, and hid in *Night*,

Till Things began, and Day produc'd the Light.

Besides, what harm, had the *Sun* idly ran;

Nor warm'd the *Mud*, and kindled it to *Man*;

What harm to *us* if we had ne're began?

True, those that are in *Being* once, should strive,

As long as *Pleasure*, will invite, to live;

But those that ne're had tasted Joys, nor seen,

What hurt to them, suppose they ne're had been?

Beside,

Whence had the *Gods* their notice, whence their Mind?

Those fit *Ideas* of the Humane Kind?

What *Image* of the Work they then design'd?

How did they understand the power of *Seed*,

That *those* by change of *Order* Things could breed,

Whose kind *Nature's* powers at first did show

A *Model* of the Frame, and taught them how to know?

For *Seeds* of *Bodies* from *Eternal* strove,

And us'd by *stroke*, or their own *weight*, to move;

All sorts of *Union* try'd, all sorts of *Blows*,

To see if any Way would Things compose;

And so no wonder they at last were hurl'd

Into the decent order of *this* World;

And still such *Motions*, still such ways pursue,

As may supply *decaying* Things by *new*.

For were I ignorant how Beings rise,

How Things begin; yet reasons from the Skies,

From every Thing deduc't, will plainly prove

This *World* ne're fram'd by the *wise* Powers above,

So foolish the Design, contriv'd so ill.

For first: those *Tracts* of *Air* what *Creatures* fill?

Why *Beasts* in every Grove, and shady Hill?

What *Pools* take part, and the impetuous Tide,

Whose *spreading* Waves the *distant* Shores divide:

Till *two* parts in *three* the *Torrid* Zone doth burn,

T

Or

The World
not made by
an Intelli-
gent Being.

Or *Frigid* chill, and all to *Deserts* turn :
 And all the *other* Fields, what would they breed,
 If let alone, but *Bryars*, *Thorns*, and *Weed* ?
 These are their *proper* fruits, this *Nature* wou'd,
 Did not *laborious* *Mortals* toyl for food,
 And *tear*, and *plough*, and *force* them to be good ;
 Did they not turn the Clods with *crooked* Share,
 By frequent *torments* forcing them to bear ?
 No *tender* Fruits, none of their own accord
 Would rise to feed *proud* Man, their fancied Lord :
 Nay often too, when *Man* with pains and toil
 Hath plough'd and conquer'd the *unwilling* Soil ;
 When flowers put forth, and budding *branches* shoot,
 Look gay and promise the desired Fruit ;
 The scorching Sun, with his too busie beams,
 Burns up the fruits, or clouds do drown with streams ;
 Or chill'd by too much *Snow* they soon decay,
 Or *Storms* blow *them*, and all our *hopes* away.

But further, why should *Parent-Nature* breed
 Such hurtful *Animals*, why cherish, feed
 Destructive *Beasts* ? Why should such *Monsters* grow,
 Did the *kind* Gods dispose of *Things* below ?
 Why *Plagues* to all the *seasons* of the Year belong ?
 And why should *hasty* Death Destroy the *Young*.

Again,

A *Man*, when first he leaves his *primitive* Night,
 Breaks from his *Mother's* womb to view the Light,
 Like a poor *Carcass* tumbled by the flood,
 He falls all *naked*, but *besmear'd* with blood,
 An *Infant*, *weak*, and *destitute* of food ;
 With *tender* cries the *pitying* Air he fills,
 A fit *presage* for all his *coming* Ills :
 Whilst *Beasts* are born, and grow with greater ease ;
 No need of *sounding* *Rattles* Those to please ;

No need of *tattling* Nurſes *buſie* care;
 They want no *change* of garments, but can wear
 The ſame at any *Season* of the Year;
 They need no *Arms*, no *Garrison*, or *Town*,
 No ſtately *Caſtles* to defend their *own*;
 Nature ſupplies *their wants*, what e're they crave,
 ſhe gives them, and preſerves the *Life* ſhe gave.

But now ſince *Air*, and *Water*, *Earth*, and *Fire*,
 Are *Bodies* all produc'd, and all expire,
 Since *theſe* are ſuch, *theſe* that compoſe the *Frame*,
 The Nature of the *Whole* muſt be the ſame;
 For *theſe* whoſe parts the ſtroaks of Fate controule,
 If *theſe* are made, and die, ſo muſt the *Whole*.

Now ſince the *members* of the World we view,
 Are chang'd, conſum'd, and all produc'd anew;
 It follows then, for which our *proofs* contend,
 That this *vaſt Frame* began, and ſo muſt end.

But leſt you think, I poorly *beg* the *Cauſe*,
 And that it diſagrees with Nature's *Laws*,
 That *Water*, *Air*, that *Fire* and *Earth* ſhould ceaſe,
 And *fail*; that they can *die*, or elſe *increase*;
 Conſider *Earth*, when parcht with *buſie* beams,
 And trodden much, flies up in *duſky* ſtreams,
 And little clouds of thickning *dust* ariſe,
 Diſperſt by winds thro all the *lower* ſkies;
 And gentle *Rivers* too, with wanton play
 That kiſs their *rocky* banks, and glide away,
 Take ſomewhat ſtill from the *ungentle* ſtone,
 Soften the *Parts*, and make them *like* their own.

But more:
 By *what* another Thing is fed, and grows,
 That Thing ſome portion of it's *own* muſt loſe.
 Now ſince all ſpring from *Earth*, and ſince we call,
 And juſtly too, the *Earth* the Source of all;

The Ele-
 ments
 changeable.

Since *All*, when cruel Death *dissolves*, return
 To *Earth* again, and *She's* both *Womb* and *Urn*:
 The *Earth* is *chang'd*, some Parts must sometimes cease,
 And sometimes *new* come on, and *she* increase.

Besides, that *Seas*, that *Rivers* waſt, and die,
 And ſtill increaſe by conſtant *new* ſupply,
 What need of *proofs*? This *ſtreams* themſelves do
 And in ſoft murmurs *babble* as they flow. (ſhow,

But leſt the *Maſs* of *Water* prove *too great*,
 The *Sun* drinks ſome, to quench his *natural* heat:
 And ſome the *Winds* brush off, with wanton play,
 They dip their *wings*, and bear ſome parts away:
 Some paſſes thro the *Earth*, diffus'd all o're,
 And leaves it's *ſalt* behind in every Pore;
 For all *returns* thro narrow channels ſpread,
 And joyns where e're the *fountain* ſhews her head:
 And thence ſweet ſtreams in fair *Meanders* play,
 And thro the *Vallies* cut their *liquid* way:
 And *Herbs*, and *Flowers* on every ſide beſtow,
 The *Fields* all *ſmile* with *Flowers* where e're they flow.

But more, the *Air* thro all the mighty *Frame*
 Is *chang'd* each hour, we breath not *twice* the ſame:
 Becauſe as all things *waſt*, the parts muſt flie
 To the *vaſt Sea* of *Air*; they mount on high,
 And ſoftly *wander* in the lower ſky.

Now did not *this* the *waſting* things repair,
All had been long ago diſſolv'd, *all Air*.
 Well then, ſince all things *waſt*, their *vital* chain
 Diſſolv'd, how can the frame of *Air* remain?
 It *riſes* from, and *makes up* things again.

Befide, the *Sun*, that *conſtant ſpring* of *Light*,
 Still cuts the *Heaven* with ſtreams of *ſhining White*,
 And the decaying *Old* with *New* ſupplies;
 For every portion of the beam that flies,

Is but *short-liv'd*, it just *appears*, and *dies*.

As thus 'tis prov'd. —

For when an *envious Cloud* stops up the stream,
The *constant* stream of *Light*, and breaks the beam,
The *lower* part is lost, and dismal *shade*
O'respreads the *Earth*, where e're the *Clouds* convey'd:
Well then, there must be *constant* streams of *Rays*,
Since every portion of the *Beam* decays:
Nor should we see, but all lie *blind* in *Night*,
Unless new streams flow'd from the *spring* of *Light*.

So from our *Lights*, our *meaner* fires below,
Our *Lamps* or brighter *Torches* streams do flow,
And drive away the *Night*; they still supply
New *Flames*, as swiftly as the *former* die;
New beams still *remble* in the lower *Skie*:
No *space* is free, but a *continued* Ray
Still keeps a *constant*, tho a *feeble* Day;
So fast, e'en *Hydra* like, the fruitful fires
Beget a *new* beam, as the *old* expires.

So Sun and Moon with many a *numerous* birth
Bring forth *new* rays, and send them down to th' earth;
Which die as fast, lest some *fond* fools believe
That these are free from fate, that *these* must live.

Lastly, the *strongest* Rocks, and *Towns* do feel the
Of powerful *Time*, e'en *Temples* wast by *age*: (rage
Nor can the *Gods* themselves prolong their *Date*,
Change *Nature's* Law, or get reprieve from *Fate*.
E'en *Tombs* grow old and wast, by years o'rethrown;
Men's *Graves*, before, but now become their *Own*.

How oft the *hardest* Rock dissolves, nor bears
The strength but of a *few*, tho *powerful* Years?
Now if that *Rock* for *infinite* Ages past
Stood still *secure*, if it was free from *Wast*,
Why should it fail, why now dissolve at last?

Lastly,

Lastly, look round, view that vast tract of Sky,
 In whose Embrace our Earth and Waters lie,
 Whence all things rise, to which they all return,
 As some discourse, the same both Womb and Urn;
 'Tis surely mortal all: For that which breeds,
 That which gives birth to other things, or feeds,
 Must lose some parts; and when those things do cease,
 It gets some new again, and must encrease.

*The World
 had a be-
 ginning.*

But grant the World Eternal, grant it knew
 No Infancy, and grant it never new;
 Why then no Wars our Poets Songs imploy
 Beyond the Siege of Thebes, or that of Troy?
 Why former Heroes fell without a Name?
 Why not their Battels told by lasting Fame?
 But 'tis as I declare; and thoughtful Man
 Not long ago, and all the World began:
 And therefore Arts, that lay but rude before,
 Are polish'd now, we now increase the store,
 We perfect all the old, and find out more.
 Shipping's improv'd, we add new Oars and Wings;
 And Musick now is found, and speaking strings.
 These Truths, this rise of Things we lately know;
 Great Epicurus liv'd not long ago.
 By my assistance young Philosophy
 In Latin words now first begins to cry.

But if you think successive Worlds, the same
 They now appear, but Earthquakes shook the Frame,
 Or Fire destroy'd, or Floods swept all away;
 Grant only This, and you the Cause betray,
 This strongly proves the World will once decay.
 For what can sicken thus, can waste, and fail,
 And perish all, if stronger strokes prevail.
 For this, since we can feel the same disease,
 Same harms, that other perishing things do seize,

We

We think that *we* shall die as well as these.

Besides, what ere's *immortal*, must be so,
Because 'tis *solid*, above the power of Blow,
Whose parts no *Wedge* divides, which know no pore,
And such are Seeds, as I explain'd before :

Or else because like *empty Space*, 'tis such
As is secure from *stroak*, and free from touch ;
Or else because it can admit no bound,

'Tis *infinite*, and knows no place beyond,
To which the *Seeds* may sink : This makes the *All*
Eternal, there's no place whence *Seeds* may fall,
And breed confusion here ; no *space* doth lie
Without the Whol's, to which the *parts* may flie,
And leave the *mighty All* to wast and die.

But now the *World's* not *solid*, every Mass
Contains between the *Seeds* some *empty space* ;
Nor is't like *Void*, for *thousand Things*, if hurl'd
With mighty force, can strike and break the *World* :
Seeds rufking on may bear *some parts* away,
Like *violent streams*, and so the *World* decay.

Beside, there's *Space beyond*, to which, the *Tie*
Of *Union* loos'd, the scatter'd parts may flie :
Well then, these *Heavens* and *Earth* can waste and
And therefore *once began* ; for what can fail, (die,
And wast, o're what the *stroaks* of *Fate* prevail,
Must be unable to endure the rage

Of *infinite past Time*, and power of *Age*.

But lastly, since the *Elements* are at jars,
Still fight, and still engag'd in *Civil Wars*,
Cannot their *Battles* cease, their *Wars* be done,
And all the *other parts* submit to *One* ?

The *Fire* prevail, and with destructive beams
Dry *Seas*, the *Thirsty Sun* drink up the *Streams* ?
Which now *He* seems to try, but all in vain.

For

For *Rivers* still bring new supplies again,
 So fast, so great, as if design'd to raise
 A *Flood*, and o're the *Center* spread the *Seas*.
 But that's in vain, the *Waters* still decay,
 The *Winds* brush off, and bear some parts away:
 The *Sun* drinks some, the *Stars* take some for *Food*,
 And seem to threaten more a *drought* than *flood*.
 Thus still they fight, with equal force maintain
 The *War*, now *conquer*, and now *yield* again.

The World
 may be
 burnt.

Yet *Fire* (as stories go) did once prevail,
 And once the *Water* too was spread o're all.
 The *Fire* prevail'd when the *Sun's* furious *Horse*,
 Dildaining *Phaeton's* young feeble force,
 Ran thro the *Sky* in an *unusual* course;
 And falling near the *Earth* burnt all below,
 Till angry *Jove* did dreadful *Thunder* throw,
 And quench'd the hot-brain'd fiery *Youth* in *PO*.
 But *Phœbus* gather'd up the scatter'd *Ray*,
 And brought to *Heaven* again the falling *Day*:
 The *Horses* too, that ran thro *Heaven's* wide *Plain*,
 He caught, and harness'd to the *Coach* again;
 They ever since with *due obedience* drew
 The flaming *Carr*. This *Greece* reports as true;
 Yet 'tis absurd: But all may yield to *Flame*,
 If great supplies of rapid *Matter* came
 From the vast *Mass*: for then those *Seeds* must fail,
 And sink again, or *Fire* must ruine all.

Or drown-
 ed.

Seas once prevail'd, nor could the *Towns* withstand
 The raging waves; they spread all o're the *Land*:
 But when the numerous *Seeds* the mighty *Mass*
 Supply'd, were turn'd from this into another place,
 The *Water* ceas'd, and the continual *Rain*,
 And *Rivers* ran within their *Banks* again.

Now next I'll sing, how moving *Seeds* were hurl'd,
 How

*How the
World be-
gan.*

How *lost* to Order, how they fram'd the World :
How *Sun* and *Moon* began, what stedd' Force
Markt out their *walk*, what makes them keep their Course :

For sure *unthinking* Seeds did ne'er dispose
Themselves by *Counsel*, nor their Order chose,

Nor any *Compacts* made how each should move,

But from *Eternal* thro the *Vacuum* strove ;

By their *own weight*, or by *external* blows,

All *Motions* try'd to find the best of *Those*,

All *Unions* too, if by their various play

They could compose *new Beings* any way :

Thus *long* they whirl'd, most sorts of *Motion* past,

Most sorts of *Union* too, they joyn'd at last

In such *convenient* Order, whence began

The *Sea*, the *Heaven*, and *Earth*, and *Beasts*, and *Man*.

But yet no *Glittering Sun*, no *Twinkling Star*,

No *Heaven*, no roaring *Sea* no *Earth*, no *Air*,

Nor any thing like *these* did then appear.

But a *vast Heap* ; and from this mighty *Mass*

Each part retir'd, and took his *proper* place ;

Disagreeing Seeds combin'd, each *Atom* ran

And fought his *like*, and so the *Frame* began.

From *disagreeing* Seeds the *World* did rise,

Because their various *Motions*, *Weight*, and *Size*,

And *Figure*, would not let all them combine

And lye together, nor friendly *Motions* joyn :

Thus *Skies*, and thus the *Sun* did raise his *Head*,

Thus *Stars* and *Seas* o're proper places spread.

For first, the *Earthy* parts, a heavy *Mass*,

And closely twin'd, possess'd the *Middle* place ;

Now as these *heavy* parts combin'd more *close*,

Descending still they vex'd with *constant* blows

The *lurking* parts of *Sea*, of *Stars*, and *Skies*,

And *Sun*, and squeez'd them out, and made them rise ;

V

Because,

*How the
Earth was
made.*

How Hea-
ven.

Because, those Seeds are *subtle*, more *refin'd*,
And *round*, and *smooth*, and of a *lesser kind*
Than those of *Earth*, and so can freely pass
The *subtle Pores* of the descending *Mafs*.
And thus the parts of *Heaven* did first retire,
And bore up with them *numerous* Seeds of *Fire*.
As when the Sun begins his early *Race*,
And views the joyful *Earth* with *blushing Face*,
And quaffs the *Pearly Dew* spread o're the *Grass*,
From *Earth* he draws some *Mists* with *busie Beams*,
From *wandering Waters* some, and *running Streams*:
These thin, these *subtle Mists*, when rais'd on high,
And join'd above, spread *Clouds* o're all the *Sky*:
Just so the parts of *Heaven* did upward move,
The *subtle Aether* thus combin'd above;
And vastly wide, and spread o're every place,
Contains the rest within her kind *Embrace*,
Thus *Heaven*: then rose the *Moon*, and *Stars*, and *Sun*,
Which thro' the *Sky* with *constant* *Motions* run;
Because their Seeds were all too *light* to lie
In *Earth*, not *light enough* to rise on high,
And pass the *utmost* limits of the *Sky*;
But plac'd *between* them both, the midst *controld*,
Certain, but *moving* portions of the *Whole*;
Just as in *Man*, *some parts* refuse to cease
From *Motion*, *some* still lie dissolv'd in *Ease*.

The *Things* retir'd, the heavier parts of *Clay*
Sank *farther down*, and made an easie way
For flowing *Streams*, and *Caverns* for the *Sea*:
And as by constant blows the vigorous *Sun*
Did strike the *upper parts*, and *press* them down,
More *Moisture* rose, and then did *Streams* increase,
More *Parts* were still squeez'd out, and swell'd the *Seas*,
More *Aether* then, of *Air* more *Parts* did rise,

And

ook V.

And born on high, there *thickned* into Skies:
 The *Mountains* rais'd their Heads, the humble Field
 Sink low, the *stubborn* Stones refus'd to yield;
 The Rocks did *proudly* still their Height maintain,
 Nor could all sink into an *equal* Plain.

Thus *Earth* at first was fram'd, and thus did fall
 The lowest, as the *Sediments* of all:

Thence *Seas*, thence *Air*, thence *Æther*, every Mass
 Distinct from others, took it's *proper* place;

All *Fluids*, and All differently *Lights*,

And therefore reach't the *less*, or *greater* Height.

Then Liquid *Æther* did the farthest rear,

And lies on *softest* Beds of *yielding* *Air*;

But yet it's parts ne're mix, whilst *Winds* do blow,

And *rapid* Storms disturb all here below;

Then *undisturb'd* move round the *steady* Pole,

And *Sun* and *Stars* with constant Motion roll:

For that by *constant* turns the Sky may move,

d Sun, The *constant* *Motions* of the *Waters* prove,

This thing the mighty Mass the *Ocean* shows,

For that at *settled* *Hours* still *ebbs* and *flows*.

Now learn what *moves* the *Stars*, what mighty Force
 Doth *drive* them on, what *Laws* confine their course.

Why the
Stars move.

First, if the *Orb* is mov'd, and *whirls*, or *draws*

The *Sun* about, then *this* may be the Cause;

Vast *Tracts* of *Air*, the distant Skies do bound,

And with a *close* *embrace* encircle round;

The *upper* part of that *drives* down the Skies

From *East* to *West*, the *under* makes them rise;

And so the *Whirl's* perform'd. Thus of a *Flood*

Turns round a *Wheel*, and whirls the *weighty* Wood.

Or else the *Orbs* may lie at rest above,

se, Steady and *fixt*, and only *Stars* may move;

ne Seas, Because the *Fires*, confin'd to little Space,

Grow fierce and wild, and seek a *larger* place,
And thus thro the *vast Heaven* begin their Race.
Or else *external Air*, or subtle *Wind*
May whirl them round; or they may move to find
Their *Nourishment*, and run where *Food* invites,
And kindly calls their *Eager Appetites*.

For now what *single Force* makes *Stars* to rise
And set, what governs these our *single Skies*,
Tis hard to tell.—

And therefore I, how *Stars* may move, propose
A *thousand ways*, and *numerous* as those;
And what may whirl the Sun, and pale-fac't Moon
In all the *Worlds*, but cannot fix on *One*,
Altho but *One* rules here; but which *that* is
Tis hard to point, it may be *That* or *This*.

Why the
Earth doth
not fall.

And that the *heavy parts* should end their Race.
And rest, and *Earth*, possess the *middle place*.
It's *weight* decay'd, that *Power* did weaker grow,
Because *convenient* things were plac't below,
That rose with it, to which 'tis *closely joyn'd*
By *Natural Ties*, and strongest *Bands* confin'd;
And thus it softly rests, and hanging there
Grows light, nor *presseth* down the lower *Air*.
Just as in *Man*, the *Neck* the *Head* sustains,
The *Feet* the *Whole*, yet neither part complains
Of pressing *weight*, neither is vex't with pains;
Yet other *weights* impos'd we straight perceive,
Tho *lighter* far, contract our *Limbs*, and grieve.

So *Earth* was fashion'd in it's *proper* place,
Not made, then thrust into the *strange* embrace
Of *different Air*, but with the *World* began,
A *certain* part of it, as *Limbs* of *Man*.

Besides,

Besides, the *shaking Earth* doth often move
The *Upper Air*, disturbing all above:

Which could not be, unless the *strongest Tye*
Did closely joyn the *Earth*, the *Air*, and *Sky*.

Thin *subtle Souls*, 'cause closely joyn'd, do prop
The mighty *weight* of *Limbs*, and bear it up.

What raise the *Limbs* in *Leaping*, what controule,
And guide their *Motion*, but the *subtle Soul*?

Which shews the *mighty Force* of *Things refin'd*,
When ty'd to others of a *grosser kind*,

As *Air* to *Earth*, to our *gross Limbs* the *Mind*.

But farther on: The *Sun* and *Moon* do bear

No greater *Heats*, nor *Figures* than appear;

Because that *Space*, thro which the *Rays* can flie,

The *Heat* can reach our *Touch*, the *Light* our *Eye*

Can lessen nothing, nor contract the *Frame*,

Nor make the *Fire* appear a *milder Flame*:

Now since the *vigorous Rays* do freely flow

As far as us, and visit all below;

Their *Fires* and *Figure* are the same they show,

Nor *greater* all, nor *less*. And thus the *Moon*,

Whether with *borrowed Rays*, or with her *own*

She views the *World*, doth bear no larger *Size*,

No *fiercer Flames* than those that strike our *Eyes*.

For *Objects* far remov'd, at *distance* seen,

When too much *hindring Air* is plac'd between,

No *certain Figure* shew: No *Eye* can trace

Each *Line*, each *Figure* of the *distant Face*:

But since the *Moon* presents a *certain Size*,

A *certain Shape*, and *Figure* to our *Eyes*,

'Tis plain that it appears as great as 'tis

But farther on: Since all our *Flames* below

at *distance* seen, do various *Sizes* show;

Now *lower* sink, now raise their lofty *Head*,

The Sun no
bigger than
it shews.

The Stars
somewhat
greater
or less.

And

And now *contracted* seem, now *farther* spread ;
 We may conclude the *Stars*, when seen from *far*,
 Or *somewhat* greater than their *Figures* are,
 Or *somewhat*, tho but *little less*, appear.

How so
 much Light
 comes from
 the Sun.

But more: No wonder, that such *vast* supplies,
 Such streams of Rays from this *small Sun* should rise,
 As cherish all with Heat, and fill the Skies.
 For we may fancy this the *Spring* of Fire,
 To which the *Vapours* of the World retire ;
 There gather into Streams, and thence they fall
 As from the *Fountains Head*, and spread o're all:
 Thus have we seen a *little Fountain* yield
 Vast spreading Streams, and flow all o're the Field.

Or else the Sun might kindle *neighbouring Air*,
 And raise surprising Heat, and Fervour there.
 Perchance the *Air* is of convenient Frame,
 And may be kindled by a little Flame ;
 As oft in *Straw* and *Corn* fierce Flames prevail
 From one poor falling Spark, and spread o're all:
 Or else the Sun hath *secret* stores of Heat,
 Dark and *unshining* stores, but *vastly* great ;
 And these *increase* the Warmth, these move the Sense,
 And these *united* make the Heat *intense*.

The cause
 of the Sun's
 Motion.

How towards both *Poles*, the Sun's *fixt* journey bends,
 And how the *Year* his *crooked* walk attends ;
 Why from the *Summers* height he soon declines,
 And falls to visit the cold *Winter* Signs,
 And then *returns* ; and why the nimble Moon
 Doth drive her *Chariot* faster than the Sun,
 And in one Month thro all the *Zodiack* go,
 Whilst the *grave* Sun's a Year in walking thro ;
 For these a *Thousand* Reasons may be shown,
 But 'tis unsafe, and hard to fix on *One*.

For first, *Democritus* hath found the cause

Per

Perhaps, and rightly settled Nature's Laws;
 For thus he says: *Great Orbs* are whirl'd above,
 And by that Whirl the *lower Circles* move;
 And so the *distant Orbs*, that lie below
 Far from this *Spring of Motion*, move but slow,
 Because the *Power* still lessens. Thus the Sun
 Is far outstript by *nimble Stars* that run
 In *higher Rounds*; much more the *lower Moon*:
 Now since she's plac'd so low, since *weak* the Force,
 She cannot have an equal *nimble Course*
 With Stars; so those may overtake the *Moon*,
 And pass beyond her, *oftner* than the Sun:
 Thus she may seem to move, her Walk appear
 Thro' all the Signs, 'cause they return to her.

Besides, by turns a constant stream of Air
 At fixt and certain Seasons of the Year,
 Might rush from either part, make th' Sun decline,
 And fall from Summer to the *Winter Sign*;
 Or drive it up again, and bring the Rays
 And Heat to us, and shew us longer Days.
 And thus the *Moon*, thus other *Stars* may rise
 And sink again into the *Winter Skies*,
 Driven by these two constant streams of Air——
 For Clouds in storms two different ways do move,
 The *lower* opposite to those above:

What wonder then the Sun with *Vigorous Beams*,
 And Stars, are driven by these two constant Streams?

And Day may end, and tumble down the *West*,
 And *sleepy Night* fly slowly up the *East*;
 Because the Sun, having now perform'd his Round,
 And reach'd with *weary Flames* the utmost bound
 Of finite Heaven, he there puts out the Ray,
 Worn and blunted all the tedious Day
 By hindring Air, and thus the Flames decay:

Of Night
 and Day:

Or

Or else, that *constant* Force might make it move
Below the Earth, which whirl it round *above* ;
 And so the *constant Morning* still may rise,
 And with *pale* Fires look thro the *lower* Skies ;
 Because the *Sun* rolls round with *constant* Ray,
 And *rising upward* shews approaching Day :
 Or else because the *Fires* dissolv'd at Night,
 There joyn again, and scatter vigorous Light.
 Thus when the *Morning-Sun* begins to rise,
 It's Flames lie scatter'd o're the *Eastern* Skies,
 Then gather'd to a *Ball* ; and this we view
 From *Ida's* top, this *Fame* reports as true.
 Nor is it strange, that *numerous* Seeds of Fire
 Should to the *Eastern* quarter still retire,
 Still every Day return, and make a Sun,
 Because a thousand other things are done
 At *set* and *constant* Times, and then alone.
 Thus *Trees* at certain Times, thus *Shrubs* do shoot
 At certain Times, and bud, and bear their Fruit :
 Thus *Teeth* in *Boys* begin, and thus they fall ;
 Thus *Beards* in *Youth*, at certain Seasons all :
 Thus *Thunder*, *Snow*, and *Storms*, and *Wind* appear
 At *fixt* and certain Seasons of the Year :
 As Things first happen'd, they continue on,
 The Course, that Coance first gave them, still they run.

Why Days
 or Nights
 lengthen.

The Days may longer grow, and vigorous Light.
 Unwillingly give place to drowsie Night ;
 And sometimes sleepy Night may longer stay,
 And slowly wake before approaching Day :
 Because the *Sun* might walk the *constant* Rounds
 In *Crooked* Paths, and in *Uneven* Bounds ;
 Nor into *Equal* Parts the *Globe* divide,
 Now longer here, and now on t'other side,
 Until it comes, and warms with *Neighbouring* Rays

The

The *Line*, and measures *equal* Nights and Days:

The *Line* lies just between the *North* and *South*,

And leaves an *equal* distance unto *both*;

Because the *Zodiack* is *oblique*, ———

Thro which the *Sun* his yearly Walk doth go,

And views *obliquely* all the *World* below.

Thus teach *Astronomers*, and *This* confess

A fair *Opinion*; probable at least.

Or else the *Air* is *thick*, and stops the *Ray*,

Nor gives the *Sun* a *free* and *easie* way.

And this *prolongs* the tedious *Winter-night*,

The *Darkness* slowly yields to *lingring* *Light*.

Or else at certain seasons of the *Year*

The *Flames* meet slowly in the *Eastern* air,

And frame the *Sun*, and make the *Day* appear.

But more: The *Moon* may shine with *borrowed* *Rays*,

Her various light increasing with the *Days*,

As she the further from the *Sun* retires,

And with full *Face* receives his scorching *Fires*:

When full, oppos'd, she climbing up the *East*,

Shews him below fall headlong down the *West*:

And so her light decrease, as she goes on

Thro different *Signs*, approaching near the *Sun*.

And thus the *Phases* are explain'd by all

That think her Shape is round, the *Moon* a *Ball*,

And place her *Circling* *Orb* below the rest.

A fair *Opinion*, probable at least.

Besides,

No proper *Light* the *Moon's* pale face should fill,

Let it might shew the different *Phases* still;

Because as that *bright* *Body* rolls above,

Another dark, unseen, thick thing might move

neath, and stop the *Rays*, divert the streams

of falling light, and turn away the *Beams*.

The Phases
of the Moon:

Or else, if like a *Ball*, half-dark, half-bright,
 Roll'd round it's *Axis*, may affect the sight
 With *different Phases*, and shew *various light* :
 Now turn that *half*, which the *full light* adorns,
 A *Quarter* now, now dwindle into *Horns* :
 And this the later *Babylonian Sect*
 Doth hold, and the *Chaldean Schemes* reject :
 As if it could not *either way* be done,
 But *powerful Reasons* fixt our choice on *One*.

Why the
 Moon en-
 dures a
 Month.

But why the *Moons* a *Monthly Round* pursue ?
 Why *one* so long, not every day a *new* ?
 Why are they fram'd, endure, and always cease
 At this *set time* ? The cause is told with ease :
 Since *other things* at *certain times* appear,
 And *only then*. Thus th' *Seasons* of the Year :
 First *Spring*, and *Venus* kindest *Powers* inspire
Melting Thoughts, *soft Wishes*, *gay Desire*,
 And warm *Favonius* fans the *Amorous fire* :
 Then Mother *Flora*, to prepare the way,
 Makes all the *Field* look *glorious*, *green*, and *gay*,
 And *freely* scatters with a *bounteous Hand*
 Her sweetest, fairest *Flowers* o're the *Land*.
 Next *Heat*, and *dusty Harvest* takes the place,
 And soft *Etesias* fan the *Sun-burnt face*.
 Then *sweaty Autumn* treads the *Noble Vine*,
 And *flowing bunches* give *immortal Wine* ;
 Next roars the *strong-lung'd Southern blast*, and brings
 The *infant Thunder* on his dreadful *Wings*.
 Then *Cold* pursues, the *North* severely blows,
 And drives before it *chilling Frost* and *Snows*.
 And next deep *Winter* creeps, *gray*, *wrinkled*, *old*,
 His *Teeth* all shatter, *Limbs* all shake with *Cold*.
 Well then ; no wonder sure, the *Moon* should rise
 At *certain times*, and that again *she dies*.

At certain times; since thousand things are shown
At fixt and constant times, and then alone.

Eclipses.

Eclipses may be solv'd a thousand ways:

For if the Moon can stop descending Rays
By thrusting her dark self between, and so
Bring sudden night, and shade on all below;

Then give me Reasons, why there cannot be
Another thing, too dark for us to see,

And fit to stop the Rays as well as *she*:

Or why the Circling Sun, in passing by
Some venomous places of the neighbouring Sky,
May not grow sick, and pale, and almost die?

Those past, grow well, recover his former light,
Thus sometimes make us day, and sometimes night?

And whilst the Moons their Monthly courses run
Within the reach of Earth's dark shadowing Cone,

Then revengful Earth can stop the light,

Or *she* can hide the sickning Moon in Night:

Why cannot other things divert the streams,

The falling streams of Light, and stop the Beams?

Or if the Moon shines with a natural Ray,

As thro infectious Air *she* cuts her way,

Why may not *she* grow sick, her flames decay?

Now since I've taught the motion of the Stars above,

How Sun, and Moon, and by what cause they move;

And how *Eclips'd* they force their gawdy light,

And spread o're all an unexpected Night,

As if they wink'd, and then with open Eyes

View'd all again, and cheer'd the lower Skies:

Now let's descend again, to new-born Earth,

And find to what *she* gave the soonest Birth;

What sort of Beings, which of all the Kinds

The first durst venture to the faithless Winds.

First then, green Herbs, and Flowers *she* first did yield, Herbs first

Then Trees.

And spread a gawdy *Green* o're all the field.
 And next, the *Tree* with spreading branches shoots,
 But closely fixt, and bound with *steddy* roots.
 As *Bristles*, *Hairs* and *Plumes*, are first design'd
 O're limbs of *Beasts*, and o're the *winged* Kind,
 So *new born Earth* with *Herbs* and *Trees* began,
 And then by various ways bore *Beast*, and *Man*;
 For *Heaven* 'tis certain did not fashion all,
 Then let the various *Creatures* downwards fall;
 Nor *Seas* produce an *Earthly* Animal.
 And therefore *Parent-Earth* doth justly bear
 The name of *Mother*, since *All* rose from Her.
 She now bears *Animals*, when softning *Dew*
 Descends, when *Sun* sends *Heat* she bears a thousand new
 Well, who can wonder then, if then she bore
 Far stronger bulky *Animals*, and more,
 When both were young, when both in *Nature's* pride,
 A lusty *Bridegroom* He, and She the *Bride*?

*Birds the
first Ani-
mals.*

The first of *Animals*, ith' teeming *Spring*,
 The feather'd *Kind* peep'd forth, and clapt their wing;
 As even now, our tender *Insects* strive
 To break their bags, get forth, and eat, and live.

*The Origin
of Man.*

Next *Beasts*, and thoughtful *Man* receiv'd their Birth,
 For then much vital heat in *Mother Earth*
 Much *Moisture* lay; and where fit place was found
 There *Wombs* were form'd, and fastned to the ground
 In these the yet imperfect *Embrio's* lay, (way,
 Thro these, when grown mature, they forc'd their
 Broke forth from *Night*, and saw the cheerful *Day*:
 Then *Nature* fashion'd for the *Infant's* use
 Small *Breasts* in *Earth*, and fill'd with *milky* Juice,
 Such as in *Womens Breasts* she now provides
 For future *Infants*; thither *Nature* guides
 The chiefest parts of *Food*, and there they meet

Fit Ferment, there they grow both *white* and *sweet* :
 Earth gave the *Infants* Food, then *Mists* were spread
 For *Cloaths*, the grassy *Meadows* gave a *Bed*.

The Earth, when new, produc'd no raging Cold,
 No Heats, nor Storms : these grew, as *she* grew old.
 Well then, our *Parent Earth* deserves to bear
 The name of *Mother*, since all rose from *Her*.

Thus for a certain time *Mankind* she bore,
 And *Beasts*, that shake the *Woods* with dreadful Roar,
 And various kinds of *Birds* ; and as they flew,
 The *Sun* with *curious* Skill the *figures* drew
 On all their *Plumes* ; he well the *Art* did know,
 He us'd to paint the like on his *own* Bow :

But wearied now, and tir'd by length of time,
 Grows *old*, and *weak*, as *Women* past their Prime.

Time changes all ; and as with *swiftest* Wings

He passes forward on, He quickly brings
 A *different* face, a *different* sight of Things.

And *Nature* alters ; this grows *weak*, this *strong*,
 This *dies*, this *newly* made is firm and *young*.

Thus altering Age leads on the *World* to Fate,

The Earth is *different* from her former state ;

And what in former times with ease she bore,
 Grown feeble now, and weak, she bears no more,
 And now doth that she could not do before.

Besides, the Earth produc'd a numerous train
 Of *Monsters*, Those her labour wrought in vain ;
 Some without *Hands*, or *Feet*, or *Mouth*, or *Eyes*,
 Some *shapeless* Lumps, *Nature's* Absurdities ;
 Dull, *moveless* things, and destitute of Food,
 Which could not fly the *bad*, nor choose the *good*.

A thousand such in vain arose from Earth ;
 For *Nature* frighted at the ugly Birth,
 Their *Strength* and *Life* to narrow bounds confin'd,

The Earth
 bore Mon-
 sters.

De-

Deny'd them Food, or to increase their Kind,

For that *one power a thousand things* requires,
Almost as many as it's own desires ;

There must be Food, and Seed, and Organs fit
For flowing Seed, whilst all the happy night
The Body lies dissolv'd in soft delight.

That Male and Female might their Powers imploy,
They must have Organs fit for mutual Joy.

Why some
Kinds are
lost.

But more, these Years must numerous kinds deface,
They could not all preserve their feeble race :

For those we see remain, and bear their Young,
Craft, Strength, or Swiftness hath preserv'd so long.

Many their Profit, and their Use commends ;
Those species Man preserves, kind Man defends.

Wild Beasts and Lions race, their Native Rage
Preserves secure, thro' all devouring Age.

Swiftness preserves the Deer, and Craft the Fox :

The vigilant faithful Dog, the Horse, the Ox,

We Men defend, we keep the tender Flocks ;

They shun wild Beasts, they fly the dreadful Wood,

They seek for peace, and much and easie Food,

Gotten without their toyl ; and this we give

For the vast Profits we from them receive.

But those to whom their Nature gave no force,

No courage, strength, or swiftness to the course ;

Whom neither Profit could, nor Use commend,

Those Man refus'd to feed, or to defend ;

Thus doom'd by chance, they liv'd an easie prey

To all, and thus their Kinds did soon decay.

No Cen-
saurs.

But never Centaurs, these were never known,

That two such Natures should combine in one,

Such disagreeing powers ; absurd, and vain,

Plain Non-sense ! These are Creatures of the Brain,

A Fool knows this : For Horses oft enjoy

Full

Full growth at three years old ; not so a Boy,
 He scarce forgets his Teat, and oft at rest,
 As *Dreams* present, he seeks his *Nurses* Breast,
 Then, when the *Horse* grows old, his Limbs decay,
 And loosned Life begins to flie away,
 The Boy grows strong, he feels the pride of growth,
 A sturdy, vigorous, gay, and bearded Youth :
 Lest you should think such *Monsters* apt to grow,
 A thoughtful Man above, a *Horse* below :
 Or *Scyllas*, whom a numerous train entwines
 Of half *Sea-dogs*, and barks above her Loyns :
 Or such that live, nor grow an equal time,
 And which at equal years not reach their prime ;
 Whom equal years not fill with youthful rage,
 Nor lose their strength again at equal age ;
 Whom neither the same Kinds of *Beauty* fire,
 Nor raise soft thoughts, gay wishes, warm desire ;
 Or those that seek, and live by different Food ;
 Thus *Hemlock* kills a *Man*, for *Goats* 'tis good.

Beside, since flames will scorch the *Lion's* breast,
 And burn, as well as any meaner beast ;
 How could *Chimæras* rise, or how contain
 Three Kinds, a *Lyon's* head, a *Serpent's* train,
 A *Goat* the middle of the fancy'd frame,
 And still with scorching *Nostrils* breathing flame ?

Then he that thinks the new made Heaven and Earth,
 Did give to such prodigious *Monsters* Birth,
 Yet brings no cause to prove the fancy true,
 But still relies on the poor shift, 'twas new,
 May fancy too, that streams enrich the Seas
 With golden Waves, that Jewels grew on Trees ;
 That *Man* of such vast Force and Limbs did rise,
 That he could stride the Ocean, whirl the Skies,
 Or any thing mad *Fancy* can devise.

No Chimæ-
ra.

For

For tho much Seed lay hid, when *thoughtful* Man,
 And all the *various* Kinds of Beasts began;
 Yet nothing proves that things of *different* Kind,
 That *disagreeing* Natures should be joyn'd,
 Since now the *Grass*, and *Trees*, and all that grows,
 And springs from *Earth*, are never joyn'd like those;
 But each arising from its *proper* cause
 Remains *distinct*, and follows *Nature's* Laws.

*The state
 of Man.*

Then Man was *hard*, as hard as *Parent* stones,
 And built on *bigger* and on *firmer* Bones;
 The *Nerves*, that joyn'd their Limbs, were *firm* and *strong*,
 Their Life was *healthy*, and their *Age* was long.
 Returning *Years* still saw them in their *Prime*.
 They wearied e'en the *Wings* of *measuring* Time.
 No *Colds*, nor *Heats*, no strong *Disease* did wait,
 And tell *sad* news of *coming* *hasty* Fate:
Nature not yet grew *weak*, not yet began
 To shrink into an *Inch*, the larger *span*:
 Like *Beasts* they lay in every *Wood* and *Cave*,
 Gathering the *easie* Food that *Nature* gave.
 No *impious* Plowman yet had learn'd to tear
 His *Parents* Bowels with the *crooked* Share;
 None planted fruitful *Trees*, none drest the *Vine*,
 None prun'd *decaying* *Boughs*, none prest the *Wine*;
 Contented they with the *poor easie* store
 That *Sun* and *Earth* bestow'd, they wish no more.
 Soft *Acorns* were their first and *chiefest* Food,
 And those *red Apples* that adorn the *Wood*,
 And make *pale* *Winter* blush; such *Nature* bore
 More numerous then, beside a *thousand* more,
 Which all supply'd poor *Man* with ample store.
 When thirsty, then did *purling* streams invite
 To satisfy their *eager* Appetite:
 As now in *murmurs* loud, the headlong *Floods*

Invite

Invite the thirsty *Creatures* of the Woods.

Besides, by Night they took their rest in Caves,
Where little Streams roll on with silent Waves,
They bubble thro the Stones, and softly creep,
As fearful to disturb the *Nymphs* that sleep,
The Moss spread o're the Marbles seems to weep,
Whilst other Streams no narrow bounds contain,
They break such Banks, and spread o're all the Plain.

They knew no use of Fire to dress their Food,
No Cloaths, but wandred naked o're the Wood.
They liv'd to *shady Groves*, and *Caves* confin'd,
Meer shelter from the Cold, the Heat, and Wind.
No fixt *Society*, no stedd *Laws*,
No *publick* Good was sought, no *common* Cause;
But all at War, each rang'd, each sought his Food,
By Nature taught to seek his *private* Good.

Then to renew frail Man's decaying Race,
Or *mutual Lust* did prompt them to embrace,
Or else the *greater Vigor* of the Male,
Or some few *treacherous* Presents did prevail;
Some *Acorns*, *Apples* some, some *Pears* bestow:
The thing the same, the price was less than now.

Then strong and swift they did the Beasts pursue,
Their Arms were *Stones* and *Clubs*, and some they slew,
And some they fled; from those they fear'd to fight
They ran, and own'd their Safety to their flight.

When drowsie Night came on, they naked lay
Spread o're the Ground like Bears, and rough as they;
Their sleep was sound, they wak't not all the Night,
Nor wandred here and there, whilst shades affright,
Nor view'd the East with longing Eyes for Light;
But all dissolv'd in *sweetest slumbers* lay,
Till the bright Sun arose, and brought the Day.

Y

For

For since they had beheld, e're since their Birth,
The *Day* and *Night* by turns spread o're the *Earth*,
They never fear'd the *Sun* should lose his *Light*,
And all lie buried in eternal *Night* :

The most they dreaded was the furious *Beast*,
For those i' th' dead of *Night* did oft molest,
And *lengthen* into *Death* their slumbring *Rest*.
Sometimes they left their *Caves* by *Night*, and fled,
Rous'd from their *softest* sleep, all pale, half dead,
Whilst *Bores* and *Lions* came, and seiz'd their *Bed*.

Yet fewer dy'd than *now* ; for *singly* then
Each caught within the limits of the *Den*,
Whilst the *Beast* tore the *Living* trembling *Food*,
And revell'd in full draughts of *reeking* *Blood*,
With dreadful cries he fill'd each *Wood* and *Cave*,
To see his *Limbs* go down a *Living* *Grave* :
Others that scap't with *Life*, but *wounded*, groan'd,
Holding their *Hand* on the *corrupting* *Wound*,
Whilst trembling *Eccho's* did restore the *Sound* :
Not skill'd in *Herbs*, and now grown desperate,
With horrid cries they call'd on *lingring* *Fate*,
Till *Worms* increas'd, and eating thro the *Clay*,
Made passage for the *Soul* to fly away.

But then no *Armies* fell at once, no *Plain*
Grew red, no *Rivers* swell'd with *Thousands* slain ;
None plough'd the *Floods*, none *ship-wrack't* made their
Graves

I' th' *Sea*, none drank cold *Death* among the *Waves* :
But oft the furious *Ocean* rag'd in vain ;
No mischief done, the *Waves* grew mild again :
No *Ships* were found, nor could the treacherous smile
Of smooth-fac't *Waves* tempt one poor *Man* to roil.

Then *Want*, now *Surfeits* bring a hasty *Death*,
Our *Bellies* swell so much they stop our *Breath*.

Then

Then *poisonous Herbs*, when pluckt by chance, did kill,
Now *Poysoning's* grown an *Art*, improv'd by skill.

But when they built their *Hutts*, when Fire began,
And *Skins* of murther'd Beasts gave *Cloaths* to Man;
When One to One confin'd in chaste Embrace,
Enjoy'd *sweet Love*, and saw a *numerous Race*;
Then Man grew *soft*, the Temper of his Mind
Was chang'd from *rough* to *mild*, from *fierce* to *kind*.
For us'd to Fire, his Limbs refus'd to bear
The *piercing* sharpness of the open *Air* :
And *Lust* enfeebled him; beside, the *Child*,
Softned by *Parents Love*, grew *tame* and *mild*.

Then *Neighbours*, by degrees familiar grown,
Made *Leagues*, and *Bonds*, and each secur'd his *own* :
And then by *Signs* and broken *Words* agreed,
That they would keep, preserve, defend, and feed
Defenseless *Infants*, and the *Women* too,
As *Natural Pity* prompted them to do.

Tho this fixt not an *Universal Peace*,
Yet many kept their Faith, and liv'd at Ease;
Or else almost as soon as it began,
The *Race* had fallen, this *Age* ne're seen a Man.

Kind *Nature* power of framing *Sounds* affords
To Man, and then *Convenience* taught us *Words*.

How Words
were found.

As *Infants* now, for want of *Words*, devise
Expressive Signs, they speak with *Hands* and *Eyes*;
Their *Speaking Hand* the want of *Words* supplies :
All know their *Powers*, they are *Nature* shown.
Thus tender Calves with naked *Fronts* will run,
And *fiercely push* before their *Horns* are grown:
Young *Lions* shew their *Teeth*, prepare their *Paws*,
The *Bears* young *Cubs* unsheath their *crooked Claws*,
Whilst yet their *Nails* are *young*, and soft their *Jaws*.
The *Birds* streight use their *Wings*, on them rely,

As soon as *Dangers* press, they strive to fly.

Besides,——

That *One* the various *Names of Things* contriv'd,
And that from *Him* their Knowledge *All* deriv'd,
'Tis fond to think: for how could *that Man* tell
The Names of *Things* or lisp a Syllable,
And not another *Man* perform't as well?

Besides, if others us'd not *Words* as soon,
How was their *Use*, and how the *Profit* known?
Or how could he instruct the *Other's* Mind,
How make them understand what was design'd?
For *his*, being *single*, neither Force nor Wit,
Could conquer *many* Men, nor they submit
To learn his *Words*, and practise what was fit.
How he perswade *those* so unfit to hear?
Or how could *savage* *They* with Patience bear
Strange *Sounds* and *Words*, still rattling in their Ear?

But now since *Organs* fit, since *Voice* and *Tongue*,
By *Nature's* Gift bestow'd, to *Man* belong,
What Wonder is it then, that *Man* should frame,
And give each *different* thing a *different* Name?
Since *Beasts* themselves do make a *different* Noise,
Opprest by Pains and Fears, or fill'd with Joys.
This plain Examples shew: When *Dogs* begin
To bend their Backs, and shew their Teeth, and
grin,

When hollow Murmurs shew deep Rage within:
Their Voice is *different* when they bark aloud,
And with strong *Roarings* fright the trembling Crowd:
And when they lick their *Whelps* with tender *Tongue*,
Or when they play, and wanton with their Young;
Now seem to bite, but never chop their Jaws,
Now spurning, but with tender fearful Paws:
Then *Flattering*, soft and tender is their Voice,

For different from that *grating* howling Noise
They make, when shut alone, or creeping low,
Whine, as they strive to shun the coming blow.
Beside,

The Horse with different Noises fills the Air,
When hot and young he neighs upon his Mare,
Rous'd by strong Love; or when by fierce Alarms,
He snorts, and bears his Riders on to Arms.

Thus Birds, as Hawks, or those that cut the Flood,
Make different noises as they eat their Food;
Or when they fiercely fight, or when pursue
Their trembling Prey; each Passion hath a new.

Sometimes at change of Air they change their Voice:
Thus Daws, and Ominous Crows, with various Noise
Affright the Farmers, and fill all the Plain,
Now calling for rough Winds, and now for Rain.

Well then, since Beasts, and Birds, tho' dumb com-
mence

As various Voices, as their various Sense;
How easie was it then for Men to frame,
And give each different thing a different Name?

Now for the rise of Fire: Swift Thunder thrown
From broken sulphurous Clouds, first brought it down; How Fire began.

For many things take Fire, when Lightning flies,
And sulphurous Vapours fill the lower Skies;

And Trees, when shaken by a Southern Blast,
Grow warm, then hot, and so take Fire at last;
Their Branches mingling with a rude Embrace,
Spark into Flames.—

And thus our Fires might rise from either Cause.

The Sun first taught them to prepare their Meat;
Because they had observ'd his quickning Heat,
Spread o're the Hills, and every shady Wood,
And ripen Fruits, and make them fit for Food.

Why they
dress their
Food.

Hence

Hence *various* Methods they did still pursue,
 And chang'd their *former* Life to take a *new*.
 The *Wiser* and the *Wittier* left the Field,
 And *Towns* for safety did begin to build;

*Division of
 Lands.*

By Nature, *Kings*. ———

Then Cattle too was shar'd, and steady Bounds
 Mark't out to *every* Man his proper Grounds ;
 Each had his proper share, each what was fit,
 According to his *Beauty*, *Strength*, or *Wit* ;
 For *Beauty* then, and *Strength*, had most command,
 Those had the greatest share in Beasts and Land.
 But when once *Gold* was found, the powerful Ore
 Saw Light, and Man gap'd after glittering store,
 Then *Wit* and *Beauty* were esteem'd no more :
 But *Wealth* enjoy'd their *Honour*, seiz'd their place,
 The *Wise* and *Beauteous* bow to *Fortune's* *Ast*.

*Against
 Ambition.*

But if *Men* would live up to *Reason's* Rules,
 They would not scrape and cringe to wealthy Fools:
 For 'tis the Greatest *Wealth* to live content
 With little, such the greatest Joy resent ;
 And bounteous *Fortune* still affords supply
 Sufficient for a *Thrifty* *Luxury*.

But *Wealth* and *Power* Men often strive to gain,
 As that could bring them Ease, or make a Chain
 To fix *unsteady* *Fortune*, all in vain.

For often when they climb the tedious way,
 And now i' th' reach of top where *Honours* lay,
 Quick strokes from *Envy*, as from *Thunder* thrown,
 Tumble the bold aspiring *Wretches* down ;
 They find a *Grave*, who strove to reach a *Crown*.
 And thus 'tis better, than proud *Scepters* sway,
 To live a quiet Subject, and Obey.

Those former *Kings* now murder'd, they o'rethrow
 The glory of the *Scepter*, and the *Crown*

Decreas'd: The *Diadem*, that sign of State,
Now wept in drops of Blood, the *Weaver's* Fate,
Spurn'd by the *Common Feet*, who fear'd no more:
'Tis sweet to spurn the things we fear'd before.
Thus Monarchy was lost.——

That *Sun* once set, a thousand little *Stars*
Gave a *dim* Light to *Jealousies* and *Wars*,
Whilst each among the many sought the *Throne*,
And thought no Head like his deserv'd the *Crown*.
This made them seek for *Laws*, this led their choice
To *Rulers*; Power was given by *publick* voice.
For *Men* worn out, and tir'd by constant strife,
At last began to wish an *Easie Life*,
And so submitted of their own accord
To *rigid Laws*, and their *Elected Lord*.

For when each *single* Man, led on by *Rage*,
Grew bloody in *Revenge*, and strove t'engage
His *Enemy*, 'twas an unpleasant Age.
Hence Men grew weary of continual *Wars*,
Which sow'd the *sweet* of *Life* with constant *Fears*:

Because *diffusive wrong* can spread o're *All*,
No state secure; nay, oft the *wrongs* recoil
With double Force on the *Contriver's* Fall:
Nor can those Men expect to live at *Ease*,
Who violate the common Bonds of *Peace*.

Tho now they lie conceal'd from Man and *God*,
They still must fear 'twill *sometimes* come abroad;
Since some diseas'd, and some by *Night* betray
The wicked *Actions* they have done by *Day*;
Tho hid in *Night*, scarce *Hell* so deep as *They*.

Now sing, my *Muse*, for that's my next *Design*,
Why *All* do bow to *somewhat* as *Divine*,
Why every *Nation* hath it's proper *Shrine*?
Why *All* do *Temples* build, why *Altars* raise?

Common-
Weavers.

And

Why Men
think there
are Gods.

And why all Sacrifice on *Sacred Days*?
How this *diffus'd*, this lasting *Fame* was spread
Of *Powers* above? Whence came that awful Dread,
That *Parent of Religion* thro the *Rout*,
Which forceth them to bow, and grow devout?
This is an easie Task: For *New-born Man*
Just sprang from Earth when first this Frame began:
Divine and *Glorious* Forms descending came,
And stroke his Mind by *Day*, by *Night* the same;
But then increas'd, their working Fancies shew'd
Great Limbs and *Strength*, and fit to make a God.
And these they thought had *Sense*, because they shook
(As *Fancy* told) their *Limbs*, and proudly spoke,
Their words were all *Majestick* as their Look.

Eternal too, because, a *new* supply,
A *constant* Stream, where e're they turn'd their Eye
Of *Forms* came in, and shew'd the *Deity*,
Nor could they think such *Mighty* things could fail,
Or *Powerful* Blows on so much strength prevail.

And *Happy* too; because no Fear destroys,
No Dread of sullen Death corrupts their Joys:
Beside, in *Dreams* they often seem'd to do
A thousand various things, and *Wonders* show;
Yet never weary they, but vigorous still,
Their *Strenth* as much unbounded as their *Will*.

Besides, they saw the *Heavens* in *Order* roll,
Their various *Motion* round the *steddy Pole*;
The *Seasons* of the *Year* by constant *Laws*
Run round, but knowing not the *Natural Cause*:
They therefore thought the *Gods* must rule above,
(Poor shift!) and all at their *Direction* move.
In *Heaven* they plac'd their *Seat*, their stately *Throne*;
For there the *Sun*, the *Stars*, and various *Moon*,
And *Day*, and *Night*, their *constant* Courses run.

And Hail, and Rain; and thro a broken Cloud
Swift *Lightning* flies, and *Thunder* roars aloud.

Unhappy Man, who taught, the *Gods* engage
In these, that they are subject unto Rage,
A Curse to *Theirs*, to *Ours*, and future Age.

What Grief they brought *themselves*; to us what Fears;
To poor *Posterity* what Sighs, what Tears?
Alas, what *Piety*! Alas, 'tis none

To bend all cover'd to a *senseless* Stone;
Lie prostrate, or to visit every Shrine,
Or with spread Arms invoke the *Powers* Divine
Before their *Temples*, whilst the *Altar* flows
With Blood of Beasts, and we make Vows on Vows.

But sure 'tis *Piety* to view the *Whole*,
And search all *Nature* with a quiet Soul.

What is
Piety.

For when we view the *Heavens*, and how the *Sun*,
And *Moon*, and *Stars*, their constant Courses run;
Then *Doubts*, that lay oppress'd with other Cares;
Begin to raise their head, and bring *new* Fears:
We doubt; What are there *Gods* that rule above;
At whose Direction the bright *Stars* do move?
For *Ignorance* in Causes troubles Man,
And hence we doubt if e're the World began,
If e're shall end, how long the *Orbs* shall roll,
How long the *Stars* run round their steady Pole;
Or if preserv'd by *Gods*, can stand the rage
And powerful *Envy* of devouring Age.

Besides,
What *Mind*'s unshaken, and what Soul not aw'd;
And who not thinks the *angry* *Gods* abroad,
Whose Limbs not shrink, when dreadful *Thunder* hurl'd
From broken Clouds shakes the affrighted World?
What? do not *Cities*, do not *Nations* fear;
And think their dismal *Dissolution* near?

Z

Why

Why do not *Tyrants* then, and *Mighty Lords*,
Recall their wicked Deeds, and boasting Words,
And fear that now *Revenge* is surely come?
Do not they tremble at approaching Doom?

Besides, when *Winds* grow high, when *Storms* increase,
And scatter *warlike Navies* thro the Seas;
When Men for *Battle* arm'd, must now engage
A stronger Foe, and fight the *Water's* rage:
Doth not the trembling *General* prostrate fall,
And beg a Calm o'th' *Gods*, or prosperous Gale?
In vain, the *Storms* drive on, no Offering saves;
All Shipwrack't drink cold *Death* amongst the Waves.
And hence we fancy *unseen Powers* in things,
Whose Force and Will such strange Confusion
brings,

And spurns, and overthrows our *Greatest Kings*.
Besides, when *Earthquakes* shake this mighty Ball,
And tottering Cities fall, or seem to fall;
What then if Men, defenseless Men despise
Their own weak Selves, and look with anxious Eyes
For present help, and *Pity* from the Skies.
What wonder if they think some *Powers* controule,
And *Gods* with *Mighty Force* do rule the *Whole*?

How Me-
tals were
found.

But farther: *Powerful Gold*, first rais'd his head,
And *Brass* and *Silver*, and ignoble *Lead*,
When shady *Woods* on lofty *Mountains* grown,
Felt scorching *Fires*, whether from *Thunder* thrown,
Or else by *Man's Design* the *Flames* arose,
Who burnt the *Neighbouring Woods* to fright their Foes;
Or else delighted all with *fruitful grounds*,
They sought more *Meadows*, and enlarg'd their Bounds;
Or greedy to increase their *Store* of Food,
And take the *Beasts*, they fir'd the sheltring Wood;
For thus Men hunted, whilst no *Nets* were found,

Not

Nor Forrests trembled at the *barking* Hound :
 What ever 'twas that gave these Flames their Birth,
 Which burnt the towring Trees, and scorcht the
 Earth.

Hot Streams of *Silver*, *Gold*, and *Lead*, and *Brass*,

As Nature gave an hollow proper place,
 Descended down, and form'd a *Glittering* Mass.

This when unhappy Mortals chanc't to spie,

And the gay Colour pleas'd their *Childish* Eye;

They dug the certain Cause of Misery.

And then observing that it shew'd the Frame

And Figure of the Hollow whence it came;

They thought, these melted would with ease receive

Whatever shapes the *Artist* pleas'd to give;

Or drawn to *breadth*, or take the *keenest* Edge;

And so the *Hook* be fram'd, or subtle *Wedge*,

Or other *Instruments*, all apt, and good

To cut, or cleave, or scrape, or hollow Wood.

But *Gold* they try'd in vain, the *Metal* Broak,

Or the *soft* Edge was turn'd at every stroak;

Now they contemn'd, the blunted *Gold* despis'd,

And feeble *Silver*; *Brass* alone was priz'd.

But now the feeble and the *useless* Ore

Gets all the Honour, *Brass* is priz'd no more.

Thus *Time* doth change the Dignity of Things:

For some He bears away with swiftest Wings,

And hurls into Contempt; brings others forth,

And gets them new, and still preserves their worth.

Whilst *Cruelty* was not improv'd by *Art*,

And *Rage* not furnish't yet with *Sword* nor *Dart*;

With *Fists*, or *Boughs*, or *Stones* the Warriors fought,

These were the only *weapons* Nature taught:

But when Flames burnt the Trees, and scorcht the Ground,

Then *Brass* appear'd and *Iron* fit to wound.

Brass first was us'd because the *softer Ore*,
And Earth's cold Veins contain'd a *greater store* :
Thus Brass did plough, and *Brazen* Trumpets sound,
Their Weapons *Brass*, and *Brass* gave every wound ;
Thus arm'd, they did invade their Neighbours Field,
And took his Beasts ; to *Arm'd* the *Naked* yield.

At last, they melting down the *rigid Mass*,
Made *Iron* Swords, and then despis'd the *Brass* :
Then they began to plough with *Iron* Shares,
And *Iron* Weapons only us'd in *Wars*.

Thus Men first learn't to ride a *single Horse* ;
And whilst their *studdy Left-hands* rul'd the Course,
Their stronger *Right-hands* fought ; before they knew,
Or brought to Wars a Chariot *drawn by Two* :
Then *Four* were joyn'd, and then the armed Cars,
And Castled *Elephants* were brought to Wars ;
The *Moors* first taught them to endure the Blows,
And break the Ranks and Order of the Foes.
Thus *Rage* invented still *new Arms* for Fight ;
New *dreadful* Weapons still, and *fit* to fright.

Some train'd the furious *Bull*, and some the *Boar* ;
Before the *Parthian* Ranks did *Lions* roar,
With *armed Guides* sent out to scour the Plain,
And fright their *Foes* ; but these *Designs* were vain :
Because when *hot* in Fight, they *fiercely* fall
On *either* side, and *Common* Foes to *All*,
Confus'dly *Enemies*, or *Friends* engage ;
Shaking their dreadful Heads, and fir'd with *Rage*.
The *Horses* frightened with the dreadful Roar,
Ran o're the Plain and would obey no more ;
The Beasts leapt on their *Friends*, and tore their *Face* ;
Or seiz'd *behind*, and with a rude embrace,
They bore their *wondring* frightened Friends to Ground,

Whilst

Whilst *Teeth* and cruel *Paws* did doubly wound.
 The *Bulls* grew wild, and with destructive Force
 They tost, or trod the *Mien*, and gor'd the *Horse*.
 Whole *Ranks* and *Troops* fell by the furious *Boar*,
 Their *Arms*, yet whole, blusht with their *Master's Gore*:
 For tho the *Horses* turn'd, tho oft did rear,
 And stand aloft, and paw'd the yielding *Air*;
 Yet all in vain they strove to shun the wound,
 Their *Nerves* all cut they struck the shaking *Ground*.
 Thus what seem'd tame at *Home*, grew wild again,
 And fierce, when scouring o're the warlike Plain,
 Their *Rage* was fir'd by *Tumult*, *Wounds* and *Noise*,
 Refus'd to hear their former *Master's Voice*,
 But fled, much mischief done, as furious *Bulls*,
 When the weak *Ax* descends, nor breaks their *Skulls*,
 They start, and fright the *Priest*, and bellowing loud,
 Run frantick round, and gore the *Pious Croud*.

'Tis safer far to say, that this was done
 In some of all the *Worlds*, than fix on *One*:
 Yet I can scarce believe but that they knew,
 Before their sad *Experience* prov'd it true,
 The *Ills* of these: but that the weaker side
 The various *Methods* of *Confusion* try'd,
 Not hoping to subdue; but bring hence woes,
 And *Grief*, and *Pains* upon their stronger *Foes*.

But more, the *Garments* by the *Ancients* worn,
 Were sewn with tender *Twigs*, or pinn'd with *Thorn*,
 Before they learn't to weave: the *Wheel*, the *Round*,
 Whilst rigid *Iron* lay within the *Ground*,
 Were all unknown; those things did first begin
 When that appear'd, and *Men* learn't first to *Spin*:
 Because the *Wits* of *Men* are finer far,
 And fitter to invent than *Womens* are;
 Till *laught* and *jeer'd* at by the ruder *Swains*,

How Gar-
ments.

They

How Men
sow'd.

They taught the *Women*, and manur'd the *Plains*,
And hardned all their Limbs with *rougher Pains*.

Nature first taught them how to *plant* and *sow*;
For they observ'd that *falling Seeds* did grow;
They saw them *fixt*, and bound to *studdy Roots*,
Then *rise*, and *spread*, and promise *Noble Fruits*:
Then some began to *grafe*, and *till* the *Field*,
And found the *Trees* a better burthen yield,
When drest with *Care*, and in a richer *Soyl*;
The *Fruits increast*, and did *reward* their *Toil*:
They forc't the *cumbring Wood* to narrow bounds,
Enlarging still their *Corn*, and *Pasture Grounds*:
The *Tyrant Wood*, that all the *Plains* did fill,
Was now confin'd unto the *barren Hill*;
And left the *Vales* to *Olive*, *Corn*, and *Wine*,
Thro which *smooth Streams* in fair *Meanders* twine;
Now kifs the *tender Roots* with wanton play,
Now flow again, enriching all their way:
Such beauteous *Pride* did all the *Vallies* show,
So taking pretty, as our *Gardens* now,
Where *Fruitful Trees* in decent *Order* grow.

How Sing-
ing.

Thro all the *Woods* they heard the charming *Noise*
Of chirping *Birds*, and try'd to frame their *Voice*,
And *imitate*. Thus *Birds* instructed *Man*,
And taught them *Songs*, before their *Art* began:
And whilst soft *Evening* gales blew o're the *Plains*,
And shook the sounding *Reeds*, they taught the *Swains*;
And thus the *Pipe* was fram'd, and tuneful *Reed*;
And whilst the tender *Flocks* securely feed,
The *harmless* *Shepherds* tun'd their *Pipes* to *Love*,
And *Amaryllis* sounds in every *Grove*.
Thus *Time*, and thus *sagacious Men* produce
A thousand things, or for *Delight*, or *Use*.

These

These charm'd the Swains, and these were wont to
please,

When Feasts were done, for then all seek for Ease.

Then underneath a loving *Mistle's* shade,

Close by a purling Stream supinely laid,

When Spring with gawdy Flowers the Earth had
spread,

And sweetest Roses grew around their Head,

Envied by *Wealth*, and *Power*, with small Expence

They oft enjoy'd the vast Delight of Sense :

Then *laughing* merry *Fests*, and Country-play,

And *Tales* began, as *Once upon a Day* :

Then pleasant *Songs* they sang, and wanton grown

Each pluck'd, and bound his Flowers, and made a Crown,

And with *uneven* steps they danc'd around ;

Their *heavy* Leaps still shook the *trembling* Ground ;

Whilst all the *idle Crowd*, that flock'd to view,

Laught much, because the *Tricks* seem'd *strange*, and *new* :

And thus they pass'd the *Day* in gay Delight,

And *watch'd*, and fed their tender Flocks by *Night* ;

No need of *Sleep*, that want the *Songs* supply,

The *Noise* chas'd *Morpheus* from their *willing Eye*.

These now our wantons use, with *Toil* and *Pain*,

They learn to dance in *Measure* ; all in vain.

For these can reap no *Joy*, no more Content

Than what these *Earth-born* Swains did first resent :

For whilst we know no better, but possess

A *present* Good, it doth *extreamly* please ;

The *later* Good our *varying* *Thoughts* employs,

And we condemn the Gust of *former* Joys.

Thus Man despis'd their ancient ealie Food,

Their *Acorns*, and their *Apples* of the *Wood* :

When *Cloaths* were found, and other *Coverings* spread,

They scorn'd their *Skins* of Beasts, and *Grassy* Bed ;

The

The Skins of Beasts, which sure the *first* that found,
Not long enjoy'd, but by a treacherous wound
He fell; so highly then, the now despis'd,
Contemn'd, neglected Skins of Beasts were priz'd.

Thus Men did fight for *Skins*, those rais'd their Cares;
But *Gold* and *Purple* now are cause of Wars:
The fault is *ours*, for they could only find
These *Skins* as *Cloaths* against the Cold and *Wind*;
But now what harm, if none go proudly drest
In *Cloth of Gold*, or an *embroid' red Vest*,
Since *meaner* Garments yield as much defence
'Gainst *Wind* and *Cold*, as much preserve the Sense?

Then wretched Man's Endeavours are in vain,
They fruitlessly consume their Years in Pain,
Not knowing how to *use*, nor how to *measure*
Their boundless *Wish*, nor height of *real* Pleasure:
This drives them on into a *Sea* of Cares,
And the destructive *Rage*, and storms of Wars.

The *Sun* still running round his Yearly Race,
Shew'd all the *Seasons* turn'd by constant cause,
By certain Order rul'd, and steady Laws.
Some liv'd in *Castles* then, some built a *Town*,
And *Land* divided, each enjoy'd his *own*.
Then *mighty* Ships, driv'n by the labouring *Wind*,
Flew o're the *Seas*, and *distant* Nations joyn'd,
Whilst *Leagues* and *Bonds* the *Neighbouring* Towns
combin'd:

Then *Letters* found, and the *Poetick* *Rage*
First told the *Noble* *Actions* of the *Age*:
But all *beyond* lies hid in *dismal* *Night*,
And only seen by searching *Reason's* *Light*.

Thus *Ships*, thus *Cloaths*, thus *Wine*, and *Oyl* began,
And *Towns*, the *comforts* and *support* of Man;
But *better'd* all, to due *Perfection* brought.

By searching Wits from long Experience taught.
Thus Time, and thus sagacious Men produce
A thousand Things, or for Delight, or Use;
For one thing known, doth vigorous Light impart
For farther Search, and leads to Height of Art.

The End of the Fifth Book.

Aa

LUCRE;

LUCRETIVS.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

*The Praise
of Epicu-
rus.*

A *Thens* first gave us *Laws*, and chang'd our Food,
For *Acorns* tender *Fruit* and *Corn* bestow'd
On wretched Man; each was a mighty Good.
But then she taught us how to live at Ease,
She taught the Joys of *Life*, and shew'd us Peace,
When *Epicurus* rose, when *He* began,
That Oracle of Truth, that more than Man;
The fame of whose *Inventions* still surviv'd,
And rais'd an everlasting *Pyramid*,
As high as *Heaven* the Top, as *Earth* the Basis wide:
For He observing some, that could supply
Contented Nature's Thrifty *Luxury*;
Happy in *Honours*, and in *Wealth's* Embrace,
And doubly happy in a Noble Race;
Still groan'd at home, with *Cares*, and *Fears* oppress
Each found a sad *Disturber* in his Breast;
Imagin'd streight some *Fault* lay hid in *Man*,
Whence this *Corruption* of the Joys began:
Because his *Wish* is boundless, vast his Mind;
The *Goods* ran thro, and left no *Sweet* behind;
Or else some ill *Opinion* still destroys
The entering Good, and still sows all his Joys:

Then

Then *He*, the *Mighty He*, by *powerful Rules*,
 And true *Philosophy* reform'd our *Souls*;
 He purg'd away all *vain* and *empty Care*,
 And taught what *Man* should *hope*, what *Man* should *fear*;
 The *End* at which our *Actions* aim, He show'd,
 And taught an *easy* way to find the *Good*:

What we from *Chance*, or *Nature's* force may *fear*,
 And taught us how t'avoid, or how to *beat*,
 And prov'd that *Man* is *fondly* vext with *Care*.

For *we*, as *Boys* at *Night*, at *Day* do *fear*
Shadows, as *vain* too, and *senseless* as those are;
 Wherefore that *Darkness* that o'respreads our *Souls*,
Day can't disperse, but those *eternal Rules*,
 Which from firm *Premises* true *Reason* draws,
 And a deep insight into *Nature's* *Laws*.

And therefore I'll proceed. Now since the *Sky*,
 And all that is, or can be fram'd on high,
 Is *mortal*, once was *made*, and once must *die*;
 Since this is prov'd, now I'll go farther on,
 And finish this so *happily* begun.

The various *wonders* of the *lower Air*
 Perplex Mens *doubtful* thoughts with *vexing Care*,
 And make the *Wretches* bend with *slavish Fear*:

For *Ignorance* of *Causes* heaves the *Mind*
 To *Powers* above; as *Birds* fly high when *blind*:
 We see *Effects*: But when their *Causes* lie
 Beyond the ken of *vulgar Reason's* *Eye*,
 They are ascrib'd unto the *Deity*.

For e'en those few exalted *Souls* that know
 The *Gods* must live at *Ease*, not look below;
 If they look up, and view the *World* above,
 And wonder how these *glorious Beings* move,
 They are intrapt, they bind their *slavish Chain*.
 And sink to their *Religious* *Fears* again.

And then the *World* with *Heavenly Tyrants* fill,
 Whose *Force* is as *unbounded* as their *Will*.
 Deluded Ignorants! who ne're did see
 By *Reason's* Light, what *can*, what *cannot* be;
 How *All* at last must yield to fatal *Force*,
 What *steady Bounds* confine their *Natural Course*;
 And therefore Err. If *You* refuse to fly
 Such thoughts, *unworthy* of the *Deity*;
 But think they *act such things* as break their *Ease*,
 And *opposite* to *Joy*, and *Happiness*;
 Then thou shalt surely *smart*, and fancying still
 The *Gods* are angry, fear a *coming ill*:
 Tho no *revengeful Thoughts* their *Minds* imploy,
 No *Thirst* to punish *Man* disturbs their *Joy*;
 Yet thou dost think their *happy quiet Age*
 Still vex with waking *Cares*, and *violent Rage*.

Nor shalt thou visit on the *Sacred Days*
 Their *Shrines* with *quiet Mind*, or sing their *Praise*.
 Besides, the *Images*, the *Forms* that rise
 From their *pure Limbs*, and strike they *Reason's Eyes*,
 And constantly present the *Deities*,
 Those *Images* will still disturb thy *Mind*,
 Strike *deep*, and *wound*, and leave *Despair* behind:
 And then how *sad* thy *Life*? what *pungent Cares*
 Will vex thy *wretched Soul*? what *anxious Fears*?

But now to chase these *Phantoms* out of *Sight*
 By the plain *Magick* of *true Reason's* *Light*,
 Tho I have sung a *Thousand Things* before,

The Subject. My *Labouring Muse* must sing a *Thousand* more,
 How *Thunder*, *Storm*, and how *swift Lightning* flies,
 Singeing with *fiery Wings* the *wounded Skies*;
 Lest *Superstitious You* observe the *Flame*,
 If those quick *Fires* from *lucky Quarters* came,
 Or with *sad Omen* fell, and how they burn

Thro

Thro *closest* Stones, and waste, and then return;
 And you, my *sweetest Muse*, come lead me on,
 I'm *eager*, and 'tis time that I was gone;
 Come lead me on, and shew the *Path* to gain
 The *Race* and *Glory* too, and crown my Pain.

First then, the *Dreadful Thunder* roars aloud,
 When *fighting* Winds drive heavy *Cloud* on *Cloud*,
 For where the *Heaven* is *clear*, the *Sky* *serene*,
 No *Dreadful Thunder's* heard, no *Lightning* seen;
 But where the *Clouds* are *thick*, there *Thunders* rise,
 The *furious Infant's* born, and *speaks*, and *dies*.

Now *Clouds* are not so *thick*, so close combin'd
 As *Stones*, nor yet so thin, and so refin'd
 As rising *Mists*, or subtle *Smoak*, or *Wind*;
 For then the *upper Clouds*, like weighry *Stone*,
 Would fall abruptly, and come tumbling down;
 Or else *disperse* like *Smoak*, and ne're enclose
 The hanging drops of *Rain*, nor *Hail*, now *Snows*:
 They give the *Crack*, as o're a *Theater*
 Vast *Curtains* spread are ruff'd in the *Air*,
 Or torn, (for such a *Sound* is often known
 From *Thunders* crack) they give a *mighty Groan*;
 Or as *spread Cloaths*, or *Sheets* of *Paper* fly
 Before the *Wind*, and rattle o're the *Sky*.

But *Clouds* meet not *directly* still, but slide,
 And rudely grate each other's *injur'd* side;
 And hence that *buzzing* Noise we often hear,
 That with *harsh Murmurs* fills the lower *Air*;
 Continues long, but with a *softer* Sound,
 At length it *gathers Strength*, and breaks the *Bound*.
 But more; the *Thunder* arm'd with *pointed Flame*,
 May seem to *shake* the *World*, and break the *Frame*;
 When e're a *fierce*, a *strong*, and *furious Wind*,
 In *narrow*, *thick*, and *hollow* *Clouds* confin'd,

Of Thunder

Breaks

Breaks thro the *Prison* with a mighty Noise,
 And shouts at *Liberty* with dreadful Voice:
 Nor is this strange, when *one poor Breath of Air*,
 That starts from broken *Bladders*, sounds so far.

But more; 'tis *Reason* too that Noise should rise,
 When *violent Storms* rage o're the *lower Skies*;
 For *Thousand Clouds* appear, *rough, close combin'd*,
 And *thick*, and able to resist the *Wind*:
 Thus *Noise* must rise; as when the *Woods* they wound
 The *injur'd Boughs* sigh forth a *mournful sound*:
 These *Winds* do cut the *Clouds*, and passing thro,
 With murmuring Sound fill all the *Air* below:
 For that the *Winds* may break the *Clouds*, and fly
 Thro all *Resistance* in the lower *Sky*,
 'Tis easie to discover, since they break,
 And twist our *Trees*; yet *here* their *Force* is weak.

Besides, vast waves of *Clouds* seem roll'd above,
 And in confus'd, and tumbling Order move;
 These meeting strike, and break, and loudly roar,
 As *Billows* dashing on the *trembling Shore*.

Or else hot *Thunder* falls on *Rain*, or *Snow*,
 And *dies*, or *hisses* as it passes thro:
 As when we quench a *glowing Mass*, the *Fires*
 Fly off with *Noise*, with Noise the *Heat* expires.

But if the *Cloud* is *dry*, and *Thunder* fall,
 A *crackling Blaze* doth rise, and spread o're all;
 As when *fierce Fires*, prest on by *Winds*, do seize
 Our *Lavrel Groves*, and wast the *Virgin Trees*,
 The *Leaves* all crackle: *She that fled the Chase*
Of Phœbus Love, still flies the *Flames* embrace.

Or else vast *Hills* of *Hail*, and *Rocks* of *Ice*
 May break, and tumbling rattle thro the *Skies*:
 For when rough *Storms* conjoyn the parts of *Hail*,
 Or scatter'd *Ice*, their *weight* must make them fall.

Quick

Quick *Lightning* flies when heavy Clouds rush on,
 And strike, as *Steel* and *Flin*, or *Stone* and *Stone*,
 For then *small Sparks* appear, and scatter'd *Light*
 Breaks *swiftly* forth, and wakes the *sleepy Night*:
 The *Night* amaz'd begins to haste away,
 As if these *Fires* were *Beams* of coming *Day*.

And first we see the *Light*, and then we hear
 The *Noises*, those but slowly reach the *Ear*;
 Because the *Images* of things do fly
 More swift than *Sounds*, and quickly strike the *Eye*:
 One *Instance* clears it; for observe, and see
 When e're a *cruel Ax* doth wound a *Tree*,
 The *Tree* streight sighs, but if at *distance* shown,
 We see the *Stroak* before we hear the *Groan*:
 So whilst the *Noise* moves *slow*, the winged *Light*
 Flies *swiftly* on, and strikes the *distant Sight*:
 Tho both arose at *once*, that moves the *Eyes*,
 Before the *slow Tongu'd Thunder* speaks, and dies.

But more; a *Cloud* seems fir'd, a *Tempest* brings
 Swift *trembling Flames* upon his *dreadful Wings*,
 When shut within a *Cloud*, it scorns the bound,
 And strives to break, and whirls, and tumbles round;
 And whirling hollows out the *Warry Frame*,
 At last grows hot, takes *Fire*, and breaks in *Flame*:
 For *Motion* causes *Heat*; thus *Balls* of *Lead*,
 From *Engines* thrown, have melted as they fled:
 This *Wind* grown hot, when loos'd from *cold embrace*
 Of pressing *Clouds*, and gets a larger place,
 It scatters sparks of *Fire*, which *swiftly* fly,
 And spread quick *Lightnings* o're the lower *Sky*:
 Then the grave *Murmur* comes, the *Light* appears,
 Before the heavy *Sound* can reach our *Ears*.

Now this is done, when *Cloud* lies heap't on *Cloud*,
 Thence *Lightning* flies, and *Thunder* roars aloud;

Lightning.

*Why we see
 the Light
 before we
 hear the
 Sound.*

*Clouds very
 thick.*

Not

Nor must you think this false; because the Eve
 When plac'd below, sees Clouds more broad than high:
 For look, and see the labouring Winds do bear
 Vast Mountain Clouds, and whirl them thro the Air.
 Then labouring Winds do move but slowly on,
 And as oppress'd with burthens sigh and groan:
 Or when upon a Mountain's lofty head,
 We see the higher Clouds o're lower spread;
 And tho the Winds all hush't, they cease to move,
 Yet still the low are prest by those above:
 Then you may guess their Bulk, how high they rear,
 How vast these real Castles built in Air:
 How great, how strong their Hollows, where the Wind
 Shut up, grows fierce, and scorns to be confin'd,
 But roars thro all the Clouds; as Beasts disdain
 The Den's Confinement, and the slavish Chain;
 And roar to get their Liberty again:
 And seeking way rolls round the watry Frame,
 And gathers numerous Seeds of subtle Flame;
 And these it whirls, until the shining Streams
 Break thro the Cloud, and shew their feeble Beams.

But more; these glaring Fires, these Flames may rise,
 And fall to Earth thro all the Spacious Skies;
 Because the Clouds hold numerous parts of Light:
 For if they're dry, their Colour's fiery bright;
 For they must catch, and hold descending Rays,
 And thus look fiery Red, and often blaze:
 These prest by Winds, to narrow place retire,
 And scatter Seeds that frame the Glaring Fire.

But farther; often Lightning seems to glide
 When Clouds grow rare; for as the Winds divide,
 The Clouds must lose their Seeds, those shew the Fire,
 But without Thunder silently expire.

Thunder is
 Fire.

But now, what Seeds the Thunders parts compose.

Their

Their *Stroaks*, their *Marks*, and *sulphurous Odor* shows,
For These are signs of *Fire*, not *Wind*, or *Rain*:

May oft they burn our *Towns*, and Men complain

Of *Heavenly Fires* and angry *Gods* in vain.

Now these *Celestial* fires are fram'd above;

Of *Parts refin'd*, and *Thin*, and apt to move:

Too strong to be oppos'd, they scorn a bound,

And pass thro' *closest Walls*, as *Voice*, and *Sound*:

They fly with ease thro' *Stone*, thro' *Gold*, and *Brass*;

And in one *instant* melt the *stubborn Mass*.

May oft the *Cask* entire, the *Liquors* flow,

Because the *pointed flames* with secret blow

Do widen all the *Pores* in passing thro':

Which yet the *Sun* with all his beams, and rage,

And all his *fires* can't do within an *Age*:

So quick these *parts* must move, so swift they run,

So much excel in *force* the vigorous *Sun*.

Now how this force begins, how *Thunder* flies

With that quick strength, whence these fierce *Motions*

That break our *Towers*, and our *Towns* infest,

Demolish Houses, *ruine Man* and *Beast*:

That split our *Trees*, and rage o'er all the *Wood*,

We now explain; and make my *Promise* good.

First then, 'tis certain *Thunder* seems to fly

From dark, thick *Clouds*, and those built vastly high:

For when the smiling *Heav'en's* serene and clear,

Or thinly *Clouded*, we no *Thunder* hear:

But now e'en *Sense* assures, no smiles adorn,

No *Skie's* serene, whilst mighty *Thunder's* born,

But a thick *Cloud* o'erspreads *Heavens* threatening face,

As if the shades of *Hell* had left their place,

And fill'd the *arched Skies*, so thick the *Night*,

So dark the horrid *Clouds*, and so affright.

Besides, at *Sea* dark *Clouds* do often fall,

B b

A a

Why *Thunder*
is so
strong.

(rise

As streams of *flowing Pitch*, and spread o're all,
 Far from the *darkned Sky*; and swoln with Rain,
 And *Storms*, they draw *behind* a dreadful Train
 Of *Thunder-cracks*, which rage o're all the Main:
 E'en *we on Earth* do shake, with terror aw'd;
 We seek for *shelter* all, nor peep abroad.
 Well then, these *Clouds*, that spread o're all the Sky;
 Must needs be *thick*, and all built *vastly high*;
 For else they could not stop *descending Light*,
 Nor check the *Rays*, and bring so *thick* a Night;
 Nor such great *Floods*, nor so much *Water* yield,
 As swell our *Streams*, and spread o're every field.

These *Winds*, and *Fires*, when spread o're all the Skies,
 Thence *Thunder* roars, and *winged Lightning* flies.
 For I have taught before, that *Clouds* contain
 A mighty store of *fire*, and much they gain
 From the *Sun's heat*, and the *descending Rays*:
 These when the *Wind* hath forc't to *narrow place*,
 And *squerz'd* some *sparkles* from the *warry frame*,
 And *closely* mixes with the *gather'd flame*,
 It *whirls*, and then within the *Cloud* retires,
 And *tumbling forges* there, and *points* the *fires*:
 This by the *rapid whirl*, or *neighbouring Ray*
 Is *fir'd*, for *flame* is rais'd by either way.
 Thus when the *Wind grown hot* still whirls around,
 Or when the *furious Flame* breaks o're the bound,
 Then *Thunder* fit for birth *dissolves* the *Cloud*,
 And shews the *glaring Fires*, and roars aloud;
 The *Heavens* crack, as if the *Orbs* would fall,
 And *feeble fear* and *tremblings* seize on all:
 Then *Showers*, as if the *Air* was chang'd to *Rain*,
 Fall swiftly down, and threaten *Floods* again;
 So great the *Thunder Storms*, as if they came
 From the *revengeful Clouds* to quench the *Flame*.

Sometimes *External Winds* the Clouds divide,
And break wide *Caverns* in their injur'd side;
Thro these the *Infant Thunder* makes its way,
These Winds call forth the *Flames*. and *They Obey*.

And somerimes too a Wind *unkindly* flies,
But *kindles* in its passage thro the Skies;
Losing some *heavy* parts it us'd to bear,
Which could not *swiftly* cut the middle Air;
And *gathering* others of *convenient* frame,
Which *joyn*, and *stie* with them, and raise the *Flame*:
As *Balls* of Lead, when shot with *mighty* force,
Their *stubborn*, their *ungentle* parts divorce,
And *softned* melt ith' middle of their Course.

Sometimes the *fury* of the Stroak may raise
Quick *sparks* of fire, and make a *mighty* Blaze;
For by the Stroak *small streams* of Light may spring
Both from the *striking*, and the *injur'd* Thing:
As from *cold Flint* and *Steel* bright Sparks appear,
They fly the *blow*, and leap to open Air:
And thus the Clouds, if of *convenient* frame,
May well be *kindled*, and dissolve in flame;
Nor can the *Winds* be cold, because they move
Thro such *vast* space, still tumbling from above;
For if not *kindled* by the *Flames* they meer,
Yet sure they must come *warm* with *mingled* heat.

The *Thunder's* force comes thus: For whilst it lay *The force of*
Confin'd in Clouds, it strove to *break* away; *Thunder.*
At last *prevails*, and flies with *mighty* force,
And hence so great the strength, so swift the course:
As *mighty* *weights* from strong *Balista* thrown,
Which break the *Walls*, and shake the *frighted* Town.

Besides, its parts are *small*, and *quick* the blows,
And therefore meets with Nought that can oppose;
No *stops* can hinder, and no *lets* can stay,

The *closest* Pores will yield an open way :
 And hence it flies with such a *mightry* force ;
 And hence, so great the strength, so quick the course.

Besides, all *Weights* by Nature downward go ;
 But when that *Motion* is increas'd by blow,
 The *Swiftness* and the *Force* must needs increase,
 And break whatever dares resist, with ease.

Lastly, since they so large a *Space* do run,
 Their *Swiftness* must increase in tumbling down ;
 For *Motions* still increasing run their race,
 And all by odd proportions mend their pace :
 Or all the *Seeds* direct their violent course,
 And strike one part with their united force :
 Or else, as thro the *Air* they swiftly rove,
 Meet parts which strike, and make them *swifter* move.

Why Thun-
 der melts
 hard Bodies.

And when the Pores receive the subtle fire,
 The force flies thro, the thing remains entire ;
 But when it strikes the Substance, then the Mass
 Is broken ; thus it melts strong Gold, and Brass :
 Because its parts are thin, and swiftly flie,
 And enter in, and soon dissolve the Tye.

Why Thun-
 der fre-
 quent in
 Spring and
 Autumn.

Now Spring and Autumn frequent Thunders hear,
 They shake the rising and the dying Year :
 For Winter yields not Heat enough, the Wind
 Flies Cold : In Summer, Clouds are too refin'd.
 But in these middle Quarters all concur,
 All causes joyn to make the Thunder roar :
 Because these Seasons Heat and Cold engage,
 Both necessary Things for Thunders rage ;
 That parts may disagree, and raise a War,
 And Fires, and rapid Whirls disturb the Air.
 For first, the Spring within it's bounds doth hold
 The coming Heat, and the retiring Cold ;
 And therefore these two parts thus opposite,

When

When joyn'd, and mixt, must *strive*, and fiercely fight.

But then in *Autumn* Summer's flames retreat,

And coming *Winter* fights the flying Heat.

These are the troubled Seasons of the Year,

The times that *Elements* go forth to War :

What wonder then, if frequent *Thunder* flies,

If frequent storms disturb the lower Skies ?

Since fighting all in doubtful wars engage ;

Here *Heat*, and *Flames*, there *Cold*, and *Waters* rage.

And Hence we know the nature of the Flame,

And how it works, and whence the *fury* came.

But not by reading *Thuscan Books* inquire

The Gods design by this *Celestial* fire ;

Observe the moving flame, and thence presage

The Kindness of the Gods, or coming Rage ;

Or if the Clouds in lucky *Quarters* swell,

And *Thunder* breaks, or with sad *Omen* fell.

And hence we know, how its quick force doth pass

Thro closest Stones, and melt, or break the Mass ;

What drives swift *Lightning* on, what makes it flow,

And all the harm *Celestial flames* can do.

For if these Bolts were thrown by Gods above,

Or if they were the proper Arms of *Jove*,

Why do the daring *Wicked* still provoke,

Why still sin on secure from *Thunder's* stroke ?

Why are not such shot thro, and plac't on high,

As sad Examples of *Impiety*,

That men may sin no more, no more desie ?

And why doth heedless *Lightning* blast the Good,

And break his bones, or cruddle all his blood ?

Why good and pious men these Bolts endure,

And *Villains* live, and see their fall secure ?

Why do they throw them o're a *desert* Plain,

Why thro the empty *Woods*, and toyl in vain ?

When

What ?

What? is't to try their *strength*, or is't in play
 The *Wantons* sport, and throw *Jove's* Bolts away?
 Or why the senseless Rocks they *idely* wound,
 Why blunt their *Fathers* Bolts against the ground?
 Why doth he suffer this; why not prepare,
 And keep his *useful Arms* for times of War?
 Lest to me *Gigantick Impious Rebels* rise,
 And *unprovided* He should lose the *Skies*.
 Why, when the *Heaven* is clear, no Thunder flies?
 What, when thick heavy Clouds, spread o're the Skies
 Doth he *descend* to take the *surer* aim
 At *nearer* distance then, and *dart* the flame?
 Why strike the *Floods*? what mean such *Bolts* as these?
 What, is't to check the Fury of the Seas?
 Poor weak design! The *troubled Waters* roar,
 And vext by *Whirling Flames* they rage the more:
 Beside: *This Jove* is *willing* Men should fly
 These Bolts, or not: If willing tell me why
 The Thunder is too *subtle* for our Eye:
 If not, why doth he show the *threatning* light,
 And why o'respread the *Heavens* with *Clouds*, and
 And make a *noise*, and give us *time* for flight? (Night)
 Beside: How can these *Flames* at once be thrown
 To *different* parts? Or is it never done?
 Doth *Jove* at once throw but a single one?
 Fond Fancy! For as *Rain*, so *Lightning* flies
 To *many* parts at once, and breaks the Skies:
 Besides, why doth he beat the *Temples* down,
 Those of his *fellow Gods*, and of his *own*,
 Why doth He hurt and break the *Sacred Stone*?
 Why break the curious Statue, spoyl the Grace,
 And wound with fiery Bolts the *Sacred face*?
 Why doth he seldom strike the *humble Plain*?
 But blunts his *fires* on *Hills* and *Rocks* in vain?

And hence 'tis known how *fiery Whirl-winds* rise,
 How they descend, and cut the *threatning Skies*;
 For often *dark and heavy Clouds* encrease,
 And *Pillar-like* descend and reach the *Seas*,
 Whilst all around the *troubled Ocean* raves,
 Fierce Winds still blow, and raise the *boiling Waves* :
 And all the Ships in reach of danger tost,
 Are whirl'd with *rapid turns*, and *wrack's* and lost :
 This happens when the *tumbling Winds* that lay
 Confin'd in *Clouds*, too weak to force away,
 Did drive it down, for then by *slow degrees*
 As if some *Hand*, or *Arm* above did press,
 The *Pillar Clouds* descend, and reach the *Seas* :
 When this divides, the *rustling Winds* engage
 The *Flood*, and make the *Waters boil*, and *rage* :
 For then the *Whirling Winds* descend, and bear
 The thick, *tough, heavy Cloud* thro all the *Air* :
 But when they reach the *Sea*, they break their bound,
 And mingle with the *Waves*, and *Whirling round*
 With dreadful noise, the *furious Billows* rise,
 And *light* the *Waters* with a *mighty blaze*.

*Fiery
Whirl-
winds.*

(*Air Whirl-
Winds*)

Sometimes the *whirling Wind* might *whisk* the
 And gathering parts of *Clouds* that wander there,
 Might *hollow* out it self a watry frame,
 All like a *Prester*, but without the flame,
 From these as *Wombs*, fierce *Whirl-winds* take their
 And *Impiously* torment their *Parent Earth* : (birth,
 But since at *Land* the *Hills* must stop their way,
 These *Storms* are oftner seen at *open Sea*.

Now *Clouds* combine, and spread o're all the *Sky*,
 When little *rugged parts* ascend on high,
 Which may be twin'd, tho by a *feeble tye*,
 These make *small Clouds*, which driven on by *Wind*
 To other like and little *Clouds* are joyn'd,

And

And these increase by *more*, at last they form
Thick *heavy Clouds*, and thence proceeds a *Storm*.

And thus the *lofty Hills* may seem to yield
More *Mists* and *Vapours* than the *bumble field*,
Because when *thin* and *little Mists* arise
Not *thickned* yet, and wander o're the Skies,
All too *refin'd*, and *subtle* for our Eyes;
The *Winds* do drive them to the *Mountains* head,
And there the *thin* and *airy* Covering spread,
Which thickning round the *Top*, there first appear,
And seem to rise from *that*, and fill their Air.

But farther on, the *Seas* give vast supplies,
From those the greatest stores of *Vapours* rise;
For *Cloaths* grow *wet* expanded near the Shore,
The drops arise, and stand in every Pore;
And therefore from the *deep* and *spacious* Floods
Great stores of *Mists* may rise, and frame the Clouds.

Besides, the *Earth*, and *Rivers*, urg'd by heat,
Do breath *soft Mists*, and numerous *Vapours* sweat,
Which joyn, and make *thick Clouds*, and stop the light,
And stain the *Glorious* Skies with *suddain* night.

Beside, the *vigorous* Rays with *constant* blows
Still beat them on the back, and press them close.

Beside, *external Matter* gives supplies,
And seeds of Clouds, which spread o're all the Skies:
For I have prov'd the *Mass* immense, the Space
Is *infinite*, and knows no *lowest* place;
And how the *Atoms* thro the *Vacuum* rove,
How quick they measure Space, and how they move;
Slow time admires, and knows not what to call
The *Motion*, having no Account so small.
Well then, no wonder *suddain Storms* should rise,
And hasty Night spread o're the *lower* Skies,
Since from the *Mass* still vast supplies are hurl'd

Thre

Thro every Pore, and Passage of the World,
And linger here, and joyn; or break the Chain,
And flie thro the *divided* Skies again.

Now sing, my *Muse*, how *Rain* is spread o're all, *Rain.*
How *watry* Clouds are joyn'd, and *Showers* fall.

First, with the Clouds moist *Streams* of *Vapours* rise
From every Thing, and spread o're all the Skies,
And, as in Man, the Moisture, Sweat, and Blood,
Grows with the Limbs, increasing with the Cloud:
And oft as *Winds* do whirl them o're the Main,
The Clouds, like *Wool* do dip themselves in Rain,
To shake their *Fleeces* o're the Earth again.

The *Rivers*, *Lakes*, and *Pools*, when stir'd by Heat,
Breath forth soft *Mists*, and numerous *Vapours* sweat;
These rise, and set in Clouds; and there combin'd,
Or by the *ambient* Cold, or driving *Wind*,
And then descend, because the *Winds* divide;
Or else the Clouds contract their *injur'd* side,
Or else the *upper* Clouds press those *below*,
And squeeze the Water out, and make it flow.

And when the Wind makes thin the *watry* Frame,
Or *Rays* cut thro it with a *vigorous* Flame,
The *Rain* breaks forth, the *injur'd* Cloud appears
Like melted running *Wax*, and drops in *Tears*.

But when the *Wind* with higher *Clouds* agrees,
And their united Force begins to squeeze,
When Both do press the Cloud swoln big with *Rain*,
Then *Storms* descend, and beat the *humble* Plain.

Then *constant Showers* when *watry* Clouds that lie
One on another's back, receive supply
From every quarter of the lower Sky:

And when the *thirsty* Earth hath drunk the *Rain*,
And throws it up in *Vapours* back again.

And when the *adverse* Sun's bright *Beauties* flow, *Rainbow.*

Co

And

And strike *thick* Clouds, they paint the gawdy *Bow*.

And how the other *Meteors* rise and fall,
What *stamps* the figur'd *Snow*, and moulds the *Hail*,
And why the *Water's* Pride and Beauty's lost,
When *rigorous Winter* binds the Floods with Frost,
'Tis easie to conceive; if once we know
The Nature of the *Elements*, or how
Their *fighting Powers* must work, or what they do.

Earth-
quakes.

And next of Earthquakes.——
First then, you must suppose the *Earth* contains
Some *Seeds* of *Winds*, spread o're it's *hollow Veins*;
And *there*, as well as *here*, fierce *Vapour* reigns;
And many *Lakes*, and *Pools*, and spacious *Caves*,
And *secret Rivers* there roll *boisterous Waves*;
For *Nature's Laws* Command, and *Reason's* prove
The parts *below* resemble those *above*.
These things suppos'd; when those *vast Caves* below
Shall fail, the *Upper Earth* must tremble too;
For *Hills* must sink, and from the *mighty* fall
Quick *tremblings* must arise, and spread o're all:
No wonder this, whilst *Carts* go slowly on,
Or swifter *Coaches* rattle o're the Stone,
Altho the *weight's* not *great*, the *Houses* feel,
And *shake* at every jumping of the *Wheel*.

Or else from *arched Caves* great *Stones* may fall,
And strike the *under-waves*, and trouble all,
Those agitate, and shake th' *Enclosing Ball*:
For when the *Liquour*, as *Experience* proves,
Is troubled, all the *Vessel* shakes and moves.

Besides, when *Winds* below with mighty Force
Against *resisting Caves* direct their Course,
The *Earth* that way inclines; then fixt before
Our *Houses* nod, the *higher* nod the *more*;
The *hanging Beams* start from the *tottering Wall*,

We *flie* our Houses, and we *dread* the fall.
 And yet some think the *World* will ne'er decay,
 The scatter'd Seeds dissolv'd *flie* all away;
 Tho these few fighting *Winds* with ease displace
 The *heavy Earth*, and turn the weighty *Mass*.
 For did these *still rush on*, no Force could stay
 The coming *ruin*, all would soon decay:
 But since they press but *now* and *then*, their Course
 Now *here*, now *there*, now *flie* with mighty Force,
 And then repell'd, return with weaker wings;
 The *Earth* oft *threatens* ruin, seldom *brings*,
 Inclining only from it's *usual* Plain,
 Then *turns*, and settles in it's Seat again:
 And therefore Houses nod, and seem to fall,
 High, most; low, less; the lowest, least of all.

But more; the *Earth* may shake, when *Winds* begin
 (Or rais'd without in *Air*, or bred *within*,)

To rage thro *hollow Caves*, and whirling round
 Endeavour still to force the narrow Bound,
 At last break thro, and leave a gaping wound.
 Thus *Ægæ*, thus *Phœnician* Towns did fall,
 The *greedy Earth* gap'd wide, and swallow'd all:
 Besides a thousand *Towns*, a thousand *Isles*,
 Whilst cruel *Eddies* dimpled into smiles,
 Have fall'n, all swallow'd by the greedy *Main*,
 And poor *Inhabitants* strove for Life in vain.
 But if the *Vapour's* cold, too weak the *Wind*
 To force a Way, if by strong bounds confin'd,
 It spread o're all the Pores the *Earth* contains,
 And brings a *shivering* Cold thro all the Veins;
 As when *Frost* comes, it brings a trembling *Chill*,
 And makes our *Members* shake against our Will;
 Then Men begin to fear, and wisely dread,
 And *flie* the *Towers* that nod their *threatning* Head;

Or else they think the Earth will fail, the Ground
Will gape, and all sink thro the mighty *Wound*.

E'en those, who think the *World* must still endure,
Eternal still, from *Fate* and *Age* secure,
Yet often wakened by the present *Fear*,
Start all, and think the *Dissolution* near;
They fear the *Earth* will sink, the *World* will fall,
And *Ruin* and *Confusion* spread o're all.

Why the
Seas not
increase.

Now I must sing, my *Muse*, why greedy *Seas*
Devour *Water* still, yet near increase:
For it seems strange, that *Rivers* still should flow,
And run for numerous *Years* as much as now;
And tho they daily bring a mighty *Store*,
The spacious *Ocean* should increase no more,
But still be bounded with the former *Shore*:
And yet it is not strange: for these, the *Rain*,
And all the *Moisture* that the *Clouds* contain,
Scarce seem a *Drop*, compar'd to *Spacious* *Seas*:
No wonder then the *waves* do ne're increase.

Besides, the *Sun* draws much, the fiery *Ray*
Descends and forces many parts away:
For *Sense* assures, that when the *busie* beams
Press moistned Cloths, the *Vapours* rise in streams;
Therefore from *Spacious* *Seas* the *Rays* must bear
More watry parts, and scatter thro the *Air*;
But now, tho here and there few parts arise,
Yet a vast spacious *Mass* of *Water* flies
From the whole *Sea*, and spreads ore all the *Skies*.

Besides, the *Winds* take some, with wanton play
They dip their *Wings*, and bear some parts away:
This *Sense* declares; for often after *Rain*
In one short *Night*, if *Winds* sweep o're the *Plain*,
The *Dirt* grows hard, the *Ways* are dry'd again.

Besides, as *Winds* drive on the low-bung *Clouds*,

And

And make them skim the *Surface* of the *Floods*,
 They take some drops away; and these compose,
 And fall to *Earth* in *Hail*, in *Rain*, and *Snows*.
 And since the *Earth* is rare, and full of *Pores*,
 And *Waves* still bear against the *Neighbouring Shores*,
 As *Rivers* run from *Earth*, and fill the *Main*,
 So some thro' *secret Pores* return again:
 These lose their *Salt*, and thro' small *Channels* spread,
 They joyn where e're the *Fountain* shews her head;
 Hence *Streams* arise, and fair *Meanders* play,
 And thro' the *Vallies* cut their *liquid way*.

Fountains.

Now next, why *Ætna* burns, and why the *Flame*
 Breaks forth in *Whirls*, and whence the *Fury* came:
 For sure 'tis fond to think these *Flames* arise

*Why Ætna
burns.*

Directed by the angry *Deities*
 To waft fair *Sicily*, and burn, and spoyl
 The *Farmer's Hopes* and *Fruits* of all his *Toyl*;
 Whilst all the *Neighbouring Nations* stood amaz'd,
 Opprest with *anxious Fear*, and wildly gaz'd:
 The *Heaven* all spread with *Flames* they flock'd to view,
 And wonder'd what 'twas *Nature* meant to do.

Well, look about thee then on every side,
 Consider, that the *Whole's* immensely wide;
 Then view the arched *Skies*, and see how *small*,
 And mean a *Portion* of the *spacious All*,
 How *little Man*, compar'd to *Earth's* vast *Ball*;
 This done, you'll find your *Fears* and *Cares* decrease,
 Your *Jealousies*, and *Admiration* cease.

For who admires to see a *Patient* sweat,
 Or hear him groan, when *scorcht* by *Fever's* Heat,
 Or when the *Foot*, or *Eye* is vex't with *Pains*,
 Or any *hot Disease* spreads o're the *Veins*?
 And this, because there lie vast *stores* of *Seed*
 In *Heaven*, and *Earth*, all fit, all apt to breed

Such

And

Such *strange* and *vexing* Pains: or else increase
 The *noxious* Flame, and feed the strong Disease:
 So you may think the *Mass* sends great supplies,
 And stores of Seed thro all our *Earth* and *Skies*,
 Sufficient to *raise Storms*, and shake the Frame,
 Raise *Aetna's* Fires, and cover *Skies* with Flame;
 For *That* appears, when Seeds of *Flame* combine,
 As Rain, and Clouds, when drops of *Water* joyn.
 Ay, but the Fire's *too strong*, the Flame *too great*.
 A vain *Objection* this, and *Fancy's* cheat:
 Thus he that views a *River*, *Man*, or *Tree*,
 Or else what ever 'tis He chance to see,
 Streight thinks them *great*, because perhaps he knows
 No larger *Streams*, no greater *Things* than those;
 Yet *these*, and all the spacious *Skies* controule,
 Are *small*, and *nothing* to the mighty *Whole*.

*Why Flame
 breaks out.*

Now why the *Flames* break forth:——
 First then, this *Aetna's* Cave's a mighty one,
 A spacious *Hollow*, and all arch'd with *Stone*:
 This swells with *Winds*, which whirl, and tumble there:
 (For *Wind* is nothing else but troubled *Air*,)
 When *These* by *whirling* round the *arched* Frame
 Grow hot, and from the *Flints* strikes sparks of *Flame*,
 Then *proud* and *furious* too, and rising higher,
 Break forth at top, in *Smoak* and *Sparks* of *Fire*:
 By the same Force e'en *weighty Mountains* rise,
 And *whirling Rocks* cut thro the wounded *Skies*.

But more; this *hollow fiery Mountain's* side
 The *Sea* still *washes* with impetuous *Tide*,
 And passing thro the *Pores*, the *Flame* retires,
 The *pressing Waters* drive the *yielding Fires*,
 And force them out; these raise large *Clouds* of *Sand*,
 And scatter *Stones*, and *Ashes* o're the *Land*.

And thus my *Muse* a *store of Causes* brings,

For here, as in a *Thousand* other things,
Tho by one single Cause th' *Effect* is done,
Yet since 'tis hid, a *thousand* must be shown,
That we might surely hit that *single* one.
As when a *Carcass* we at distance view,
We all the *various* means of Death must shew,
That in the *number* we may speak the true:
For whether he was kill'd by *strong* Disease,
Or *Cold*, or *Sword*, tho 'twas by *one* of these,
We cannot tell, and thus it must be done
In other things; a *thousand* *Reasons* shown,
When *Sense* determines not our Choice to one.

In Summer *Nile* o'reflows, his Streams do drown
The fruitful *Egypt's* Fields, and *his* alone:
Because the Mouth of that *wide* *River* lies
Oppos'd to *North*; for when the *Etesia's* rise
From heavy *Northern* Clouds, and fiercely blow
Against the *Streams*, those *stop*, and *rise*, and *flow*:
For *Northern* *Winds* blow full against the *Streams*,
Their Spring is *South*, it boyls with *Mid-day* Beams,
Then cuts it's way thro *Sun* burnt *Negroes* Land,
And hisses passing o're the *fiery* Sand.

Or else the *troubled* Sea, that rolls to *South*,
Brings heaps of Sand, and choaks the *River's* Mouth:
These stop the *headlong* Floods, they strive in vain
To force a way, but *wearied* turn again,
And break their *Banks*, and flow o're all the Plain.

Or else *Rain* makes it swell, the *Etesia's* bear
The *Northern* Vapours thro the *Southern* Air,
There thickned round the Hills the *Rain* compose;
Or else the *Sun* melts *Ethiopian* Snows,
These swell the *River*, and the *Water* flows.

Next of *Averni* sing, and whence the Name,
And whence the *Rage*, and *burstful* Nature came.

Of the over-
flowing of
Nile,

Of *Averni*.

So

So call'd because the *Birds* that cut the Sky,
 If o're those *Places* they do chance to fly,
 By noxious Streams oppress'd, fall down, and die:
 Death meets them in the *Air*, and strikes them dead:
 They fall with *hanging Wing*, and bended head;
 And strike the *pois'notus Lake*, or *deadly Field*:
 Such *Vapours* boyling Springs near *Cuma* yield.

In *Athens*, where *Minerva's* Temple stands,
 There never *Crow*, or boading *Raven* flies,
 No, tho the *Fat*, and *Oily Sacrifice*
 Doth tempt his *Smell*, and call his *willing Eyes*:
 Not that he fears *Minerva's* vain Pretence!
 Or banisht from her *Train* for an Offence;
 No, 'tis the *noxious Vapour* drives him thence.

A place (as *Stories* tell) in *Syria* lies,
 Which if a *Horse* goes o're, he groans, and dies;
 As if by sudden stroak, and violent blow,
 He fell a *Sacrifice* to *Gods* below:
 Yet these *Effects* agree with *Nature's* *Laws*,
 And strict *Observers*, may discern the *Cause*:
 Lest you should fancy these the *Gates* of *Hell*,
 That there the *Smutty Gods*, and *Manes* dwell;
 And thro these places *draw* the wandering *Souls*,
 As *Deer* suck *Serpents* from their lurking 'holes:
 But that's *absurd*, *irrational*, and *vain*,
 Come, understand the *Cause*, for I'll explain.

First; Seeds do lie (as I have prov'd before)
 In *Earth*, of every *Shape* a mighty store;
 Some *Vital* parts to *Men*, prolong their *Breath*;
 Some apt to breed *Disease*, and hasten *Death*:
 To other *Animals* some parts are good,
 Some hurt, some kill, and some give wholesome *Food*;
 And all these different *Effects* arise,
 From different *Motion*, *Figure*, *Shape*, and *Size*.

A thousand hurtful parts thro' Ears descend,
 A thousand pass the Nostrils, and offend;
 A thousand hurt the Touch, a numerous store
 Disturb the Eye, the Taste a thousand more;
 Besides, on Man a thousand Atoms wait,
 And hurtful all, and carry hasty Fate.
 Thus often under Trees supinely laid;
 Whilst Men enjoy the Pleasure of the Shade,
 Whilst those their loving Branches seem to spread
 To screen the Sun, they noxious Atoms shed,
 From which quick Pains arise, and seize the Head.
 Near Helicon, and round the Learned Hill
 Grow Trees, whose Blossoms with their Odour kill
 And all these hurtful things from Earth arise,
 Because the Parent Earth's vast Wombs comprise
 Those different Stores and Kinds of Poy's'nous Seed,
 Which firstly join'd these hurtful Natures breed.
 The Snuff of Candles, (this is often known)
 Offends the Nose with Stench, and makes us swoon.
 Besides, a thousand other Things that seize
 The Soul within, they make their way with ease,
 And shake the Vital Powers with strong Disease:
 So when the Belly's full, go sit, and stay,
 And wanton in hot Baths, straight flies away
 Thy Life, thy Strength, and all thy Powers decay.
 From Char-coal, deadly smells the Brains engage,
 If draughts of Water not prevent their Rage.

To those whom Fevers burn, the piercing smell
 Of vigorous Wine is grievous, Death, and Hell.
 Besides, observe what parts the Earth contains,
 And how much poy's'nous Sulphur fills her Veins:
 Besides, whilst Men pursue the hidden store,
 And dig in Mines of Gold, or Silver Ore,
 What hurtful Damps, what noxious Vapours rise?

The wretched Miner o'er the Metal dies.

What noxious parts from Golden Mines exhale?
How soon they seize, and make the Miners pale?
With what quick Force they kill the wretched Slaves?
How soon they bury them in precious Graves?
Well then, these noxious parts must often rear,
And scatter Poyson thro the Upper Air.

Thus hurtful Parts from the *Averni* rise,
'And with strong Poysons fill the Lower Skies;
And These, as Birds cut thro the Liquid way,
Seize them, and then some Parts of Life decay;
Thus they amaz'd on the *Averni* fall,
And there the Poysons work, and ruin all.
For first they make them giddy, then their wing
Grows weak, they fall into the Poyson's Spring,
There die, there leave their Soul in deep despair,
Because the Poyson's fierce, and stronger there:
Or else the constant rising Streams displace
The Neighbouring Air, and leave an empty space:
Where when the Birds are come with nimble Force,
And still endeavour to pursue their Course,
Deceiv'd, they fall, they clap their Wings in vain;
For no resisting Airy Parts sustain
Their weight doth force them on the poys'now Plain:
And whilst they helpless in the Vacuum lie,
Breath out their Soul thro every Pore, and die.

*Why Wells
cold in
Summer.*

In Summer Springs are cold, for Earth contains
Some Seeds of Heat within her hollow Veins;
But when the Heats increase, and vigorous Ray
Doth cut a passage thro, they flie away;
Thus as the Summer comes, and Rays begin
To cleave the Earth, the Streams grow cold within:
But Cold contracts the Pores to lesser space,
And binds the Seeds of Heat with strict embrace;

And

And those squeez'd from the Pores, with nimble wings
Pass into lower Wells, and warm the Springs.

Near Ammon's Shrine, as Fame hath loudly told,
A Spring runs hot by Night, by Day 'tis cold:

This Men admire, and think, when Night hath spread
Her blackest Curtains o'er our sleepy Head,

The Sun below doth cast his vigorous Beams,
And pierces thro the Earth, and warms the Streams.

Absurd and vain! For since the furious Ray,
When roll'd above, it makes our warmest Day,

And beats the open surface of the Sea,
Can raise but little warmth; when roll'd below

How pierce the Earth, and heat in passing thro?
Since Sense assures, that when the Rays do beat,

Our Houses yield us a secure retreat,
We lye within, and scorn the Summer's Heat.

Then what's the Cause? 'Tis this; a spongy Ground;
And fill'd with fiery Seeds, lies all around;

This when cold Nights contract, the Seeds of Fire
Squeez'd out, flie off, and to the Spring retire,

And make it hot: but when the vigorous Ray
Peeps forth, and opens them an easie way,

They leave the cold embrace, and soon retreat
To Earth again, and take their former Seat;

And thus by Day it loses all it's Heat.

Besides, the Water grows more rare by Day,
It's part divided by the piercing Ray,

So lose their Fire: as when the Beams arise
And warm the frozen Streams with softning kiss,

They melt in the Embrace, and lose their Ice.

And some Cold Springs light Flax held o'er the
Streams,

The Flax takes Fire, and scatters feeble Beams;

A Torch is kindled too, the Flames appear,

D d 2

And

Of the
Spring at
Ammon's
Temple.

*Springs
that light
a Torch.*

And not at every little *Breath* of *Air* ;
Because the *Water* Seeds of *Heat* contains,
And many rise from *Earth's* capacious *Veins* ;
And cut the *Body* of the *Streams*, and flow,
Too weak to warm the waves in passing thro:
Beside, their own quick *Force* will make them move,
And pass the yielding *Waves*, and joyn above:
As little *Streams* that cut their secret way,
And rise up sweet ith' *Bottom* of the *Sea*,
Beat off the *Salt*, and the resisting *Flood*
To thirsty *Sailors* prove a mighty good:
Just so these *Seeds* of *Fire* might rise, and flow,
And cut the yielding *Waves*, and passing thro
Streight strike, and kindle oily *Torch*, or *Tow* :
Because these parts are of convenient *Frame*,
Hold *Seeds* of *Fire*, and fit to raise a *Flame* :

Thus take a *Torch* but lately dead, and strive
To light the *Snuff* again, and make it live,
It kindles long before it comes to touch ;
And sure *Experience* shews a thousand such,
Which light at distance, ere they reach the *Flame* :
And thus this *Fountain* acts, the *Cause* the same.

*Of the
Loadstone.*

Now sing, my *Muse*, for 'tis a weighty *Cause* ;
Explain the *Magnet*, why it strongly draws ;
And brings rough *Iron* to it's fond embrace :
This Men admire, for they have often seen
Small *Rings* of *Iron*, *Six*, or *Eight*, or *Ten*,
Compose a subtle *Chain*, no *tye* between :
But held by this, they seem to hang in *Air*,
One to another sticks, and wantons there ;
So great the *Loadstone's* force, so strong to bear.

In order to the *Cause*, must first be prov'd
A *Thousand Things*, a *Thousand Doubts* remov'd,
And long *Deductions* made ; do *You* prepare
A strict observing *Mind*, and listening *Ear*.

First then, from *Objects seen* thin *Forms* arise,
 In constant *subtle Streams*, and strike our *Eyes*:
 Thus *Odours* fly from *Gums*, a gentle *Breez*
 From *Rivers* flows, and from the *Neighbouring Seas*
 Sharp *Salts* arise, and fret the *Shores* around.
 Thus all the *Air* is fill'd with *murmuring Sound*,
 And whilst we walk the *Strand*, and pleas'd to view
 The wanton *Waves*, or squeeze, and mingle *Rue*,
 Or *Salts*, or bitter *Tast* our *Tongues* surprize;
 So certain 'tis that *subtle parts* arise
 From all, and wander in the lower *Skies*:
 And never cease to *flow*, because the *Ear*
 And *Eye* and *Nose*, still *smell*, and *see*, and *bear*.
 Next I'll repeat what I have prov'd before,
 No *Compound's* perfect *solid*, free from *Pore*:
 For tho' 'tis *useful* to direct our *Eye*
 Thro all the *secrets* of *Philosophy*,
 To prove that *Solid Seeds* can never joyn
 Unless some *empty space* is left between;
 Yet 't hath it's proper *Force* in this *Design*:
 Then first, in *Caves* the *subtle Moisture* creeps
 Thro hardest *Rock*, and every *Marble* weeps:
 And sweat from every *labouring Member* flows,
 And *stubborn* hair o'er all the *Body* grows:
 And *Nature* drives our *Food* with curious *Art*
 Thro all the *Limbs*, encreasing every part;
 Strong *Flames* divide the rigid *Gold*, and *Brass*,
 And to a *liquid* substance break the *Mafs*:
 Thro *Silver*, *Heat*, and *Cold*; and each disdains
 And scorns a *Prison*, tho in precious *Chains*:
 This *Sense* assures; into a well-clos'd *Room*
 The parts of *Odours*, *Sounds*, and *Heat* will come,
 And often, as our sickly *Souldiers* feel,
 The moist and *subtle Air*, creeps thro their *Steel*:

Well

Well then, 'tis certain, as I prov'd before,
No Compounds perfect Solid, free from Pore:
Besides,

The Parts that rise from things, not all alike,
Nor equally agree to what they strike;
For first, the *Beauteous Sun* with vigorous Ray
Melts *Snow*, and *Ice*, and *Wax*, and hardens *Clay*;
Thus *Leather* shrinks in Fire, but *Gold* and *Brass*
Dissolve, *Flames* soften all the rigid Mass:
Thus *Water* strengthens *Steel* grown weak by Heat,
But gently soften *Skins*, and *boyling Meat*:
Leaves of *wild Olives* yield a sweet Repast
To *Goats*, to *Man* a rough and bitter *Tast*:
Thus *Pigs* fly sweetest *Odours*, those that please
And tickle *Man*, offend and *poyson* these;
Yet they will rowl in *Dung*, in *Filth* delight,
Tho squeamish *Man* can scarce endure the sight:
Besides, we must remember, —

Since *Things Compos'd* do numerous *Pores* comprise,
Those must have different Shape, and different Size:
In *Animals* are various *Organs* found,
And each the proper Objects gently wound; }
One *Tast*, another *Smell*, another *Sound*;
Some things thro *Stones* or *Silver*, *Gold* or *Brass*,
Some move thro *Wood* alone, and others *Glass*:
And those that pass the same, not always slow
With equal ease, and cut their passage thro,
And this depends on the *Varieties*
And *Difference* of *Pores* in *shape* and *size*,
Which *Things* of different *Texture* still comprize:
These things thus prov'd, come now I'll sing the Cause, }
Explain the *Magnet*, shew thee why it draws, }
And brings rough *Iron* to it's fond embrace: }

First; From the *Magnet* numerous parts arise,

And

And swiftly move, the *Stone* gives vast supplies;
 Which springing still in *constant* Streams displace
 The *Neighbouring Air*, and make an *Empty* space;
 So when the *Steel* comes there, some parts begin
 To leap on thro the *Void*, and enter in:
 But since they're *twin'd*, the foremost parts must bring
 The *latter* on, and so move all the *Ring*:
 For parts of *Steel* are very strictly joyn'd,
 Scarce any *Compounds* are so closely twin'd.
 No wonder then that when the *foremost* strove,
 The other parts should stir, and all should move;
 Which still they do, they still press farther on,
 Until they reach and joyn the willing *Stone*:
 The *Steel* will move to seek the *Stone's* embrace,
 Or *up*, or *down*, or unto *any* place,
 Which way soever lies the *Empty* Space;
 Not that the *heavy Steel* by *Nature* flies,
 But *Blows without* will force, and make it rise:
 Because the *Air* before the *Steel* is rare,
 And *emptier* than it was, and *weaker* far;
 And therefore all the *Air* that lies behind,
 Grown strong, and gathering like a *subtle* Wind,
 Must force it on; for still the *Ambient Air*,
 Endeavours, still contends to drive it near,
 But then alone can move it, when the *space*
 Is free, and fit to take the coming *Mass*:
 This fills the *Pores*, and then with *subtle* Gales
 Drives on the *Steel*, as Winds great Ships, and Sails,
 Besides all *Compounds* hold some parts of *Air*,
 For every *Compound* is by *Nature* rare;
 This lurking *Air*, no doubt, with nimble wing,
 And constant turns still *whirls*, and beats the *Ring*:
 But once determin'd forward, keeps the Course
 At first receiv'd, and that way bends it's force:

But

But more than this, coy *Steel* will sometimes move
 And flie the *striving* Stone, and cease to love.
 And thus *Steel* Filings I have often known;
 In little *Brazen* Pots held o're the Stone,
 Will strive, and leap, as eager to be gone;
 Because the little *Brazen* parts that rear,
 Fill all the *Steel's* small Pores, and settle there;
 And so the other rising *Streams* that come
 From *Magnets*, find no way, no open room,
 And therefore strike; thus flying thro the *Brass*
 They rudely beat, and drive away the Mass,
 Which otherwise they'd take to their embrace.

Besides, no wonder *This* alone should feel
 The *Loadstone's* Power, and *That* move only *Steel*;
 For some their weight secures, as *Gold*, and some
 Their Pores, they give the *Streams* too large a room,
 And so they find an easie passage thro,
 And thus the *Substance* ne're endures the blow.
 But *Steel* when *brazen* parts fill every Pore,
 And settle there, when it can take no more;
 Then 'tis prepar'd to take the subtle shove
 The *Loadstone's* *Streams* can give, and fit to move.

Nor is there *Friendship* 'twixt these two alone,
 A thousand things beside, but *One* to *One*,
 Agree: Thus *Lime* will fasten only *Stone*.
 Thus *Glew* hard *Boards*, and we may often view
 The *solid* *Table* break before the *Glew*;
 Thus pure and *Fountain-streams* will mix with *Wine*,
 But *Oyl* and heavy *Pitch* refuse to joyn:
 The *Purples* Blood gives *Wool* so deep a stain
 That we can never wash it out again,
 No, pour on all the *Sea*, 'tis all in vane:
 Soulder ignobly weds the *Golden* Mass
 To *Silver*, proper Soulder *Lead* to *Brass*:

Beside

Besides these mention'd, there's a *Thousand* more.
 But stay, what need of such a *numerous* store?
 Why should I *wast* my time, and *trouble* thee?
 Take *all* in *short*: Those *Things* whose parts agree,
 Whose Seeds oppos'd to *Pores* securely lie,
 The Union there is *strong*, and *firm* the Tie:
 Others by *Rings* and *Hooks* are joyn'd in one,
 This way combine the *loving* Steel and *Stone*.

Now next I'll sing, what Causes *Plagues* create,
 What drives a *Pestilence*, swoln big with Fate,
 To *wast*, and lay a *Nation* desolate.

} Of *Plaguet*.
 }

I've prov'd, that *numerous* *vital* parts do fill
 The *Air*, so likewise *numerous* those that *kill*:
 These *Poysens* (whether from the *threatning* Skies
 Like *Clouds* they fall, or from the *Earth* arise,
 When she's grown *putrid* by the *Rains*, or *sweats*
 Such *noxious* Vapors prest by *scorching* heats,)
 Infect the *lower* *Air*, and hence proceed
 All *raging* *Plagues*, these all *Diseases* breed.

A Traveller, for every *Place* he sees,
 Or *bazards*, or endures a *new* Disease,
 Because the *Air* or *Water* disagrees.
 How *different* is the *Air* of th' *British* Isle
 From that which plays upon the *wandering* Nile?
 What *different* *Air* doth *Pontus* *Snows* embrace,
 From that which fans the *Sun-burnt* *Indians* face?

Besides, *Mens* *Shape* or *Colour* disagrees,
 And every *Nation* hath its *own* Disease.
 The *Lepers* only are to *Egypt* known,
 Those *Wretches* drink of *Nilus* streams alone:
 Athens, the *Muses* Seat, and chief delight,
 Offends the *Feet*, *Achaia* hurts the *sight*:
 And thus in every *Land* a *new* Disease,
 New Pains on all the *other* members seize,

Beside

Ec

And

And *different Air* is still the Cause of these.
 Thus often when *one Countrey's Air* is blown
 Into *another*, and forsakes it's *own*;
 It spoils the *wholesome Air* where e're it goes,
 And makes all *like it self* unfit for *Us*:
 Thence *Plagues* arise, and these *descend* and pass
 Into our *Fountains*, tender *Corn*, or *Grass*,
 Or other *food*, or hang within the *Air*
 Held up by *fatal wings*, and *threaten* there;
 So whilst we think to *live*, and draw our *breath*,
 Those parts must *enter in*, and *following* Death:
 Thus *Plagues* do often seize the *labouring Ox*,
 And *raging Rots* destroy our *tender Flocks*.
 And thus the *Thing's the same*, if *Winds* do bear
 From *other Countries* an *unusual Air*,
 And fit to raise a *Plague*, and *Fever here*,
 Or if we *travel* all, and suck it *there*.

The Plague
of Athens.

A *Plague* thus rais'd laid *learned Athens* wast,
 Thro every *Street*, thro all the *Town* it past;
 Blasting both *Man* and *Beast* with *poys'nous Wind*,
Death fled before, and *Ruin* stalkt behind.
 From *Egypt's* burning *Sands* the *Fever* came,
 More *hot* than those that rais'd the *deadly flame*;
 The *Wind* that bore the *Fate* went *slowly on*,
 And as it went was heard to *sigh* and *groan*.
 At last the *raging Plague* did *Athens* seize,
 The *Plague*, and *Death* attending the *Disease*:
 Then *Men* did die by *heaps*, by *heaps* did fall,
 And the *whole City* made *one Funeral*.

First, *fierce unusual heats* did seize the *Head*,
 The *glowing Eyes* with *Blood-shot beams* lookt red,
 Like *blazing Stars* approaching *Fate* foreshow'd;
 The *Mouth* and *Jaws* were fill'd with *clotted Blood*,
 The *Throat* with *Ulcers*, the *Tongue* could speak no more.

VI.

But overflow'd and drown'd in *putrid* gore,
 Grew *useless*, *rough*, and scarce could make a Moan,
 And scarce enjoy'd the *wretched* power to groan.
 Next thro the *Jaws* the Plague did reach the *Breast*,
 And there the *Heart*, the Seat of *Life*, possess'd;
 Then *Life* began to fail, strange *stinks* did come
 From every *putrid Breast*, as from a *Tomb*;
 A sad preface that *Death* prepar'd the Room:
 The *Body weak*, the *Mind* did sadly wait,
 And fear'd, but could not flie *approaching Fate*:
 To these fierce pains were joyn'd *continual Care*,
 And sad *complaining*s, groans, and deep despair;
 Tormenting, vexing *Sobs*, and deadly *Sighs*,
 Which rais'd *Convulsions*, broke the vital *Ties*
 Of *Mind* and *Limbs*, and so the Patient dies.

Yet touch the *Limbs*, the warmth appear'd not great,
 It seem'd but little more than *natural* heat;
 The *Body* red with *Ulcers*, swoln with pains,
 As when the * *Sacred fire* spreads o're the *Veins*;
 But all within was *fire*, fierce flames did burn,
 No *Cloths* could be endur'd, no *Garments* worn;
 But all (as if the *Plague*, that fir'd their *Blood*,
 Destroy'd all *Vertue*, *Modesty*, and *Good*,)
 Lay *Naked*, wishing still for *cooling Air*,
 Or ran to *Springs*, and hop'd to find it there:
 And some leapt into *Wells*, in vain; the Heat
 Or still *increas'd*, or still remain'd as great.
 In vain they drank, for when the *Water* came
 To th' burning *Breast*, it hiss'd before the flame;
 And thro each *mou*th did streams of *Vapours* rise,
 Like *Clouds*, and darkned all the *ambient Skies*;
 The pains *continual*, and the *Body* dead,
 And senseless all, before the *Soul* was fled;
Physicians came, and saw, and shook their *Head*:

E c 2

**St. Anthony's fire*:

No

No Sleep, the pain'd and wearied Mans delight ;
The fiery Eyes, like Stars, wak'd all the night.

Besides, a thousand Symptoms more did wait,
And told sad news of coming hasty Fate:

Distracted Mind, and sad and furious Eyes,
Short breath, or constant, deep and hollow sighs ;

And buzzing Ears, and much and frothy sweat
Spread o're the Neck ; and Spittle thin with heat,

But salt and yellow, and the Jaws being rough,
Could hardly be thrown up with violent Cough :

The Nerves contracted, strength in Hands did fall,
And Cold crept from the Feet and spread o're all :

And when Death came at last, it chang'd the Nose,
And made it sharp, and prest the Nostrils close ;

Hollow the Temples, forc'd the Eye-Balls in,

And chill'd, and hardned all, and stretcht the Skin.

They lay not long, but soon did Life resign,
The Warning was but short, Eight days, or Nine.

If any liv'd, and escap'd the fatal day,

And if their Loosness purg'd the Plague away,

Or Ulcers drain'd, yet they would soon decay ;

Their weakness kill'd them ; or their Poyson'd blood,
And strength, with horrid pains thro Nostrils flow'd.

But those that felt no Flux, the strong Disease
Did oft descend and wretched Members seize ;

And there it rag'd with cruel pains and smart,

Too weak to kill the Whole, it took a Part :

Some lost their Eyes, and some prolong'd their breath

By loss of Hand, so strong the fear of Death.

The Minds of some did dark Oblivion blot,

And they their Actions, and themselves forgot.

And tho the scatter'd Bodies naked lay,

Yet Beasts refus'd, the Birds fled all away,

And us'd their Wings to shun their easie Prey,

They

They fled the *stench* ; whom *Tyrant hunger* prest,
 And forc'd to tast, he prov'd a *wretched Guest* ;
 The *price* was *Life*, it was a *costly Feast*.
 Few *Birds* appear'd, no *wing* could *serve* for *flight* ;
 The *Beasts* scarce dar'd to trust themselves to *Night* ;
 The *Plague* walkt thro the *Woods*, in every *Den*
 They lay and *sigh'd*, and *groan'd*, and *dy'd* like *Men*.
 The *faithful Dogs* did lie in every *Street*,
 And *dy'd* at their *expiring* *Masters* feet.

Disorder'd *Funerals* were hurried on,
 No *decent Mourners*, and no *friendly groan* :
 Neglecting others *Fates* all wept their *Own*.

No *common Remedy* did *Health* impart
 To all, *Physick* was grown a *Private Art* :
 For that which gave to *One* fresh *vigour*, ease,
 And *health*, and *strength*, and conquer'd the *disease*,
 Even the *same thing*, with *equal Art* apply'd.
 Another took, and by the *Physick* dy'd.

All the *Infect'd* lay in *deep despair*,
 Expecting *coming Death* with constant *fear* ;
 Pale *Ghosts* did walk before their *Eyes*, and *fright*,
 No *dawning Hopes* broke thro their *dismal Night*,
 No thoughts of *Help*. This was a *grievous Ill*,
 This sharpn'd the *Plague's* rage ; these *fears* did *kill*.

Besides, the *fierce Infection* quickly spread,
 When one poor *Wretch* was fall'n, to others fled ;
 One kill'd, the *Murderer* did cast his *Eye*
 Around, and if he saw a *Witness* by
 seiz'd him for *fear* of a *Discovery*.

Those *Wretches* too, that greedy to *live* on,
 Or fled, or left *Infect'd* friends alone,
 Straight felt their *punishment*, and quickly found
 No *flight* could *save*, no *place* secure from *wound* ;
 A strong *Infection* all their *walk* attends,

They

They

They fall as much neglected as their Friends ;
 Like rotten Sheep they die in wretched state,
 And none to pity, or to mourn their Fate.
 Those whom their Friends complaints, and piteous cries
 Did force to come, and see their miseries,
 Receiv'd the fatal and infectious breath,
 An innocent Murderer He that gave 'em Death.
 This kind of Death was best ; so Men did choose
 (A wretched choice) this way their Life to lose !
 Some rais'd their Friends a Pile, that Office done,
 Return'd, and griev'd, and then prepar'd their own :
 A treble mischief this, and no Relief,
 Not one but suffer'd Death, Disease, or Grief.

The Shepherd midst his flocks resign'd his breath,
 Th' infected Plowman burnt, and starv'd to Death ;
 By Plague and Famine both the Deed was done,
 The Plowman was too strong to yield to One.
 Here dying Parents on their Children cast,
 There Children on their Parents breath'd their last.
 Th' infected Plowman from the Country came,
 He came, and brought with him additional flame.
 Men flockt from every part, all places fill'd ;
 Where th' Croud was great, by heaps the Sickness kill'd.
 Some in the Streets, some near the Fountains lay,
 Which quench'd their flame, but wash't their Souls away :
 And some in publick half alive, half dead,
 With filthy Coverings o're their Members spread,
 Did lie and rot ; the Skin, the poor Remains
 Of all the Flesh, the starting Bones contains,
 All cover'd o're with Ulcers, vex't with Pains.

Death now had fill'd the Temples of the Gods,
 The Priests themselves, no Beasts no Altar loads,
 Now no Religion, now no Gods were fear'd,
 Greater than All the Present Plague appear'd :

All Laws of *Burial* lost, and all confus'd,
No *solemn Rites*, no *decent Order* us'd ;
But as the State of Things would then permit,
Men burnt their Friends, nor look on just, and fit :
And *Want* and *Poverty* did oft ingage
A thousand Acts of *Violence*, and *Rage*.
Some (*O imperious Want !*) a Carcase spoyl,
And burn *their Friend* upon *another's Pile* ;
And then would strive, and fight, and still defend,
And often rather *die*, than leave their Friend ;
The *Other* lost his *Pile* by *pious Theft*,
A poor possession; All that *Fate* had left.

The End of the Six Books of
LUCRETIUS.

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NOTES

UPON

The First Book,

WE need not look far for a reason for the *Invocation*; the Practice of the Poets is obvious, and the Wantonness of the Epicureans is as notorious. Epicurus is observed by Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, to fill his Book with Oaths and Adjurations: * Ὅρκους ὃ καὶ ὀρκισμὸς μνησθεὶς τοῖς ἑαυτοῦ βιβλίοις ἐσχεράσει, ὁμνύς τε συνεχῶς καὶ Δία, καὶ τὴν Δία ἑξορκῶν τὰς ἐκσυχαίνοντας, καὶ πρὸς ἑς διαλέγοιτο, πρὸς τοὺς θεῶν. He inserts many Oaths and Adjurations in his Books, swearing often and adjuring his Readers by Jupiter and all the Gods: And we may find Lucretius too sometimes of this humour: But I rather believe, that like a Poet, and according to the Principles of his Philosophy, he applies himself to Venus, that is, the common natural appetite to Procreation; which nevertheless he treats as a Goddess, and gives her all her Titles, as if really he expected some assistance: yet even here he shews his Spight to Religion, and scatters bitter reflections on the then Fashionable Devotion. And had he stopt here, had he not propos'd Principles

* Euseb. Prap. lib. 14. cap. 27.

of *Irreligion* drawn from the Happiness of the Deity, which therefore must be universal, and against all *Religion* under whatsoever denomination; he might have been read with much Profit, and Satisfaction, as an excellent *Satyr* against the *Heathen* Worship, for he severely scourges the *Mad Zeal* of Men-sacrificers: and tho perchance he hath not propos'd a true Instance in *Iphigenia*, yet *Histories*, both Sacred and Profane, of former and present Ages, give us too many sad Relations of such Cruelties. But since he openly declares that the Design of his Writing is to free Men from the Fears of that Heavenly Tyrant, *Providence*, and induce perfect *Serenity*, that boasted *Ἀταρξία* of *Epicurus*, and in pursuit of this, endeavours to maintain the great Dictate of his Master, *Nihil beatum, nisi quod quietum*; Nothing is happy but what is supinely idle and at ease: I shall examine his vain Pretensions, and in order to it present you with a Summary of the *Epicurean Religion*.

If any Man considers the Inconsistences that are in the *Epicurean* Notion of a *Deity*, how the *Attributes* disagree, and how the very *Being* thwarts all their other Philosophy, he will easily agree with *Tully*, and admit his Censure to be true, *Verbis possunt, Re tollunt Deos*: In Words they assert, but in Effect they deny a *GOD*: which is seconded by *Dionysius* in *Eusebius*, * ἀλλὰ τὸ το μὲν πρόδηλον ὅτι κατὰ τὸν Σοκράτην δάνατον καταπεπληγὸς Ἀθυναίων ὥς μὴ δοκοῖν τῷ ὅπερ ἦν, Ἀθεο εἶναι, κεν εἰς αὐτοῖς ἀνυποστάτων θεῶν τερατευσάμενος ἐζωγράφησεν

* *Eusebius lib. 15.*

quæd. 'Tis evident that after Socrates was put to death, being afraid of the Athenians, that he might not seem what really he was, an Atheist; he fashioned some empty shadows of fantastical Deities: But since Antiquity hath but three Atheists on record, why should we increase the Catalogue? He therefore asserts a Divine Nature, and proves it from the common consent of Mankind; which doth not arise from any *Innate Idea's*, as Gassendus phrases it, those being altogether strangers to his *Hypothesis*: for every *Idea* is a *Mode of Thinking*, and no Thought can arise, according to the *Epicurean Principles*, but from a *previous Image*; and therefore *Lucretius* makes the Cause of this *General Consent* to be the constant *deflux* of *Divine Images*, (a) which strike the Mind: And *Atticus* the *Platonist* (b) asserts it to be the common *Doctrin* of the *Garden*, τὰς βελτίονας ἀπορροίας τῶν θεῶν τοῖς μεταρροῦσι μεγάλων ἀγαθῶν παρρησίας γενέσθαι. That the good Emanations from the Gods bring great Advantages to those that receive them: To this *Democritus* his Prayer, ἀγαθῶν εἰδῶλων μετέχειν, That he might receive good Images, and (c) *Cicero* agrees, and I hope *Gassendus* his bare denial cannot stand in competition with all these. This Divine Nature is brancht out into many, his Gods are numerous, and even exceed the Catalogue of *Apollodorus*; and this he gathers from that ἰσονομία, which must be in the Universe, Si enim mortalium tanta multitudo, immortalium non minor, & si quæ interimant, item quæ conservent, Infinita, Their Sub-

(a) *Plutarch de Placitis Phil. lib. 1. cap. 7.* (b) *Eusebius præp. lib. 25.* (c) *De Nat. Deorum lib. 1. sect. 107.*

stance is not immaterial; and *Velleius* reprehends *Plato* for his ἀσώματον, as inconsistent with *Sense*, *Prudence* and *Pleasure*, and yet he cannot allow it to be a Coalition of *Atoms*, for that would destroy their necessity of Being, and infer *Discernibility*; but they have *quasi corpus*, and *quasi sanguinem*, a Fancy perchance receiv'd from *Homer*,

Οὐ γὰρ οἱ τὸν ἔδυσ', ἔ πινουσ' αἰδομένη δινον;
Τένειν' ἀγρίμους ἔσσι καὶ Ἀθάνατοι καλέον.

*They drink no Wine, they eat no common Food,
And therefore nam'd Immortal, void of Blood.*

They are of the Figure of a *Man*, That seeming the most beautiful, and the only receptacle of *Reason*, without which the *Gods* cannot be virtuous, nor happy: Their Knowledge *infinite*, and boundless; for *Velleius* in *Tully*, to confute *Pythagoras*, boldly enquires *Cur. quidquam ignoraret Animus Homini, si esset Deus?* Easy and quiet is their Life; and therefore unconcerned with the affairs of the World; for being full of themselves, why should they look on others, or trouble their Minds with the consideration of less Perfection, when they can expect no advantage nor addition to their Happiness: yet these *Glorious Beings* are to be revered for the excellency of their *Nature*. Our *Piety* and *Religion* must be *Heroical*, not forced by *Fear*, or raised by *Hope*: Interest must not bribe, nor Terror affright us to our Duty; but our Devotion must be free, and unbyassed by the solicitations of the One, or the impulse of the Other. These, in short,

short, are *Epicurus* his Deities, and this is the Sum
of his Religion: A sufficient Instance, that Men
may dream when they are awake, and that absurd
Fancies are not only the consequents of Sleep. Let
us look on the Favourers of these *Opinions*, and what
are they but exact Images of *Timon's* Philosophers?

Ἀνθρώποι κενεὴς οἰήσιν ἔμπλεοι ἀσχοί.

Men, Casks of vain Opinion full.

For, as *Tully* long ago observed, 'tis their usual Cu-
stom to avoid Difficulties by proposing Absurdities;
that the *less* may not be discerned, whilst all Mens
Eyes are on the *greater*. For first, not to require
an Explication of their unintelligible *quasi corpus*,
and *quasi sanguis*, it is very easie to be prov'd, and
a direct Consequence from their established Prin-
ciples, that the Matter of the Deities is perfectly like
that of our Bodies, and so discernible; nor can
they find any secure retreat for their *Gods*, beyond
the reach and power of troublesome *Atoms*, which
scattering every where must disturb their ease, de-
stroy their quiet, and threaten a dissolution. For
since the Images that flow from them, move the
Mind, which they assert *Material*, those must be
Body, *Tangere enim & tangi sine corpore nulla potest*
est. And since 'tis the Nature of *Body* to resist, the
greater and heavier the *Atoms* are, the stronger and
the more forcible will be the stroke on the Divine
Substance; and consequently in this dissolution of
Worlds, in these mad whirls of Matter, unless
they remove them beyond the infinite Space, their
Deities must be endangered: for they are not per-
fect

fect Solids, and above the power and force of Impulse, such combinations being unfit for *Sense*, or *Animal Motion*. And thus the *Epicureans* must necessarily fall into that absurdity, for which *Velleius* lashes *Anaximander*, *Nativos esse Deos, & longis intervallis orientes & occidentes*. But since they offer as a reason, that Immateriality is inconsistent with *Sense* and *Prudence*, I shall consider that in it's proper place; and now examine how *Omniscience* can agree with their *Gods*. *Lucretius* in his Fifth Book asks the question, How the *Gods* could have those *Ideas* of Man, Sun, Moon and Stars, before they were form'd? From whence 'tis easily concluded, that they imagine the *Divine Perception* arises from the same Causes that *Man's* doth, viz. from some subtil *Images* that flow from the surfaces of Things, and enter at the *Senses*. Now it had been an attempt worthy the soaring Wit of our *Poet*, to have described the passages of these *Images*; how they reach the Happy Seats entire, how these light Airy things are undisturbed by the rapid whirls of Matter, and how at last they should all conveniently turn round, and enter at the Eyes of the Deity. For if ours can ascend thither, why not the Forms of these things, that lie scatter'd through the infinite Worlds reach us? No, their *Gods* must be senseless, as they are careless; no intruding Images must disturb their thoughts, or turn them from the contemplation of their *Happy Selves*; no doubt the *Ease* will scarce agree with such troublesome agitations, and like the soft *Sybarite*, should the Image of a Man digging inroach upon them, they must necessarily undergo a *πῆγμα*.

As for the Figure they please to allow them, we must needs acknowledge it a wonderful chance, that Man (for that's the most proper Opinion) should so much resemble the Divine Nature; but I had rather believe all the *Adulteries* in the *Poets*, than that Man was made after the Image of the *Deity* without his *Direction*. Besides, what need of all these Members? Why must they have Eyes, unless they have a Looking-glass in their Hands? Why Mouth, and Teeth, which will never be employed? and why doth not that fancied *ισονομία* in the Universe, require *Immortal Men*, and *Immortal Beasts*? for that would make the *Equability* more perfect. These are absurdities fit for the Credulity of an *Epicurean*, beyond imagination had not these Men abetted them, and made good to the utmost that severe Reflection of Tully, *Nihil est tam absurdum quod non aliquis è Philosophis asserat*.

Now I come to consider, whether *Providence* is consistent with the happiness of the *Deity*.

p. 3. l. 21.

For whatsoever's *Divine*, must live in *peace*.

And here the *Epicureans* are prest with the Consent of Mankind, there being no Nation but hath some shadow of *Piety*, which must be founded on the Belief of *Providence*, That being the *Basis* of all Natural Religion. The *Stoicks* took the Notion of their *ἱεὺς μαρτυρῶν* *νοῦς* καὶ *πνεῦμα*, their *Intelligent and fiery Spirit*, from the excellent order and disposition of the Universe. The *Nũs* Mind of *Anaxagoras* is sufficiently known. Nor was *Aristotle* an Enemy to

to Providence, tho, as 'twas generally thought, and as Atticus the Platonist words it, *μεχρὲ Σελήνης συν-
σαι τὸ θεῖον τὰ λοιπὰ τὰ κόσμῳ μέν πρὸς ἑαυτὴν τῆς
τῆς θεῆς διοικήσεως*, confining Providence within the Moon's
Orb, he leaves nothing below to his direction, and com-
pares him to Epicurus; τὸ καὶ διαφέρει πρὸς ἡμᾶς; ἢ τὸ
κόσμῳ τὸ θεῖον ἔξοικισσα καὶ μηδεμίαν πρὸς αὐτὴν
κοινωνίαν ἀπολιπεῖν. For 'tis the same thing to us to
have no Deity at all, as to have such a one with whom we
can have no Communication. And Athenagoras delivers
it as the Doctrin of the Peripatium, ἀπερὸντα πάντα
εἶναι κατωτέρω τῆς ἐρανῆς: That Providence takes care of
nothing below the Skie: And Origen, ὁ ἑλαττον ἐπι-
κέρει εἰς τὴν πρὸς νοῦσαν ἀσθενῶν Ἀειστοτέλης. Aristotle's
Opinions concerning Providence were somewhat less im-
pious than those of Epicurus: But Authority will pre-
vail little with a proud Epicurean, whose Talent it
is to scoff at all beside his own Sect, and undervalue
every Man that is not delighted with the weeds
of his Garden.

And here it must be observed, That as Epicurus
circumscribed the Deity with the Finite Figure of
a Man; so he measured all his Actions by the same
Model, and thought an intermedling with the Af-
fairs of the World, would bring cares, trouble and
distraction; because he sometimes observ'd a ne-
cessary Connexion betwixt these two, in those little
intervals of Business that disturbed his Ease and
quiet. A fond Opinion, directly contrary to the
Consent of the World, his own Principles and Pra-
ctice. For what trouble can it be for that Being,
whom a bare Intuition (for he grants him Omniscient)
acquaints with all the springs and wheels of
Nature

NOTES.

9

Nature; who perfectly knows the frame, and with a nod can direct and rule the *Automaton*: For *Self-existence* necessarily infers *Omnipotence*. For what can determine the mode of Existence in that *Being*. what confine its Power, what circumscribe it, since it depends on nothing but it self? And since the Deity is the most excellent of Beings, how can it want that Amiable Attribute *Benevolence*? Will not an *Epicurean* commend it in the Master of the Garden? Will he not be prodigal in his Praises, and call the *Athenian* a God for his Philosophy, and make his numerous Books (*Laertius* calls him *νομοθετήτορος*) an argument for his *Ανομήτορος*? And are all these commendations bestowed on him, because he made himself unhappy? Or must the Deity be deprived of that perfection, which is so lovely in Man, and which all desire he should enjoy; because when dangers press, they seek for relief to *Heaven*; and passionately expect descending succour? Which sufficiently declares that the belief of the *Providence*, is as *Universal*, as that of the happiness of the Deity, and founded on the same reason; for, as *Tully* argues, *fac imagines esse quibus pulsentur animi, species quaedam duntaxat obijcitur, num etiam cur beata sit? cur aeterna?* And consequently, the same Reason dictating that *Providence* is an *Attribute*, requires as strong an assent, as when it declares *Happiness* to be one, since neither can be inferred from the bare impulse of the *Images*. For suppose the stroke constant, yet what is This (as *Lucretius* would have it) to Eternity? And why may not any thing we think upon, be esteemed *immortal* on the same account? Suppose the Impulse continual, yet what connexion between that and *Happiness*? So

(b)

that

that the *Epicurean's* Argument recoils against himself, and he is foiled at his own Weapons.

And now who can imagine such absurd Principles proper to lead any *rational* Enquirer to *Serenity*? Will it be a comfort to a good man to tell him as (a) *Aristophanes* speaks, ἀντὶ Ζήνους ὁ Διὸς Βασιλεύς, instead of Jupiter a Whirl-wind rules, when 'tis his greatest interest that there should be a merciful Disposer who takes notice of, and will reward his Piety. It will be an admirable security no doubt for his *honesty*, to assure his malicious enemies, that nothing is to be feared but their own discovery: And unless their Dreams prove treacherous, or their Minds rave, they are secure in their villanies, and may be wicked as often as they can fortunately be so; as often as Occasion invites, or Interest persuades. When Common-wealths may be preserved by breaking the very Band of Society, τὸ σῶμα τῆς πολιτείας, as (b) *Polybius* calls Religion? when Treasons may be stifled by taking off from Subjects all obligations, but their own weakness, to Duty; and when a *Democles* can sit quietly under his hanging Sword; then the denial of *Providence*, then the belief of a World made, and upheld by chance, will be a remedy against all Cares, and a necessary cause of that desired Ἀταραξία, serenity of Mind.

p. 6. l. 25.

Nothing was by the Gods of Nothing made.

For the confirmation of his absurd opinions con-

(a) In *Nebulis*. (b) *Hist. lib. 6. Cap. 54.*

cerning the *Deity*, he begins his *Philosophy* with the denial of *Creation*; and here he is copious in his Arguments, but not one reaches his design: For tho All things now rise from proper *Seeds*, and grow by just degrees; tho they spring only at convenient Seasons of the Year, yet how doth this evince that these *Seeds* were not the production of the *Almighty Word*? But to confute his *impious Opinion*, and demonstrate that 'tis impossible, Matter should be *self-existent*, that it cannot be (a) ἀδελφὴ τοῦ Θεοῦ, *Sister to the Deity*, as the *Platonists* imagine; 'tis sufficient to look abroad into the World, and see that *Stones* and *Mud*, are not *Beings of Infinite Perfection*: For whatsoever is αὐτάνυσον, as *Scaliger* calls the *Deity*, can have no bounds set to his excellency. For what can hinder the utmost perfection in that Being which depends only on it self?

p. 12. l. 29.

A *Void* is Space intangible.——

The two Principles of *Epicurus* are *Body*, and *Void*; that the former is Sense sufficiently declarès; and the latter is here evidently proved by two (for the others are easily eluded) Arguments: The first is drawn from *motion*; the second, from the parting of two flat smooth Bodies.

(b) *Plutarch* roundly tells us οἱ ἀπὸ Θάλεω φυσικαὶ πάντες μαχέει Πλάτωνος τὸ κενόν ἐπέγνωσαν. All the natural Philosophers from *Thales* to *Plato* deny'd a Vacuum. But (c) *Laertius* declares, that *Diogenes*

(a) *Hierocles de Fato & Provid.* p. 10. (b) *De Placitis Philosophorum*, lib. (c) *In his Life.*

Apollonius, who lived in the time of *Xerxes* pronounced, τὸ κενὸν ἀπείρητον. *Void space is infinite.* For the Antiquity of that Opinion I shall not be solicitous, tho the Reasons are strong, and obvious enough to make it ancient; for what is more obvious than *motion*? And how necessarily this infers a *Vacuum*, is very easily discovered. *Motion* is change of Place, which change is impossible in a *Plenum*; for whatever endeavours to change its place must thrust out other Bodies; and so if the *Full* be infinite, the Protrusion must be so; if finite, the Endeavour is in vain; and therefore all must be fixed in *eternal rest*, and *Archimedes* himself with his Engine would not be able to move the least Particle of Matter. (a) *Cartes* proposes a solution, much applauded by his admirers, but a little attention will find it vain, and weak, and contradictory to his own settled Principles. For when any *Body* moves in a strait line, it must give the *Body* that lies before it, the same determination with it self; and how this determination should alter, and the *Motion* prove *circular*, neither *Cartes*, nor his followers, have condescended to explain. But grant (tho the former reason hath proved it impossible) that there may be such an attending Circle of Ambient Air, yet unless it be perfectly *Mathematical*, (a thing very hardly supposed) each Particle will require another attending Circle, and so not the least Fly stir her wing, unless the whole Universe is troubled. To this may be added, that 'tis unconceivable how the most solid Matter (for such is his first Element) can so soon alter its fi-

(a) In the second Part of his Principles.

gure, or be so easily dissolved and fitted to the different spaces that lie between the little Globules. We see Gold and Adamant resist the roughest stroke, 'tis Pains and constant Labour that must dissolve them; how then can we imagine this Element will yield? But indeed *Cartes* proposes his Ambient attending Circle as the only way to solve the Phenomenon of Motion in a Full, which he thought he had sufficiently before evinced: But his Arguments are weak and *sophistical*. For in the first of his *Meditations*, he never takes notice of *Impenetrability*, in which the very Essence of Matter consists; and in the second Part of his *Principles*, he mistakes the notion of a *Void*, and confounds Substance and Body: Take his own Words. *Vacuum autem Philosophico more sumptum, h. e. in quo nulla placeat sit substantia dari non posse manifestum est; ex eo quod extensio Spatii non differt ab extensione Corporis: Nam cum ex eo solo quod Corpus sit extensum in longum, latum, & profundum, rectè concludamus illud esse Substantiam, quia omnino repugnat ut nihili sit aliqua extensio: Idem etiam de Spatio, quod Vacuum supponitur, concludendum est; quod nempe cum in eo sit extensio, necessariò etiam in ipso sit substantia*: For *Void* doth not exclude all Substance, but only Body; and Substance and Body, are not convertible in the full latitude of an universal Proposition.

Secondly, 'tis evident, that when two smooth Bodies are separated by a perpendicular Force, the Ambient Air cannot fill all the space at once, and therefore there must necessarily be a *Void*, and this (a)

(a) In the 3d of *Ten Dialogues*.

Mr. *Hobs* a great *Plenist*, freely confesseth would follow, if the *Bodies* were *infinitely hard*; but since Nature knows no such, any *Bodies* tho perfectly smooth, may be separated by a force that overcomes their *solidity*, and yet no *Vacuum* ensue. A pretty Invention, but extreamly agreeable to the *Phenomenon*; for in the *exhausted Receiver*, where there is no prop of Under-Air left to sustain it, the lower *Marble* falls in by its *own weight*. Mr. *Hobs* adds another Argument, which is of no force against the *Vacuist*, but overthrows his own Notion of a *Material Deity*: These are the Words. *He that created Natural Bodies, is not a Fancy, but the most real Substance that is; who being infinite, there can be no place empty where he is, nor full where he is not.*

Now the other reasons of *Lucretius* are *insufficient*: For that drawn from the *different weight* of *Bodies*, would infer *immense vacuities* in the *Air*, which is two thousand times (a) lighter than *Gold*; and that from *Rarefaction*, and *Condensation*, is not cogent, tho'tis the most rational opinion, and more agreeable to the mind of *Aristotle*, than that which is commonly proposed as his. (b) Πυκνὸν μὲν καὶ τὰ μύεα συνεγγὺς εἶναι ἀλλήλοις, μακρὸν δὲ τὸ διεσπέναι ἀπ' ἀλλήλων. That is *Dense between whose parts there is a closer; That Rare between whose particles there is a looser connexion.*

(a) *Gliffon. de substantia, c. 26.* (b) *In Categoria Qualitatis*

Pag. 13. Vers. 15.

This all consists of *Body* and of *Space*.

This tho particularly designed against those who take *Accidents* into the number of *real Beings*, yet hath a farther reach, and endeavours to overthrow the belief of *immaterial Substances*; for an *Epicurean* perception being nothing else but *Imagination*, as arising from the stroke of a piece of *Matter*, he had no way left to get a notice of any such Being, but by some deduction from those appearances, of which his Senses had assured him; thus from *Motion* he infers that there is *Space*; and *that* being once settled, he proceeds to the *Solidity* of Atoms: Now tho the very same method with less attention had forc'd him to acknowledge substances *immaterial*, and to have made the *Universe* more compleat by another kind of Beings; yet 'twas hard to thwart the *Genius* of his Master, to start new fears that might disturb his soft hours, and amaze himself with melancholy thoughts of a future State: and therefore to silence the *Clamors* of his *Reason*, (for he could not but see such plain Consequences) he secures *Motion* as a property of *Matter* necessarily resulting from *Weight*, and this I take to be the Basis of the *Epicurean Atheism*, which once removed, that *Tower of Babel* which now rises so proudly as to brave *Heaven*, must be ruined and overthrown: For if *Matter* as such is destitute of that power, the inference is easie that there must be some *other Being* to bestow it; this cannot be *space*, and therefore another kind of *Substance* is required; and hence follows all that train of Consequences of which the *Epicureans* are so affraid: For he that first moves the *Matter* hath no reason to cease

cease from his operation, and so must still govern and direct it. And Providence is nothing else but an orderly preservation of that frame which it first raised: And if there is such a director, how easily it follows that He would discover his pleasure unto Man, and prescribe rules how he may be Happy? And this makes a fair way for revealed Religion, and that necessarily infers a future State: This methinks is a considerable advantage of *Natural Philosophy*, that it can proceed from such sensible Things, and plainly shews us the *τὸ ἀόρατον τῶ θεῶ*, the invisible Things of God, in these his visible operations: now that weight is not a Property of Atoms, will be afterward demonstrated, and so another sort of Beings proved against the *Epicureans*.

Pag. 17. l. 1.

The Principles of Things no Force can break.

Sextus Empiricus declares, that *Epicurus* hated the *Mathematicks*, and we may believe *Lucretius* follows his Master; since in his Disputes concerning the indivisibility of Atoms, he proposes the popular argument against the known and demonstrated property of Quantity, infinite Divisibility: For as long as *Mathematicks* can boast any certainty, that must be acknowledged to be such.

I shall not engage in this unnecessary Controversie, (tho I believe those common Arguments against infinite Divisibility are empty *Sophisms*, and a little attention (as whoe're considers the method in which they are proposed must observe) will find them full of contradictions, and founded on absurdities;) for the indivisibility of an Atom, proceeds not from the

the littleness, but the Solidity : for since the *Atoms* are of different figures, some *Triangular*, some *Square*, &c. 'Tis absurd to imagine, that the *Mind* (by which only *Atoms* are perceived) cannot fancy a *Diagonal* in the *Square*, or a *Perpendicular* erected to the *Basis* of the *Triangle* : yet from this *Mental* to the *Physical Divisibility* of an *Atom* (as *Cartes* proceeds) is extremely weak and deficient. That there are some *solid Particles*, *Lucretius* hath evidently proved : These *Democritus* called *πρῶται μεγέθη*, first *Magnitudes*, *Epicurus* *Ἀτόμους*, διὰ τὴν αὐτοῦ σφρόνητα. *Atoms* from their *indissoluble Solidity*, but as (a) *Dionysius* observes, πᾶσιν διεφάνησαν ὅσον ὁ μὲν, ἐλαχίστας πάσας, καὶ διὰ τὸ ἀνεπαίδητος, ὁ δὲ Δημόκριτος, καὶ μεγίστας εἶναι τινὰς ἀτόμους ὑπέλαβεν : they so widely disagreed that *Epicurus* made all his *Atoms* to be leasts, and therefore insensible, but *Democritus* suppos'd some of his to be very great : *Heraclides* Ὀγκοὺς : but none of all his reasons prove them *unchangeable*. For if *Solidity*, i. e. *immediate Contact* were a necessary cause of *indivisibility*, it would follow, that no piece of *Matter* could be divided, because the parts that are to be separated, enjoy an *immediate Contact*, and that *Contact* must be between *Surfaces* as large as *Atoms*, or, at least, some of their fancied *Parts*. Besides, let two *hard Bodies* perfectly smooth be joyned together in a common *Superficies*, parallel to the *Horizontal Plain*, and certain *Experience* will assure us, that any force that is able to overcome the resistance of the *supporting*

(a) *Eusebius Præp. lib. 14. cap. 7.*

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Air, will easily divide them. His other Arguments are all *unconcluding*: for suppose the Seeds not *eternal*, i. e. *divisible*, 'tis a strange inference, *Therefore Beings rise from nothing*, since any *Body*, and therefore one of these *solid Particles*, is not reduced into *Nothing* by *division*, but only into smaller parts: And the weakness of the rest is so obvious, that I shall not spend time in declaring it.

The rest of the *first Book*, contains a *successful Dispute* against *Heraclitus*, *Anaxagoras*, and others, and concludes with the *immensity* of the *All*, where tho he hath scatter'd many things, (as the *Motion*, and *Weight* of Atoms, &c.) which deserve *examination*, I shall not disturb him in the midst of his *Triumphs*, but only take notice that, *p. 3 l. 18.* he overthrows his *own Opinion*, concerning the *Nature* of the *Deity*, and makes it subject to the same *dissolution* with other *Compounds*

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The Second Book.

PAG. 37. l. 21. he alludes to the (a) λαμπαδρομία, the Race of Torches, of the Athenians, where the Racers carried a Lamp, and when they had performed their Courses delivered it to the next; from whence λαμπαδευέειναι is used to signify, to deliver successively, and in order. Thus (b) Plato: Γενῶντες καὶ ἐκτερέροντες παῖδας καὶ δάπνη λαμπαδὰ καὶ βίον ὡς δίδοντες ἄλλοις ὥς ἄλλων. Begetting and breeding Children, as it were delivering the Lamp of Life.

p. 39. l. 1.

All have their *Motions* from their *Seeds*. —

When (c) Democritus had given only two Properties to Atoms, Bulk, and Figure; Epicurus bestowed a third, Weight: ἀνάγκη γὰρ (φυσὶ) τὰ σώματα κινεῖσθαι τῷ τῷ βάρους πληγῇ, ἐπεὶ ἐκινηθήσονται:

(a) Casaubon in Persum, Sat. 6. (b) lib. 6. de Legibus:

(c) Plu tarch. de placitis Philosophorum, lib. 1.

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'Tis necessary that Bodies should be mov'd by their Weight, otherwise they would not be mov'd at all: And beside this, he endowed his Atoms with other Motions, $\chi\tau\iota$ $\pi\alpha\rho\acute{\epsilon}\kappa\kappa\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$, $\chi\tau\iota$ $\pi\alpha\lambda\eta\lambda\omega$: of inclination, and of stroak, which two last, tho prest with a thousand peculiar Difficulties, yet because they depend on the other Motion $\chi\tau\iota$ $\kappa\alpha\tau\alpha\delta\epsilon\iota\chi\mu\omega$, downwards, which proceeds from the Weight, are likewise liable to all those exceptions that may be made against that. First then, that Weight is not a property of Atoms, is evidently proved from the difference of Weight in Bodies: For take a Cube of Gold, and hollow it half thro, and weigh it against a solid Cube of Wood of the same dimension; that Gold, tho it hath lost all it's Matter, and consequently half it's Weight by the hollow, is twenty times heavier than the Wood: from whence the Consequence is natural, and easie. For if Weight were a property of Matter, it would be impossible that that hollow piece of Gold should out-weigh the Wood, because the Wood cannot contain a ten times greater vacuity than that Hollow. And this Argument, if applied to the Air, more strongly concludes, because that is lighter, especially if we consider that the Air is a Continuum, and not a Congeries of Particles, whirl'd about without any union, and connexion; for innumerable Experiments almost in all Fluids evince the contrary. I shall pass by those Dr. Glisson hath propos'd, and content my self with one concerning the Air, which may be deduced from the faithful Tryals of the Honourable Boyle. The 38th of his Continuation of his Physico Mechanical Experiments, sufficiently evinces, that the exhausted Receiver is quite void of all

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all *Particles* of *Air*, which evidently proves (as little attention to the Experiment will discover) that there is *Motus Nexûs*, as *Bacon* calls it, in the *Air*, which cannot be but in a *Continuum*: The same may be proved in *Water* from *Refraction*; for why are not the *Rays* disturbed, if the *Parts* are in motion? when Experience tells us, that a little stirring with the *Finger* troubles them. Not to mention, that this notion of *Fluidity*, tho embraced by the *Plenists*, is inconsistent with their *Hypothesis*, an ambient attending *Circle* being not to be found in Nature for each moving *Particle*; and to pass by the *Difficulties* that press their *Opinion*, who fancy *Rest* to be the Cause of *Continuity*, since two smooth *Bodies*, whose Surfaces touch, and eternally rest, will never make one *Continuum*; my next Argument against the *Epicureans* is drawn from their own *Principles*. For suppose *Weight* a property of *Atoms*, 'tis impossible the World should be framed according to their *Hypothesis*, for how could the higher *Atom* descend, and touch the lower, when the *Motions* of both were equal? Nor can that little declination, that κίνησις μετὰ παρέγκλισιν (which the *Epicureans* are so bold to assume, contrary to all sense and reason, and which (a) *Plutarch* declares as the great Charge against *Epicurus* ὡς ἀνάσπον ἐπεισάγοντι κίνησιν ἐν τῷ μὴ ἔντθ, as asserting a new Motion without a Cause) lessen the Difficulty; for, as *Tully* argues, if all *Atoms* decline, then none of them will ever stick together, if only some, hoc esset quasi Provincias Atomis dare, quæ rectè, quæ obliquè ferantur. But grant there could be

(a) *De Anima Procreatione, ex Timæo.*

a Combination, and grant that Combination (which is impossible) should stop in some parts of the Space, yet from the very Nature of *Weight*, and *Motion*, it follows that the *World*, according to their *Hypothesis*, could not be made in that order we now perceive it. For suppose this quiet Frame; the *Atoms* that fall on it, as the Laws of *Motion* in solid Bodies require, must leap backward; but meeting with other descending *Atoms*, their *Resilition* is soon stopt, and so they must descend again, and then striking, return, but not to so great a distance as before, because the velocity of the descent was less: and so the distance still decreasing, the *Atoms* in a little time must rest, and only a vast heap of *Matter*, close, and moveless, must lie on that supposed quiet Frame as it's Basis.

p. 42. l. 18.

Whence comes that *Freedom*, &c.

Since the *Epicureans* acknowledge the *Liberty* of the *Will*, we may take it as a *Supposition* already granted, and without any farther proof make use of it in our Disputes against them: But because it is of great Consequence, and is the Foundation of *Seneca's* and *Plutarch's* Discourses, *Cur Bonis malè, & Malis benè*, it deserves some Confirmation. The *Liberty* of the *Will* is a power to choose, or refuse any thing after that the *Understanding* hath considered it, and proposed it as good, or bad. This is that τὸ ἐφ' ἡμῖν of *Epictetus*, and, as he calls it, ἐλευθερίαν, ἐκώλυτον, ἀπρεμπόδιον: free, not subject to Hindrance or Impediment, and *Adrian* delivers it as his Doctrine, ἡ ἀκαίρεσις ὑδ' ὁ Ζεὺς γυγῆσαι

ἵναται : our Will not Jupiter himself can fetter : E-
 picurus calls it τὸ πᾶς ἡμᾶς ; and that such a power
 belongs to every Man, is evident from the
 general Consent of Mankind, for every Man finds
 such a Power in himself, and thence proceeds this
 Agreement ; 'tis the Foundation of all Laws, of all
 Rewards and Punishments. For it would be very ri-
 diculous for a Prince to command a Stone not to fall,
 or break it for doing so. Origen declares, ἀρετῆς
 εἰδὲν μὲν ἀνέλκεις τὸ ἐκείσιν, ἀνέλκεις αὐτῆς καὶ ἡ ἰσότης :
 and Lucian ingeniously makes Sostratus baffle Minos,
 after he had granted, that all Men act according to
 the determination of Fate, ἢ ἐκείσιν ἐπέταξε γεννέσθην
 τὰ μετὰ τὰ, which ordains every Man's Actions as
 soon as he is born ; and the Compassionate Philosopher,
 who would have all Offences forgiven, produceth this
 Argument : εἰ γὰρ ἐκόντα ἁμαρτάνειν ἀλλὰ πρὶ πατρὶ
 κατὰ βίαν, for none sin willingly, but are forced.
 But more, this may receive a particular Confirmation
 from every Man's Experience : for let him de-
 scend into himself, he will find as great Evidence
 for the Liberty of his Will, as for his Being, as Cartes
 delivers ; tho he is extreamly mistaken, when he
 tells us in a Metaphysical Extasie, A quocunque fi-
 mus, Et quantumvis ille sit potens, quantumvis fal-
 lax, hanc nihilominus in nobis libertatem esse ex-
 perimur, ut semper ab in credendis quæ non planè
 certa sunt Et explorata, possimus abstinere, atque
 ca cavere, ne unquam erremus : for what doth
 he in this, but determine the extent of that Power,
 of whose bounds he is altogether ignorant ? and pla-
 ceth this Cogitation beyond his reach, whose power
 to

to deceive his infinite, and his Will equal to his Ability. But let us all consider our usual Actions, and we shall find every one a *Demonstration*. For let a thousand Men think on any thing, and propose it to my choice, I will embrace, or reject it according to their desire, which necessarily proves my *Liberty*; unless these Thousand or perhaps the whole World, were determined to think on the same thing I was to act. For my part, if any one would take the Bit and Bridle of Fate, I shall not envy him the honour; nor be very willing to blind my self, to have the convenience of a *Guide*. Let *Velleius* think it a Commendation for *Cato* to be good, *quia aliter esse non potuit*; and *Lucan* agree with him in his Sentence; I should rather be freely so.

This is opposed by those who imagine the Soul *material*, and therefore all her Actions *necessary*; because *Matter* once moved, will still keep the same *Motion*, and the same *Determination* which it received, which must needs destroy all *Liberty*, and evidently proves the *Epicurean Hypothesis* to be inconsistent with it. Others urge *Præscience*, and think themselves secure of Victory, whilst the *Deity* is on their side. The weakness of the former Opinion will hereafter be discovered; and *Cartes* hath said enough to silence the latter Objection: *His difficultatibus nos expediemus, si recordemur mentem nostram esse finitam Dei autem potentiam, per quam non tantum omnia, quæ sunt, aut esse possunt, ab æterno præseivis, sed etiam, voluit, ac præordinavit esse infinitam, ideoque hanc quidem à nobis satis attingi, ut clarè & distinctè percipiamus ipsam in Deo esse; non autem satis comprehendendi, ut videamus quo pacto liberæ hominum actiones indeterminatas relinquat; libertatis autem satis comprehendendi, ut videamus*

deamur quo pacto liberis hominum actiones indeterminatas relinquat. Libertatis autem, & indifferentie quae in nobis est, nos ita conscios esse ut nihil sit quod evidentiùs & perfectiùs comprehendamus. Absurdum enim esset, propterea quod non comprehendimus unam rem, quam scimus ex natura sua nobis debere esse incomprehensibilem, de alia dubitare quam intimè comprehendimus, atque a quod nosmet ipsos experimur.

p. 50. l. 1.

Are infinite, &c.

The rest of this Book is spent to prove, that the Figures of Atoms are very various, that those of each shape are infinite; and this last is the greatest absurdity imaginable. For infinite Atoms must fill all the space that is: For if there is any place that can receive another, there may be conceived an addition to the former Number, and therefore to say it was infinite is absurd: And this proves, that the infinite Atoms of Epicurus can be nothing else but a vast heap of dull moveless Matter, coextended with the infinite Space. And how then the World could be made, how these various alterations of Bodies, all which proceed from motion, 'tis difficult to be conceived: and this likewise presseth the Hypothesis of Cartes, and his indefinite Matter, as a little application will discover.

His next design is to free his Atoms from all sensible Qualities, which he convincingly performs; and is of late seconded by so many Experiments of the Honourable Boyle, that 'tis now past all doubt. And if we can believe our Senses, we must forsake Forms and Qualities, and allow what we formerly called such,

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to be only *Phantasms* arising from the stroke of external Bodies on our *Organs*. There is no need to discourse of his *infinite Worlds*, or the decay of *this*, those Opinions depending on his absurd fortuitous Concourse and falling with it, only we may bid any Man that is fond of these, to look on the face of the *World* as it is painted in *Histories* down from the *Trojan Wars*, (for I press not more ancient infallible Records) about which time *Society* first began, and he will see it look as *young Now* as *Then*, and its *Vigor* still as great.

Another fancy of his is this. *Animals*, those things of *Sense*, can spring from *Senseless Seeds*, and there is no need of any *Superiour Principle* to Matter, but a fit Combination of *Atoms* can *Think*, *Will*, or *Remember*; and this is endeavoured to be proved, in order to his design in his *Third Book*, where he imployes all his Forces against the *Immortality* of the Soul, and therefore shall be examin'd with it. And after that I shall take off his exceptions against *Providence*, discover the absurdities that abound in his *explication* of the Beginning of the *World*, the *Origine* of Man, and the Rise of Societies. But to examine his accounts of the particular *Phænomena*, would swell into a Volume. And tho I have made *pertinent Collections* for it, it will be an unnecessary Task, his absurd Opinions being so palpable, and easie to be discovered, and the others being excellently confirm'd by the *modern Philosophers* and agreeable to common Observation.

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U P O N

The Third Book.

L Ucretius grants the Soul to be a *Substance*, distinct from these visible Members, and divides it into two Parts, the *Soul*, properly so called, and the *Mind*, which is the governing and ruling Part, and takes the Heart for its proper seat, whilst the *Soul* is diffus'd over the whole Body: But *these two* are but *one Nature*, and united, because the *Mind* can act on the *Soul*, and the *Soul* on the *Mind*; and therefore both are *material*, *Tangere enim & tangi sine corpore nulla potest res*, and no *Action* can be without *Touch*. This *Substance* of the Soul is a *congeries*, of round smooth *Atoms*, and consists of four Parts: *Wind*, *Vapour*, *Air*, and a fourth a *Nameless thing*, which is the principle of *Sense*. This *Soul* is not equal to the *Body*, as *Democritus* imagined, but its parts are set at distance, and when prest by any external Objects, meer, and jumble against one another, and so *perceive*. This is the description of the *Epicurean* Soul, and the manner of its acting: And all the Arguments they propose against its *Immortality*, endeavour likewise to evince it *material*, and that too from the mutual acting of the *Soul* and *Body* on one another.

To examine each particular, I shall first grant it *material*, and then consider the validity of that consequence; secondly prove it *immaterial*, and show that

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an *immaterial* Being can act on a *material*, and then discourse on the validity of that Consequence which infers it to be *immortal*, because 'tis *Immaterial*

And here I shall admit the distinction between *Soul* and *Mind*, taking one to be the principle of *Life* and the other of *Sense*, but cannot allow them to be one nature because of their *mutual* acting, unless the *Body* too on the same account be but one nature with the *Soul*, which *Lucretius* himself denies. This *Mind* is seated in the *Brain*, a thousand Experiments assuring us, that when there happens any obstruction in the *Nerves*, the *Animal* feels not tho you cut the part that lies below the *stoppage*, and yet the least prick above it, raises the usual pains and convulsions. Now suppose this *Mind* *material*, and consider that it hath been already proved, that *Matter* is not *self-existent*, and therefore depends on another *Substance* for its Being; now I suppose any Man will grant, that 'tis as easie to preserve, as to make a thing; for Preservation is only a continuing that Being, which is already given: And therefore tho the *Soul* were *material*, yet the Consequence is weak. And thus the *Stoicks*, tho they acknowledge nothing but *Body*, τὴν ὃ φυχὴν γενετὴν τε καὶ φθορὰν λέγουσιν ἐκ ἐνὸς ὃ τὸ σῶμα αὐπαλλομένην φθείρεται, ἀλλ' ὁππότε γεννητὴς χρόνος καθ' ἑαυτὴν, ἢ μὲν ὅτ' ἀποδαίωται μετὰ τὸ εἰς πῦρ ἀναλύσθαι ὅτ' πάντων, ἢ ὃ ὅτ' ἀρξάντων πρὸς ποσὲς πναὶ χρόνος. And affirm the *Soul* to be generated and corruptible; yet it is not destroy'd as soon as divided from the limbs, but remains some time in that state; the *Soul* of the vicious and ignorant some few years, but those of the wise and good till the general Conflagration of the *World*.

Secondly, that the *Sould* is *immaterial*, is evident from

from its operations, for when any *external* object
 presseth on the Organ, it can only move it: Now let
 this motion be *inward*, arising from the pressure of
 the external Object; or let it be an endeavour *out-*
ward, proceeding from the *resistance* of the Heart, as
 Mr. Hobbs imagines; or else a little trembling of the
 minute parts, as the *Epicureans* deliver; yet what is
 either of these *motions* to *Sense*? For strike any
 piece of *Matter*, there ariseth presently that pres-
 sure *inward*, and the endeavour *outward*; and yet I
 believe no man accounts a *Workman* cruel for break-
 ing a *Stone*, or striking a piece of *Timber*, tho accord-
 ing to this *Opinion*, he may raise as quick a *Sense* of
 pain in these, as in a Man. Nor must any one object
 the *different figures* and contrivances of *Stones*, and
Nerves, for those only make the motion more or less
 easie, but cannot alter the nature of the Pressure. Be-
 sides, let us take several round little *Balls*, and shake
 them in a bag that they may meet, strike and reflect,
 who can imagine that here is any *perception*? That
 these *Balls* feel the motion and know that they do so.
 And indeed the *Epicureans* grant what we contend
 for, since they fly to a fourth nameless thing, *i. e.* they
 cannot imagine any *Matter* under any particular
Schematism fit to *think* or *perceive*. But grant that
 simple apprehension could belong to *Matter*, yet how
 could it unite two Things in a *Proposition*, and pro-
 nounce them agreeable? How after this conjunction,
 consider them again, and collect, and form a *Syllogism*?
 For there is no Cause of either of those two Motions,
 and therefore they cannot be in *Matter*. For suppose
 two things proposed to consideration, and let their
 simple pressure on the Organs raise a *Phantasm*; this
 is the only motion that can be caused by the Objects:
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now let these be removed, and any Man will find himself able to consider the *Nature* of these *Objects*, compare their properties, and view their agreement which must be a *distinct Motion* from the former ; and this too can be done several Hours, Months, or Years after the first pressure of the *Objects*, and after the *Organs* have been disturbed with *other Motions*, and consequently the *first* quite lost : And after all this he can joyn these *two Objects*, thus compared with a *third*, and compare them again, and after that bring the two *Extreams* into a *Conclusion* ; and all this by the strength of his *own Judgment*, without the help of the pressure, or direction of any external impulse. Besides, the *Epicureans* grant they have a Conception of *Atoms*, void and infinite, of which they could never receive any *Image* and consequently no *cause* of their Conception ; *Matter* being not to be moved but by *material Images*, and those too of equal bigness with the *Corpuscles* that frame the *Soul*. Other Reasons may be produced from the *disproportion* of the *Image* of the *Object* to the *Organ*, it being impossible that any thing should appear bigger than the *Organ*, if *Sense* were only the *Motion* of it, or of some part contained in it ; because it would be able to receive no more *Motion*, than what came from some part of the *Object* of equal dimensions to it. But I hasten to shew, that an *immaterial Being* can act on a *material*. And here we must mind again, that the *sublimary Matter* is not *self-existent*, and therefore depends on something that is so : Now this *Being* cannot be *Matter*, for all *Matter* is *divisible*, and therefore inconsistent with *necessary existence* ; now this *Substance* as *He created*, so he must move *Matter*, for *Motion* is not a necessary Mode of it, as every Man's Senses will evince

evince. And 'tis the same thing to create and preserve a Being, with such and such a Mode or Accident, as it is barely to create it. And this infers that He can act on *Matter* as much as the *Soul* now doth, and this Action is not any thing distinct from his *Will*; the same *Power* that created, moves it; and that this may be easily conceived every Man hath a secret *Witness* in himself, and may be convinced from his own Actions. But let us consider a little farther, and we shall find *Motion* as difficult to be conceived as this mode of *Acting*; for those that define *Motion* to be only a successive Mode of Being in respect to Place, only tell us the Effect of it, when we enquire after its Nature: I shall therefore take it for a *Physical Being*, and distinct from *Matter*, as its transitions out of one Body into another sufficiently evince; and any Man may easily observe how full of contradictions *Cartes* is, when he treats of this Subject, having determined *Motion* to be only a mode of *Matter*. Now all the definitions of the Philosophers prove, that we have no Idea of this but from its effects; and therefore its manner of *Acting*, of *Transition*, &c. is as hard to be conceived, as the mode of *Action* in an immaterial Substance, and yet no Man doubts it.

Thirdly, there is a great contest about *Brutes*, some allowing them perception, others asserting them to be nothing but *Machines*, and as void of all Sense as an Engine. This latter Opinion is irreconcilable to their Actions, and to that experience we have of their Docility, and the relations of their Cunning, even from those Mens Mouths, which are great stickers for this Fancy: And this arises from a common Opinion, that if they grant *Brutes immaterial Souls* (as

(as they must do if they allow them *perception*) the *Consequence* will be unavoidable, *Therefore they are Immortal*. But to speak freely, I could never perceive any strength in this Argument; and if I had no stronger convictions, I could subscribe to *Seneca's* Opinion.

(a) *Juvabat de Animæ aternitate querere, imò me-
hercule credere; credebam enim faciliè opinionibus magno-
rum virorum rem gravissimam promittentium, magis quàm
probatum.* For *Immateriality* doth not infer necessity of *Existence*, or put the thing above the Power of him that framed it: And therefore *Immortality* is a gift of the Creatour, and might likewise have been bestowed on *Matter*; and therefore *Beasts* may be allowed *Substances* capable of *Perception*, which may Direct, and Govern them, and Die, and be Buried in the same Grave with their Bodies. But we have such great evidence for the *immortality* of the *Mind* of Man, both from the Dispensations of *Providence*, and infallible *promises*, that I could not give a firmer assent, nor have a stronger ground for my *Opinion*, if the Proofs could be reduced to *Figures*, and proposed in *Squares*, and *Triangles*.

Besides the *general*, he produces many *particular* Arguments, from the different operations of the Soul in the several stages of our life. He had observed (and who can be ignorant of that) that tho both in Childhood, Youth, and old Age the notices of external Objects are equally clear and perfect, yet at first our apprehensions and our memories are weak, our Judgment and reason little and very different from the accurate perception of riper Years:

(a) *Sen. Epist. 102.*

and that decays again, and extream old Age slowly leads us back to our Swadling Cloths and our Cradles : To these he adds the various Distempers that are incident to Man ; how sometimes the Mind is lulled into a *Lethargy*, and then wak'd again into a *Frantick* fit ; and how at last *Death* steals in upon our Life, and wins inch by inch, till it becomes Master of the whole : And hence he infers the increase and decay of the Mind, and that it is born and dies : Now these Arguments cannot startle any one that considers the *Immortality* of the Soul is not to be inferred from any Attribute of it's own Substance ; but the will and pleasure of the Author of it's Being ; and therefore did it really suffer all those disturbances he imagines, yet who doubts but a tormented Thing may be *kept in Being*, since the Torment it self is not *Death* : But *Natural Philosophy* will account for these distractions. If we consider what Life is, and how the *Soul* must depend on the *Body* as to it's operations : if we distinguish *Life* from *Sense*, 'tis nothing else but a due Motion, and digestion of the Humours ; and this agrees to *Plants* as well as *Sensibles*. They are nourisht, grow and live alike ; and an Animal dies because some of these are either lost, or depraved ; for were her habitation good and convenient, the *Soul* would never leave it, she hath no such reluctancy to *Matter*, nor is so afraid of it's pollutions, as the *Platonists* fancy, that she should be eager to be gone ; but when the *Body* fails, and is unfit for those Animal Motions, over which it was her office to preside, she must retire from the Lump of Clay, and go to her appointed place : So that the *Soul* suffers nothing when the Limbs grow useles, as even common

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observation testifies, for a *Palsy* in the *Arm* or *Leg*, doth not impair the Judgment; and often when the Limbs are feeble, and the Body sunk to an extremity of weakness, the Mind is vigorous and active, and very *Unequal* company for the decaying Matter. And as for the Pain and Torture that accompany *Death*, and make the Tragedy more solemn, 'tis evident, that suppose the Soul immortal, 'tis impossible it should be otherwise; so that this can be no Argument for the *Epicureans*, which, admit the contrary supposition, can be so easily explained: And here we must conceive the Mind as the chiefest Part of Man, a Judging Substance, but free from all *Anticipations* and *Ideas*; a plain *Rasa Tabula*; but fit for any impressions from external Objects, and capable to make Deductions from them; in order to this, she is put into a Body curiously contrived, fitted with Nerves and Veins, and all necessary Instruments for *Animal Motion*; upon these Organs *External Objects* act by pressure, and so the Motion is continued to the Seat of this Soul, where she judges according to the first impulse, and that Judgment is called either *Pain* or *Pleasure*; so that the *Action* of the Soul is still uniform and the same; and the various Passions arise only from the variety of the Objects she contemplates: But now because she has *Memory*, and from these Notices once received can make Deductions; she is capable of all those *Affections* which are properly called *Passions*, as Grief, Joy, &c. All which are *Acts* of Reason, and are compatible to *Brutes* too, according to their degree of *Perception*: And besides, since the Mind makes use of the Body in her most *Intellectual Actions*, as is evident from that weakness

ness that is consequent to the most *abstracted* Speculations; the *disturbance* she receives proceeds from the *unsuitness* of the Organs, but she works as *rationaly* in a *Mad man* as in a *Sober*, in a *Fool* as in the most *Wise*, because she acts according to the utmost Perfection her *Instruments* will permit.

But because this Notion of a *Rasa Tabula* will not agree with those, who are fond of some I know not what *innate speculative, and Practical Ideas*; it will be necessary to consider the Instances they produce. The first is that of many *Geometrical Figures*, for Instance a *Chiliagon* of which we can make perfect Demonstrations which presuppose an *Idea* of the *Subject*, tho we can have no *Image* nor *Representation* of it from our *Fancy*: But in proposing this Instance, they do not attend that these Properties belong to a *Chiliagon*: because it contains so many *Triangles*, which is a Figure obvious enough to *Sense*. The second is that of a *Deity*, upon which *Cartes* his whole Philosophy depends; and here he grants this to be *imperfect*, i. e. really *none at all*, because not agreeable to the Object whose *Idea* it pretends to be; yet this is enough to guide us in our *Religion*, because the highest our Minds can reach: But even this we have from *Sense*; from the Consideration of the *Imperfections* of all things with which we are conversant, we rise to the knowledge of an *All perfect*; so that all the *Attributes* we can conceive are just in opposition to what we discover here, and therefore according to the different apprehensions that Men have entertained of such Things so various have been their Notions of the *Deity*, as is evident from the Heathen World: And this makes way to discover how we got all those

particular Notions which we call the *Law of Nature*, and are said to be written in our Hearts: For when Man was first created in his perfect State, without any prejudice of *Infancy* or *Education*, he had as much Knowledge as was designed for that order of Creatures in the Universe; the Notions of all things were clearly represented, and *Good* and *Evil* appeared naked, and in their proper Shapes: These Notions have been delivered down to us, and from these once made plain, the Mind necessarily infers such practical rules as are called the *Law of Nature*: And this Explication will give an account of the diversity of Manners and Opinions amongst Men, and the various Interchanges of Barbarity, and Civility thro the World.

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UPON

The Fourth Book.

PAG. 103. l. 19. *And shew pale Ghosts, &c.*
 After he had copiously discoursed of the *Nature of the Soul*, and endeavoured to prove it *Mortal*, he goes on here, and pretends to solve *One Argument*, which still seemed to press his *Opinion*, and that is drawn from the various *Apparitions* that sometimes present the *Image* of our deceased Friends, and makes so lively and vigorous impression on the *Fancy*, that we cannot but think them real, and something beside naked *Imagination*: But because he *intermixes* this with his Discourse of the *Senses*, and makes it depend on the *Epicurean* explication of *Vision*, I shall be obliged briefly to consider his *Doctrin*, and that being overthrown, discourse of the Strength of the *Argument*: Well then, not to trouble him about his other *Senses*, concerning *Vision* he delivers this; *Thin subtle Images constantly rise from the surfaces of all Bodies, which make an Impression on our Organs, and then the notice is communicated to the Soul.* To confute this, we need look no farther than his own *Principles*, and consider that he hath made *Weight* a Property of *Matter*, and an Endeavour *Downward* a Necessary Adjunct: And therefore all Motion *Upward* is violent, and proceeds from External Pressure, or Impulse.

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Now any Man knows that the *Species* are propagated any way with equal Ease, and we see as well when the Object is placed *below* our Eye, as when *above* it: But there is no Force to make these *Images* rise, and therefore 'tis impossible they should. Their own *Nature* opposes, the *Air* (as all must grant) that lies behind the Object, is unfit to give this Impulse to the solid parts of the upper Surface, *that on the side*, to drive it upward: And I believe none will think these *Images* are raised by the *Air* that is perpendicular to the *Superficies*; And this Argument more strongly concludes, if we consider his Explication of *Distance*, for there he requires that these *Images* should drive on all the *Air* between the Object and the Eye, tho it often resists and beats furiously against them, which cannot be done, but by a considerable Force, and a greater *Strength* than can be allowed these subtle *Forms*, tho rising from any *Body* in the most convenient *Position*, and when their *Weight* can assist their *Motion*: But more; If such *Images* arose, it must be granted that the Object must seem changed every *Minute*; and it would be impossible to look upon a *Cherry* for the space of an hour, and still perceive it *blush* with the same Colour; because every *Image* that moves our Eye, cannot be above one hundred times thinner than the Skin of that Fruit; for I believe any Man will freely grant, that *this Skin* so divided will be too *transparent* to be perceiv'd: or if it may still be seen, let the *Division* proceed, and at last the *Absurdity* will press, and follow too fast, and too closely to be avoided: I shall not mention, that *contrary Winds* must disturb their *Images*, break their loose Order, and hinder their passage; but only take notice, That 'tis impossible such *Images*, should enter at the Eye, and represent

represent an *Object* as great as we perceive it: For these *Images* rising from the *Surface*, must proceed by *Parallel Lines*; and their *Parts* maintain as great a distance as the parts of the *Body* whence they sprang; because they come from every part of the *Object*, and are commensurate to it; and therefore cannot be pressed closer without *Penetration* or *Confusion*. But suppose *Vision* might be thus explained, grant every one, like the Man in *Seneca*, had his own *Image* still walking before him, yet *Imagination* and *Thought* have their peculiar difficulties.

Pag. 123. l. 31.

These pass the Limbs, &c.

Tully examining this Opinion, says, *Tota Res, Vellei, negatoria est*, and adds farther, *Quid est quod minus probari potest, quam omnium in me incidere Imagines, Homeri, Archilochi, Romuli, Numæ, Pythagoræ, Platonis, nec eâ formâ quâ illi fuerint? quomodo ergo illi?* Let us consider our *Dreams*, where the powers of *Fancy* and *Imagination* are most observable. These our *Poet* explains by *Entering Images*, which pass thro the *Body*, and strike the *Soul*: How deficient this is any one may be satisfied from his own *Observation*, for *That* will tell him, That he dreams of things at a vast distance, and not thought on for some Months: What then? Can the *Image* pass thro those large *Tracts* of *Air* whole and undisturbed? Are they not as thin a *Substance* as the *Epicurean Soul*, and as easily dissolved? Can they enter the *Pores of the Body*, and still preserve their Order, and the *Mind* be accounted *Mortal* for the same way of passage, and this be used as an Argument against it's *Infusion*? Strange power of
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Prejudice! that can blind the *sharpest Eyes*, make them dull and unfit to be moved by these *thick*, and almost palpable Errors, but perchance there is no *Image* of an *Absurdity*, and therefore we must excuse the *Epicurean*: Beside, some things are presented to our *Imaginations*, of which there can be no *Image*; a *Harp* seems to sound when it lies *silent* in the Case, when there is no brisk *Vibration* of the Strings to compel the ambient Air, and create a *Sound*; for *Sound* doth not consist of parts that fly from the *Body*, (as *Lucretius* imagins) 'tis only an Agitation of the rigid parts of the Air, as a Thousand Experiments can evince, but Two may suffice; *One* is taken from *Common Observation*: For touch the sounding Wire of *Vignals* at one end, and the Noise ceases, tho the *Touch* cannot hinder the flux of *Atoms*, from any part, but that which it immediately presseth: The *Other* is known to all, who have heard that a *Bell* will not sound in the *Exhausted Receiver*, tho the parts might there fly off with greter ease, they being not troubled with any ambient resisting Air.

Pag. 126. l. 3.

Unless she sets her self to think, &c,

It being demanded why any Man could think on what he pleased, the Answer is; That *Images* are constantly at hand, but being very thin and subtle, they cannot be perceived, unless the *Mind* endeavours; which tho press'd by all the difficulties propos'd concerning *Images*, yet may receive a farther Examination. For first, The *Mind* must think on the *Object* before this *Endeavour*, else why should she strive, why apply her self particularly to that? and that this Ar-

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argument is strong against the *Epicureans*, is evident from that question which *Lucretius* proposeth in his fifth Book, about the beginning of *Ideas* in his Deities, which I have already reflected on. But more: This *Endeavour* of the *Mind* is a *Motion*, Nothing being to be admitted in the *Epicurean Hypothesis* but what may be explained by *Matter* variously figured and agitated: Now *Epicurus* hath settled but Three kinds of *Motion*, $\chi\tau\iota \sigma\acute{\alpha}\delta\mu\lambda\omega$, $\chi\tau\iota \pi\alpha\rho\acute{\epsilon}\gamma\chi\lambda\iota\sigma\tau\iota\nu$, and $\chi\tau\iota \pi\lambda\eta\gamma\eta\nu$, and the two latter necessarily suppose the former, and therefore if that $\chi\tau\iota \sigma\acute{\alpha}\delta\mu\lambda\omega$ cannot belong to the Soul, 'tis absurd to conclude this *Endeavour* to be either of the latter: And here it must be considered, that the *Epicurean Soul* is *Material*, and therefore *Weight* is a *Property* of all it's parts, which will necessitate this Soul, to subside in all the Vessels of the Body, as low as possible; and therefore it cannot actually enjoy this motion, and consequently no *Endeavour*.

Here I might be copious (for 'tis an easie task) in laying open the weakness of the Arguments by which he endeavours to prove that our *Limbs* were not made and designed for proper Offices and Employments; it would be an endless trouble to pursue him thro all the *Absurdities* which lie in his *Opinions* concerning *Sleep*, and *Spontaneous Motion*, for every Man hath his own constant Experience to confute them, and therefore as *Lactantius* thinks a loud laughter the only suitable reply to the former, let the others be contented with the same answer; nor hinder me in the prosecution of the proposed Argument.

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And here it must be confessed, that a Thousand of these Sorics are the genuine productions of *Fear* and *Fancy*: *Melancholy* and *Inadvertency* have not been unfruitful; and we owe many of them to *Superstition*, *Interest*, and *Design*: but to believe all counterfeited because some are so, is unreasonable, and shews a *perverse*ness, as faulty as the greatest *Credulity*. For when such are attested by multitudes of Excellent Men, free from all *Vanity*, *Design* or *Superstition*, who had the Testimony of their Senses for their Assurance, and would not believe it till after curious search, and tryal; we must assent, or sink below *Scepticism* it self, for *Pyrrho* would fly a threatening Dog, and make his excuse *κατεπὸν μὲν ὄλοντόν ἀνδρῶπων ἐκδύναι*: *tis hard to put off the whole Man*: And that there are such Stories delivered with all the marks of *Credibility*, I appeal to the Collection of *M. Glanvil*. Let any one look on that which is recorded by the Learned *Dr. Gale* in his Notes upon the fifth Chapter of the Third Section of *Jamblichus de Mysteriis*, and then I shall give him leave to use his *Atoms* and his *Motion* to the greatest advantage, but for ever despair of an explication: The Story speaks thus in *English*. 'In *Lambeth* lives one *Francis Culham*, an honest man, and of good credit, this man lay in a very sad condition Four Years, and Five Months: The first Symptom was unusual *Drowsiness* and a *Numness* for three days, which forced him to take his bed: In the first Month he took little or no meat or drink; the second, he fasted Ten days, and often afterward Five, or Seven: He fed on Raw and Boyled Meat with equal greediness, never moved himself in his Bed, and waked constantly

stantly for the first years, at last never closed his Eyes, but kept them fixt and steddly. He made no Articulate Sound, nor took any notice of his Wife, and Children, nor seemed to feel the Knives and Lances of the Chyrurgeons. At last given over by all, he thus unexpectedly recovered: In the *Whitsun-Week* 1675. He seemed to be wakened out of a very sound Sleep, and (as he relates it) his Heart, and Bowels grew warm, and his Breast freed from that Weight which before opprest it, and he heard a Voice which bid him go to *Prayers*, and then he should be well: Paper and Ink being brought, with a trembling Hand he writ these words, *I desire that Prayers may be made for me.* Two Ministers came, and when they had sufficiently examined the matter, and found it free from all cheat, they began those Prayers which the *English Liturgy* appoints for the Sick, and when they were come to *Glory be to the Father, &c.* The Sick man spake with a loud voice, *Glory be to God on high.* And in two days time, his Feet, Hands, and other Limbs, were perfectly restored: but he could not remember any thing that was done to him during all the Four Years: and this Relation I assert to be every true: Now tho such as these do not directly prove the *Immortality* of the Soul, yet they sufficiently take off all pretensions of the *Epicureans* against it; since they evidently prove, That there are some *subtle unseen Substances* permanent, and durable, and consequently *Immaterial*, for they cannot imagine that any Material Substance thinner than Smoak or Air, can be less subject to dissolution than those; tho they contradict themselves, and grant the Eternal Bodies of their Deities to be such.

Pag. 116. l. 18.

He that would establish a *Criterion*, is certain to have the *Sceptick* for his Enemy, and what is more uncomfortable, to be unable to confute him: He is an *Animal* incapable of Conviction, his folly may be exposed, but to endeavour to bring him to Sense and Reason is as wild a design,

—ut si quis *Asellum*

In campum doceat parentem currere frenis.

Pyrrho would venture on a *Precipice* in spight of his Senses; and tho the more *Sober* are careful of their Lives, yet they are as proof against Convictions; a perverse sort of Creatures, born to contradict, and instructed in all the studied Methods of Foolery: Scepticism according to their own definition is δύναμις ἀντιθετική φαινομένων, καὶ νοουμένων; its effect, is Freedom from Assent, and it's end Serenity. The Principle of the Sect is, παντί λόγῳ λόγον ἴσον ἀντικείμεναι, yet this is not proposed as a Dogma, for that is an Assent, πῶς πράγματι ἢ καὶ κατὰ δόξαν ζήτεμένων: nor is it laid down as to in it's self, and a real Truth; but only in appearance, and therefore *Empiricus* prefaceth his discourse with these words, προέπων ὅτι περὶ ἔθενός ἢ λέχουσιν διαβεβαίλει ὡς ἔως ἔχοντες πάντας. Καθάπερ λέγω. And yet they follow their natural Appetite for their preservation, seek the good and profitable, and fly the bad and hurtful according to appearance, for they do not deny but that they may

may be warm and cool, and are capable of pain, and pleasure ; yet none, like a dogmatist, affirms it is as *ὑπάρχον*, but *τὸ ἐαυτοῦ, φαινόμενον καὶ πάθος ἀπαγγέλλει* τὸ ἐαυτοῦ ἀποξάσας. The Law of their Country, is the Rule of *Just* and *Right*, and the *Custom* of the Nation determines their *Religion*.

This is the Face of a *Sceptick* as it is drawn by his own Hand, and since we find it condemned to *diffidence*, there are some Reasons sure of this unsettledness, this *ἐπιχρῖ* : and some propose Ten, others Fifteen, and others increase the number ; but one will comprehend them all, and that is enough to ruine every Science in the World ; 'Tis taken from the variety of Opinions about the same things : for there can be no appeal for a decision, because he that would judge, acts by the same Faculties that those do that are at strife, and so he that loses the Cause will be still dis-satisfied, and to invert *Seneca*, *Citius inter Horologia quam Philosophos convenit*. This difference riseth from the various Tempers of Men's Bodies, the Dispositions of their Organs, and Situation of the Object : Thus Melancholy and Sanguine take different notices from the same Impression ; Young and Old, Sick and Healthy, Drunk and Sober do not agree : nor is it enough to answer that some of these are indisposed, whilst the others are in order ; for since that *Change* is nothing but an alteration of the Humors, they demand a Reason why such and such a Disposition should be more capable of receiving Impresses from Objects that are agreeable to the nature of the things, than another : Besides, they observe, that the *Complexions* of Animals are various, and the Texture of their *Organs* differ-

different : so that there cannot be the same refractions in their Eyes, the same windings in their Ears ; and therefore not the same notices from the same Objects : And indeed did the *Scepticks* proceed no farther than *Sensible Qualities*, we must acknowledge them to be very happy in the discovery ; for 'tis certain that those are *Phantasms* alone, and those that think Hony sweet, and those that think it bitter have equally true representations of the Object, because the little parts of Hony act upon both their Organs according to their figure.

Hence they proceed to deny all first *Principles*, and so are put beyond all possibility of Conviction, for still demanding proof after proof, they must reel on to eternity without satisfaction : But this is too long a Journey, and too fruitless a trouble to pursue, and so we must rake our leaves of these *contradicting* Animals ; who have no other reason to deny the clear light of Science, but because some mens Eyes are too weak to look steddy upon it.

NOTES

UPON

The Fifth Book.

PAG. 144. Here begins his *Impiety* anew, and he endeavours to raise a *dust*, and blind Mens Understandings; and to secure his *former Opinion* pretends Objections intermixt with Scoffs, against all those, who upon *sober Principles*, and a strict search into the order and disposition of Things, were forced to confess this *Frame* to be the contrivance of some *Intelligent Being*, and the Product of *Wisdom* it self. And here, agreeable to the *Epicurean Principles*, he supposeth *Interest* to be the cause of all *good nature*, and the only *Spring of Action*, and then peremptorily demands, what *suitable returns* Man could make the *Gods* for all their labour, or what *additional happiness* they could receive? Where he makes another wild *Supposition*, which will never be granted, *viz.* That to *create*, or *dispose*, is *toyl*, and *trouble* to *Omnipotence*, for such I have proved every *eternal*, and *self existent* to be. Now let us look a little on the immediate Praises he bestows on his *Epicurus*, and ask him what Rewards could *Posterity* give him for his Philosophy, how could he receive any benefit from their *praises*, and Commendations? What then
was

was his God *Epicurus* a Fool, who lost his own Ease, opposed himself to so many *Philosophers*, and laboured to write almost *infinite Volumes*, when he had no motive to engage himself in all this trouble? No, *Lucretius* highly esteems him for the Benefits he bestowed on Mankind; and thus answers himself, whilst he allows *single Benevolence* to be a strong motive to Action: And this is allowed by *general Consent*, he being hated who looks only on his own Interest, and makes that the measure of all his designs. And that the Deity is *benevolent* in the highest degree, is as evident as that it is a perfection to be so: For 'tis already proved, that *infinite perfection* is a necessary consequence of *self-existence*. But when he endeavours to prove, that *to Be* is no good to *Man*, what but laughter can be returned to such an idle opposition of common Sense? For if, to be continued in *Being* is so great a Good, and so desirable, as all Men's Wishes and Endeavours sufficiently evince, then surely to *bestow that Being*, is at least an equal Blessing. And to answer his *impudent Question*, How the Deity could have his *Knowledge*? 'tis sufficient to return, that his *Method* of Knowing is not to be measured by ours, that he is *Omniscient*, that being a *Perfection*, needs not any external impulse from Images.

But leaving this, he finds fault with the *Contrivance* it self, and, like that proud King of *Arragon* could no doubt have mended the Design. And here tho' tis unreasonable to demand a particular Cause and Motive for every Contrivance, since we are not of the Cabinet Council of *Nature*, nor assisted at her *Project*, yet his Exceptions (no doubt the best his labouring Wit could invent) are so weak, so

ten answered, and so easily (on Principles grounded on certain History, and infallible Record) to be accounted for, and there is no need to frame a particular Answer, and no fear that any, the meanest Reader, can ever be surpris'd with such Trifles.

Having, as he imagined, freed the *Deity* from all care and trouble, and kept him in ease and quiet, whilst the *World was making*, he proceeds to delineate the Order. And here I cannot imagine a Man could act more agreeable to his Principles or describe *Chance* better, resolving all *Philosophy*, all our search, and enquiry into these Matters, into a *naked May be*; nay often scarce standing within the *comprehensive* bounds of Possibility. But to pass by all the Contradictions that lie in the very Principles, and beginning of his *Hypothesis*, of which I have before discoursed; let us suppose these *infinite Atoms* moving in this *infinite Space*, and grant they could strike and take hold, and squeeze out the lesser and more agile parts into Seas, Heaven, Moon, Stars, &c. I shall first demand, why this *weighty Mass* of Earth, as its nature requires, doth not constantly descend? Why fixt and steddly? If its answered (as *Lucretius*) that it lies in *congeneal Matter*, and therefore presses not, the Question still returns, Why not this *congeneal Matter* fall, since it hath Weight, the *Epicurean* property of Atoms hath that other *fit Matter* spread below it? The Demand constantly returns. Besides, this *Matter* was squeezed out of the Earth by the descending heavier Particles, and therefore the Mass may press and descend thro it. Well then if this Earth cannot be framed, neither any of the other Elements, since, according to his description, the latter de-

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pends

pend on the former; and since he refuses to stand to any one cause of the Motion of the Sun, or Stars; it would be endless to pursue this flying Bubble, and follow him thro all the Mazes of Conceit, and Fancy.

p. 171. l. 14.

Then Neighbours, &c.

Those that endeavour to disgrace *Religion*, usually represent it as a *trick of State*, and a Politick invention to keep the *credulous* in Awe; which however absurd and frivolous, yet is a strong argument against the *Atheist*, who cannot declare his *Opinions*, unless he be a *Rebel*, and a disturber of the Commonwealth: The Cause of God, and his *Cesar* are the same, and no affront can be offered to one, but it reflects on both; and that the *Epicurean* Principles are pernicious to *Societies*, is evident from the account they give of the *rise* of them. First then we must imagine Men springing out of the *Earth*, as from the Teeth of *Cadmus* his *Dragon*, (*fratres fungorum, & tuberum*, as *Bias* called the *Athenians*, who counted it a great glory to be *Αὐτόχθονες*;) and like those too, *fierce*, and *cruel*; but being softened by *natural* decay, and length of *Time*, grew mild; and weary of *continual* wars, made leagues, and combinations, for *mutual* defence and security; and invested some *Person* with power to overlook each mans actions, and to punish, or reward those that broke, or kept their Promises. Now if *Societies* began thus, 'tis evident that they are founded on *Interest* alone, and therefore *self-preservation* is the only thing that obliges Subjects to Duty; and when they are strong enough to live without the pro;

protection of their *Prince*, all the bonds to *Obedience* are cancelled, and *Mutiny* and *Rebellion* will necessarily break forth; for we all know, how ambitious every Man is of Rule, how passionately he desires it, and eagerly follows, tho ten Thousand difficulties attend the pursuit: What if he breaks his *promise*, recalls his former consent, and acts against the *Law* that was founded on it? Why need he be concerned, if he hath got the *longest Sword*, and is above the fear of Punishment; will not a prospect of a *certain profit* lead him on to Villany? And why should his *Conscience* startle at wickedness, that is attended with pleasure? since all the *Epicurean* Vertues are nothing but *Fear*, and *Interest*, and the former is removed, and the latter invites. 'Tis true, as *Lucretius* says, strange discoveries have been made, and *Plutarch* gives us very *memorable* Instances: Plots have been defeated, but as many proved *successful*: And how weak that single pretence, how insufficient to secure *Government*, is evident from the daily *Plots*, and *Contrivances*, *Murders* and *Treasons*, that disturb us; tho all the *Terrors of Religion* joyn with these fears and endeavour to suppress them. And therefore these *Opinions* are dangerous, and destructive of *Societies*, and, as *Origen* says of his *Purgatory fires*,
 καὶ ἀκίνδονον ἢ ἢ τοῖσιν σαρκίνοιαν πνεῦσαι χαρῆς,
 ἅτε ἢ πολλῶν ἢ χηζόντων πλείονθ διδασκαλί-
 ας ὧς τῶν περὶ τὴν καὶ ἢ ἀμαρτανόντων κολάσεως,
 εἰς τὸ τὰ ὑπερέκεινα αὐτῆς ἢ χησίμον ἀναβαίνειν διὰ τὴν
 τὴν μορὴς φέρεται αἰωνίᾳ κολάσεως καὶ συζέλλοντις ἢ
 πόσον τὴν κακίας, καὶ ἢ αὐτῆς ἀμαρτανόντων χύσιν.
 Others tho pretending to better *Principles* than those of *Epicurus*, yet are altogether as faulty in stating the *rise*

of *Power* ; and more absurd : For his *Opinion* is agreeable to his other Positions, but theirs contradict the *Creation* they assert, and the *Providence* they allow ; I mean those that declare the *People* to be the *spring* and *fountain* of *Power*, and that from their *consent* all the *Authority* of the *Governour* is derived : Sure these Men never considered the relation betwixt *God* and his *Creatures* ; and what an *absolute dominion* he hath over those to whom he first gave, and still continues *Being*. But let us look on *Man* under that *circumstance*, and then how naked, how divested of all *power* will he appear ? How unable to dispose of himself, and submit to the *Laws* of his fellow *free Agent* ? unless he endeavours as much as is possible to disown the *Right* of the *Deity*, and turns *Rebel* against the *Author* of his *Being*. For how can any one submit himself to another, without the express permission of him that hath *absolute dominion* over him ? And where is that *Permission* ? Is it founded on *Reason* or *Scripture* ? Doth *Benevolence*, or *Self-preservation*, the two proposed motives to *Society*, speak any such thing ? And doth not *Scripture* expressly oppose this *Opinion* ? Well then, all *Power* descends from above ; 'tis the gift of that *Being* to whom it *Principally* belongs, and ἐν τῇ Διὶ βασιλεύς *Kings* are from *God*, is true both in the account of the *sober Heathen*, and *good Christian* : And therefore every *King* that ever was, or is, whether he obtains the *Crown* by *Succession*, or *Election*, (except the *Jewish*) must be acknowledged *Absolute* : *Liberty* and *Property* of the *Subjects* depend on his *Will*, and his *Pleasure* is *Law* ; for none can confine or limit that *Power* which *God* bestows, but himself : And therefore to prescribe *Laws* to the *Governour*, to choose or refuse

him on certain *conditions*, is to invade the *Prerogative* of Heaven, and *rebel* against the *Almighty*. Thus when God design'd to limit the Power of the *Jewish Monarchy*, he described Laws himself; but since he hath not fixt any to other *Princes*, every *King*; as such, (for I do not respect their *particular* Grants to the People, which they are bound to observe) is *Absolute*.

To free this from all exception, it must be considered that the Discourse is concerning the *Origine* of Power, which is now settled in some *Persons*, and by which *Communities* are govern'd. The *Epicureans* act very agreeably to their impious Principles, when they make fear and distrust the only motives to Agreement, and the pacts to which the *scatter'd multitude* agreed to be the foundation of the Power of the *Prince*: It being impossible for them, who had excluded *Providence*, to find any other *Original*: But this Opinion as delivered by them, depending upon their other absurd and impious Philosophy must be weak and irrational; yet still this notion is embraced, tho not upon the *same* motives; *Faction* and *Ambition* propagate that *Error*, which was nothing else but *innocent Ignorance* in the *Antients*: They considered Man as *Single*, unable to live with Security or Comfort, because his fellows, either out of *Pride*, *Lust*, or *Covetousness*, would endeavour to rob him of his *Enjoyments*, and his *Life* too, if it hindred them in the prosecution of their wishes: Thus they saw a necessity of *Government*, and because it proceeded from Mans natural Imperfections, they thought him, that by his *Wisdom* or his *Strength* was most fitted for the defence and preservation of others, was as it were a

Lord

Lord by Nature, and Born a Sovereign: Thus Plutarch, ὁ πρῶτος καὶ κρείττους νόμος τοῦ σωζέσθαι θεομένῳ καὶ σώζειν συνέμῃον ἀρχόντι καὶ φύσιν ἀποδίδωσι. 'Tis the first and most fundamental Law, that He that is able to protect, is a King by Nature to him that needs Protection: Thus Historians make the Election of the first Kings to be for their Strength, their Wisdom or their Beauty: And Aristotle peremptorily determines that the Barbarians are slaves by Nature to the Greeks: This was innocent enough in them, but how can we be excus'd who have such perfect knowledge of a Creation, who hear Wisdom proclaim that by Her Kings Reign, who made it an Article in Edward the 6th's time, and now every day in our Publick Prayers profess that God is the only Ruler of Princes? From whence 'tis necessarily inferr'd that he only bestows the Power, for if it came from the multitude, what is more evident than that they could make what Conditions they pleased, subject them to an High Court of Justice, and call them to an account if they act contrary to their pleasure? It being certain, and confirmed by Common Practice that he that voluntarily parts from his right, may do it on what terms he thinks fit: Now if it is certain (and demonstration proves it) that God is the alone giver of Power, if the Prince is, as Plutarch and Menander say, εἰκὼν ἐμψυχος θεῶ, a living Image of the Deity; if, as Pliny, qui vice Dei erga hominum Genus fungeretur, and every King, whether Elective or Successive, Rules by the same Authority, as 'tis certain they do, because Both have Power, and the People can give them none; then what is more certain than that all Kings which way

way soever they are introned before they have made any grants to their People, are *Absolute*? And that their *Pleasure* is *Law*, for otherwise there could be none, that Liberty and Property depend upon their Will.

*Nam propria Telluris herum neq; me, neq; illum,
Nec quengquam statuit Natura*——

Nor doth Nature provide more *Privileges* for one than another: And if the *Principles* are true, and the *inference* naturally follows, as it doth, because the *People* that cannot bestow the *Power* have no right to make conditions for its *Exercise*, and set limits how far it shall extend, and make such and such agreements for the admission of the Prince; what harm is there in this *innocent* Truth? For we discourse only of *Kings* as they first are, without any reference to such and such *particular* Communities, where they have been *pleased* to limit themselves; to grant *Privileges* to their Subjects, and settle *Property*; and confirmed all this with *Oaths*, and engaged their Royal Word and Promise *before* God and Man for their performance.

I suppose it is granted on all hands that the *King* is supreme, that upon any pretence whatsoever it is *Treason* to resist; and so there can be no fear of *Punishment*, no tie upon the King but his own *Conscience*; *sufficit quod Deum expectet ultorem*; yet tho the Law cannot *Punish*, it can *direct*: Tho it is not a *Master*, it is a *Guide*, and such a one, as, because of his Oath, he is bound to follow: For tho the People cannot, *He* can limit himself; for being a *Rational* Creature, and intrusted with *Power*,
without

without any *particular* Rules for the Guidance of it; his *Reason* is to be his director, and therefore according to the tempers and particular humors of the People, he may make Laws, settle Maxims of Government, and oblige himself to make those his *measures*, because his Reason assures him that this is the best Method for the preservation of the Society, the maintenance of Peace, and obtaining those ends for which he was intrusted with this Power.

And since *Princes* must die, and Government being necessary, *Succession* is equally so, and therefore it may seem that every Prince owing his *Power* only to the same *Original* from which the first derived it, is at liberty to confirm such and such *Privileges* and immunities which his *Predecessors* have granted; yet upon a serious view of the premised *reason*, no such consequence will follow; for since the *Predecessors* have found these Laws agreeable to the tempers of the *People*, and the only way to preserve *Peace*, 'tis evident that those are *Rational*; and since he is to use his power according to *Right reason*, there is an antecedent Obligation on him to assent to those Laws; and make those the measures of his Government; unless some *extraordinary* Case intervenes which requires an alteration of these Laws, and then that Method of abrogating old, and making new Ones is to be followed, which *constant experience* hath found *Rational*: And since a *Prince* cannot be bound by any ties but those of *Conscience*, this Opinion leaves all the Obligations possible upon him.

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NOTES

UPON

The Sixth Book.

PAG. 196. l. 29.

And why doth heedless Lightning, &c.

The last *Exceptions* which he brings against *Providence*, are drawn from that common Observation ; *Good Men* are oppress'd with trouble, and misery, subject to all the rage and violence of the *Wicked* ; whilst the *Impious* swell with the *Glories*, and revel in the *Delights* of Life : This hath been the subject of many *sollicitous Disquisitions*. Disputes have been multiplied ; and some have been as industrious to vindicate the *Methods* of *Providence* from all seeming Irregularities as others to defame them. Some have sent us to look for *Retribution* in another World, and indeed this is an easie way of solving the Difficulty, and with little pains deducible, from the *Immortality* of the Soul, which I have already asserted. But because to look beyond the *Grave*, requires a sharp and steddy Eye, I shall observe the *Reasons* of the *Philosophers*, and propose what *Plutarch* hath excellently delivered. And here we must take notice, That only that part of the *Objection*, which concerns the *Prosperity* and *Impunity* of the *Wicked*, seems formidable, and

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concluding; for all those Men we generally call Good, as their own Conscience will tell them, deserve those Afflictions which the most Miserable have endured. And upon this the Poets, Orators, and Historians have been very copious.

Τολμῶ κατεπαῖν μήποτ' ἐν ἑσὶν θεοῖς
Κακοὶ γὰρ ἐντυγχάντες ἐμπλήτυσσά με.

*I dare to say, No Gods direct this Whole,
For Villains prosperous distract my Soul,*

says Aristophanes: and Diagoras resolved to be an Atheist, as Epicurus delivers, because he did not see Vengeance fall presently on the perjur'd Person; and consume him: Velleius Paterculus produceth the long and quiet Reign of Orestes, as a convincing proof that the Gods directed him to murder Pyrrhus; and approved the Action: And Martial hath contracted all the Force of the Argument into one Epigram:

*Nullos esse Deos, inane Cælum
Affirmat Selius, probatque quod se
Factum, dum negat hec, videt beatum.*

Seneca in his Treatise, *Cur malis bene, & Bonis male, cum sit Providentia*, talks much of the Privilege of Sufferings, that to afflict argues Care, and Kindness; and in short, thinks this a great Commendation of Virtue,

Τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς τι ἰδρᾶς; θεοὶ περὶ παρόνθεν ἔσθλην Ἀθῆ-
ναίαν ———— *Th' Immortal Powers have sweat near Vertue*
plac'd.

But

But this is not the way to answer the demands of an *Epicurean*, to satisfy his doubts, who had rather be accounted an *happy Servant*, than a *miserable Son of the Deity*, who would not be fond of Torments, that he might shew *spectaculum Jove dignum, virum fortem cum malâ fortunâ compositum*: who cannot think that Fears and Jealousies are the necessary Products of Irreligious Opinions; but makes such the only Means of obtaining *Happiness*, and perfect *Serenity of Mind*: who is most delighted with the most pleasing *Physick*, and would think him *cruel* who makes use of *Saws and Lances*, when a *gentle Cordial* would restore the Patient to his Health; we must therefore look for other Answers, and *Plutarch* presents us with enough, some of which have a peculiar Force against the *Epicureans*; who confess Man to be a *free Agent*, and capable to be wrought on by Example and Precept.

First then, *Quick Vengeance doth not blast the wicked that they themselves might learn Lenity, and be not greedy to revenge Injuries on Others*: τὸ τέλος τῶν ἀγαθῶν τὸ ὁμοιοῦναι Θεῷ, 'tis the end of good Men to be like God, says *Plato*; and *Hierocles* places the Life of the Soul in this Imitation: Here God sets forth himself an Example, and any Noble and Generous Mind would rejoyce to have the Most Excellent for a Pattern of his Actions: *Lucretius* followed *Epicurus*, because he thought him so, and the rest of the Admirers make his fancy'd *Vertues* the ground of their respect. This taken by it self, I confess, is but a weak Answer, since one *Thunder-bolt* would secure them from doing mischief, whilst *Mercy* and *Forbearance* often exasperate; and because God holds his tongue, they think he is even such a one

as themselves ; but if we consider it as a Consequent of another reason that is drawn from the *Goodness* and *Kindness* of the Deity, then it proves strong, and satisfactory.

The second Reason follows, *God doth not presently Punish wicked Men, that they may have time to become better* ; and here *Plutarch* brings Examples of such whose Age was as glorious as their Youth infamous : if *Miltiades*, saith he, had been destroyed whilst he acted the part of a Tyrant : if *Cimon* in his Incest, or *Themistocles* in his Debaucheries, what had become of *Marathon*, *Erymedon* and *Dianium*, what of the glory and liberty of the *Athenians* ? for as the same Author observes, ἔθεν αἱ μεγάλαι φύσεις μικρὸν ἐκτρέφουσι ἢ ὅ αἰσγεί δι' ὀξύτητα τὸ σφοδρὸν ἐν αὐταῖς, καὶ δραστέριον, ἀλλ' ἐν σάλῳ διατρέχοντας πρὶν εἰς τὸ μόνιμον, καὶ καθέστηκός ἦδος ἐλθεῖν, great Spirits do nothing mean, the active Principles that compose them will not let them lie lazily at rest, but toss them as in a Tempest before they can come to a steady and settled temper.

Thirdly, the wicked are sometimes spared to be Scourges to others, and execute just judgment on Men of their own Principles, this is the Case of Tyrants and outrageous Conquerors ; such was *Phalaris* to the *Agrigentines*, such *Pompey* and *Cæsar* to the *Romans*, when Victory had made them swell beyond their due bounds, and *Pride* and *Luxury* fled from other Countries upon the Wings of their Triumphant Eagles : Such *Alexander* to the *Persian Softness* ; and if we look abroad ten thousand Instances occur, and press upon us ; *Cedrenus* Pag. 334. tells us, that when a Monk enquired of God, why he suffered

suffered cruel *Phocas*, treacherous to his Emperor *Mauritus*, and an implacable Enemy of the *Christians*, to obtain the Empire, and enjoy Power as large as his Malice: a Voice, ἀοράτως, gave this Answer to his Demand, χείρονα ἐκ εὐρον πρὸς τὴν κακίαν ὅψ' ὑποκύντων ἐν τῇ πόλει: because I could find none worse to scourge the wickedness of the Citizens: and *Alaricus* declared, ἐκ ἐθέλοντός τὰ ἐκεί πορεύομαι, ἀλλὰ πῃ καὶ ἐξέσθην ὀχλεῖ μοι βασιλεύων, καὶ λέγων, Ἀπὸδ' ὅψ' Ῥωμαίων πόρθησον πόλιν: 'tis not of my own accord that I attempt this, but something will not let me rest, but urges me on, and cries, Go sack Rome: and this requires that they should not be only free from Punishment, but likewise enjoy Wealth, and Power, and all the Opportunities and Instruments of Mischief: and this Answer is equal to the Objection in it's greatest Latitude, and gives Satisfaction to all those numerous little doubts which lie in the great Objection as it was proposed.

Fourthly, The impious are not presently consumed, that the Method of Providence may be more remarkable in their Punishment. The History of *Bessus* and *Ariobarzanes* in *Curtius* is an excellent instance of this; and amongst others our Author gives us a memorable one of *Bessus*, who having kill'd his Father and a long time concealed it, went one night to Supper to some Friends; whilst he was there, with his Spear he pull'd down a Swallow's Nest, and killed the Young ones, and the reason of such a strange action being demanded by the Guests, his Answer was, ἐγὼ μὲν πάλας καταμαρτυροῦσιν αὐταὶ ψευδῶς
καὶ

ὃς καταβόων ὡς ἀπεκτενέει & πατέρα: do not they bear false Witness against me, and cry out that I kill'd my Father? Which being taken notice of, and discovered to the Magistrate, the Truth appeared, and he was executed.

A great many other reasons are usually mentioned, but these are the Principal, and suppose the Liberty of the Will; for if a man follows Fate blindly, he is driven on, not persuaded to act; if he is an Automaton, and moves by Wheels and Springs, bound with the chain of Destiny, 'tis evident that Fate is the Cause of all his miscarriages, and the Man no more to be blamed for wicked actions, than a Clock for irregular strikings whe the Artist designs it should do so. No Example can prevail on him, no promise entice, no threatnings affright him; being as unfit to rule himself, or determine his own actions, as a Stone in it's descent; and a piece of Iron may be said to act as freely as a man, if he is led on by Fate, and it's motion as spontaneous, if Liberty consisted in a bare absence of Impediments.

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